

## The new world; or recent visit to America.

Ever yours fraternally W. G. Campbell

The New World; OR, RECENT VISIT TO AMERICA.

TOGETHER WITH Introductory Observations for Tourists, AND Four Appendices,  
CONTAINING ALL SUITABLE INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS, &c.

BY THE REV. W. GRAHAM CAMPBELL, GENERAL MISSIONARY AND AUTHOR OF  
"THE APOSTLE OF KERRY."

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."—DAN. xii.4.

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TO ANDERSON FOWLER, ESQ.

TIPPERARY, IRELAND, (LATE OF NEW YORK,) This Book is Dedicated, AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THE HIGHEST PERSONAL ESTEEM, AND ALSO, IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEEP INTEREST WHICH HE, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY TOOK IN THE AUTHOR'S RECENT VISIT TO AMERICA, BY THE AUTHOR.

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### **PREFACE.**

“Landed safe beyond life's see, We ne'er from Christ shall part; There all in perfect harmony, We shall be one in heart.”

WHAT! another book on America? We answer yes, and very likely, soon another, and another still, to follow in quick succession; and after all, the tale will not be told. THE NEW WORLD, a great name, but a greater reality; a world of wonders, an almost unbounded country; in fact, a hemisphere which embraces portions of all the civilized nations of the earth. Its natural products are equally as varied and abundant. What wonderful mysteries and revolutions has the history of our world unfolded to human view, since the 12th of October, 1492, when Christopher Columbus, the great Spanish Navigator, landed on the shore of one of the Bahama Islands, which he called San Salvador, or Saint Saviour; and although the word America is derived from a subsequent Florentine Navigator, called Amerigo, yet the honour of discovery can never, with any propriety, be attributed to any one but Columbus. It was he who reasoned out the existence of the New World, and practically ascertained its truth; his was the most remarkable maritime enterprize in the history of the world; it formed a connection between Europe and America, which will never

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be broken while the world lasts; and therefore the undivided acknowledgement must instrumentally be ascribed to the Genose Navigator; but all the glory to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The writer will be able only viii to direct the reader's attention to a few of the States, and to parts of British America, to those which he visited, and from which he so recently returned. He feels somewhat diffident in entering on a subject on which so much has been written; but looking at the subject from a religious as well as a social stand-point, and taking his narrative principally from personal observations, as well as from the most authentic resources, he hopes the work will be of considerable advantage to the emigrant, especially to the religious emigrant, as well as a source of pleasurable satisfaction to the tourist and to those who have friends in that country. And while he does not at all lend himself to *unqualified* emigration, yet he knows that for many years to come it will awaken increasing interest in all parts of Europe. The discovery of the country, its settlements by Anglo-Saxon colonies, tend to enhance that interest; but the encouragement lately afforded by the English Government to emigrate to Canada, will vastly increase the tide of emigration to that dominion. The very word "New World" or America, has just now a kind of charm, particularly for the young adventurer. The Atlantic is unchained by steam, and by telegraphic despatch; and reminds one of Alexander Selkirk's soliloquy in the Island of Juan Fernandez—

"How swift is a glance of the mind, Compared with the speed of its flight; The tempest itself lags behind, And the swift-winged arrows of light."

In America invention is quickened by the freedom of competition; its labour is rewarded by unexampled returns. Its peace is not maintained by great military establishments; public opinion rules without regimental troops, except on the sea-board, and the frontier. Her navy spreads her banner on every sea, and extends her enterprize to every clime. Her national resources are developed by culture. ix And every man is free. New states are yearly added to her boundless territory. Canals intersect the plains and cross the highlands. The steam power annihilates distance by its accelerated speed. Its wealth is increased four-fold, and its population doubled in every twenty-two years.

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Religion is neither persecuted nor paid. Intelligence is vastly diffused with unparalleled universality, and her steam-press teems with the mental acquisitions of all nations and ages. Emigrants, of various lineage, constantly crowd her shores. Her constitution opens an asylum to the virtuous, the unfortunate and the oppressed of every nation under heaven. 350 years ago, her territory was one unproductive waste; no monument of art; its inhabitants barbarians; the axe and the ploughshare unknown; its soil wasted and lavished its strength in useless, but magnificent vegetation, and only gathered fertility from the repose of centuries. Its immense domain was a solitude; but as the fortunes of nations are not under the control of blind destiny, it has awoke from the slumber of ages, and follows now in the steps of a favouring Providence, which has called its noble institutions into being, and which are the birth-right and the palladium of their civil, social, and religious liberty and prosperity. These institutions, the Americans hope, will act on European states, and regenerate the Old World; in fact, their vast resources and institutions are almost more in character with “fable and with song,” than with reality; for when we consider her mighty forests, her majestic mountains, her ocean lakes, her splendid rivers, her magnificent estuaries, her mysterious rapids, her gigantic Niagara, her lineless sea coast, her sheltered sounds, her encircled bays, her commodious harbours, her fruitful harvests, her varied productions, her healthful climate, her exuberant minerals, her illimitable railways, her ample sweep of horizon, together x with her almost daily new-born cities and her busy factories, we may well exclaim, “All hail, Columbia!” Nor has all been told: her religious appliances exceed and excel all; her sound, in this respect, has gone out into all the world; her hosts of evangelical ministers, her church accommodation, her Sunday school agency, the activity, liberality and piety of her lay agency, and her wide spread membership, and though last, not least, her “star spangled banner of liberty,” all, all may justify her in exclaiming, and never more so than now—

“O Freedom! pure instructress of the mind, Blest bond of union, birthright of mankind; Thine is the star, that from yon mountain height, Beams light and glory to the nation's

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sight; Thine is the voice, the talismanic charm, That warms the patriot's breast, and nerves his arm."

The Author has now to state that his design in going to America, was not to gratify a passion for the romance of travel, nor any desire for notoriety, nor even for the enjoyment of relaxation, however necessary that might have been, after the hard contest with the human monsters at Granard; for whatever may have been his conflicts or his toils in his feeble efforts to promote the best interests of his native land, yet he trusts his Epitaph will never be

"A youth of labour, but an age of ease."

His motive in crossing the broad Atlantic, was simply the love of kindred, which, he trusts, was founded on love to Christ. He had two brothers and many relatives in America, whom he did not see for many years; and the wish to see them, in order to be in some measure useful to their spiritual interests, pressed on his mind for a long time. At length the fitting time appeared to turn up, and having obtained the cordial sanction of his ministerial brethren at the Dublin Conference of 1868, and the consent of his family, whose anxious feelings for his safety are well expressed in the following lines—(he started)—

"Sail on nor fear to breast the sea, Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee."

Having now had his wishes fully gratified, and having returned in safety to his native land, he is induced at the instance of some particular friends to record some of the events which transpired during his visit. For this purpose he has spared neither time nor trouble nor expense, to make the Book as interesting as he possibly could; and to those especially who look at both countries from a national and religious stand-point, he believes it will be gratifying. The doctrine of a particular providence will be recognized throughout the whole, and his purpose to make all to bear upon the interests and signs of the present times, will

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be steadily kept in view. The limited character of the time at his command, will account for any apparent haste which may be found in the style, and for which he has to claim the kind indulgence of the reader. Above all, he hopes it will be promotive of personal piety; and with those expectations he prayerfully commits the work to Him who has said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

"Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward light; Star upon our path abiding, 'Trust in God and do the right.'" W. G. C.

### **INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS PRINCIPALLY INTENDED FOR TOURISTS AND CABIN PASSENGERS.**

"Oars alone will ne'er prevail, To reach the distant coast; The breath of heaven must swell the sail, Or all our toil is lost."

America being now brought so near by transatlantic steam power that a trip may be performed as quickly and as cheaply to the New World, as a Continental tour used to be to English or Irish tourists. Liverpool is the *right* starting point for either Canada or the States for the English; but if they prefer, they can go on board at Queenstown for New York or at Londonderry for Quebec, and indeed Dublin can nearly compete with either just now, and the fare is more moderate. I would strongly recommend the paddle steamers to the screw. I tried the latter. There is an unpleasant jerk and a trembling sensation in the screw which is not in the paddle. I hear that the Cunard "Scotia" is the best, the steadiest and the swiftest. It is a little dearer, but the best is bad enough, especially to bad sailors. In some of the Cunard steamers there is a second class saloon cabin quite as good as some of the first cabins in other steamers, and if any one preferred quietness, this should claim a preference, and is only about half the price of the first cabin, where often the *religious* element is at the lowest discount, and perhaps repudiated altogether. Be sure to secure your berth as near as possible to the middle of the vessel—there is less of the pitching or plunging sensation, and especially if the vessel be a screw, which often interferes



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with sleep. After you land, I would say, be cautious as to what hotel you go, or put up at; persons will in great numbers importune you to go to this and to that hotel, xiii shouting all kind of perfections and preferences imaginable; always inquire of the steward, purser or captain, and you are sure to be directed right. In regard to fares of steamers, the Inman line charges are 15, 17 and 22 guineas. The difference arises from the circumstance of having a berth cabin to yourself altogether, for which you pay the highest figure, with one passenger the second charge; and with three others the fifteen guineas. The saloon, and board, and all other accommodation, the same. Return fares can be had for a fare and a half for any reasonable length of time, which of course would be a great saving. The Cunard fare is twenty-six guineas. The Montreal Ocean Steamship Company's ships land at Quebec in summer, but in Portland in winter, as the St. Laurence is then blocked up with ice. The fares are nearly equal to the Inman line. The Canada passengers from Ireland generally go from either Dublin or Londonderry, and these ave steerage accommodation; but I have given all instruction to such passengers and emigrants in Appendices A and B. Tourists in preparing to travel through the country should bring very little luggage—a good portmanteau and a hat case will be quite sufficient. Give your trunk in charge at the hotel until you return! A sou-wester on the voyage, and a soft hat for railway travelling will be necessary. The changes of weather are sudden when they occur, and when rain falls it is very heavy; therefore bring a Mackintosh. The railway ticket will be a long piece of paper, with each intermediate station printed on it, so that the name of each station to which you have travelled will be taken off, and so on until the ticket is *nil*. The American rail car or carriage is different from ours, except in Switzerland. It is like a long saloon, with an aisle in the centre like an old church, and with a double row of rich velvet cushioned seats on either side; the backs are transversely fixed and can be reversed to accomodate four persons, two on each side, facing each other. Dr. Jobson, in his admirable work on America, states, "The real relief to an Englishman in a transatlantic railway car is, that he can stand upright with his hat on, Or walk to and fro for exercise along the middle aisle." There are no first, second, or third-class carriages as with us, and

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the fare is moderate. Formerly there was a negro car, but xiv since the war, all colours sit promiscuously, justly proving that,

“Woelly locks and black complexions Cannot (and never should) alter nature's claim.”

“It appears, also,” says Dr. Jobson, “to be the usage that an American lady (and I suppose any other lady) entering a railway car, is entitled to any seat she may prefer that is not occupied by one of her own sex; and if she enters the car with her husband or friend, she has only to intimate to any gentleman on his seat, that she wishes to have it for herself or her companion, and it is immediately surrendered to her.” Some are inconvenienced by yielding, but oftener more so, by not honouring the weaker sex. The Americans are not so selfish as some people imagine, even when their comforts are interfered with. 'Tis true they like to nurse their legs a little bit even on cushioned seats, but no wonder they would, for they go twice as fast, and do twice as much as other people; and they must rest some time or other, and great allowances must be made for those little peculiarities. The windows on the sides are made to rise or fall, and with panels and venetian blinds; there is also a large can of drinking water, with a mug chained. Stoves are at either end, which are sometimes overheated, and it requires a person to be cautious in leaving suddenly in the winter. A train of these large and ponderous cars, perhaps a dozen, is very formidable, and appear outside something like huge omnibuses, each car holding about sixty persons. There are suitable closets also, and there are saloons now, with all manner of accommodation for refreshments, as in hotels. Between each car is a little platform for ingress and egress, and to step from one car to another. The last car is generally the sleeping one and is put on at intervals, unless one is ordered for an invalid, which can be had all through. Vendors of all kinds of fruit, especially apples, and vendors of the various periodicals, come in at each station. The best season for travelling is the autumn; the Indian summer is very pleasant. It is the last farewell of the burning sun, and all nature seems to rejoice in the more genial beams of that glorious orb of day. The tourist and the stranger will meet with kindness and attention from every respectable and well educated American. They are truly kind-hearted and xv obliging. Dickens speaks of the New Yorkers

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thus, "There are those in that city who would brighten to me the darkest winter day that ever glimmered or ever went out in Lapland, and before whose presence even *home* grew dim. I never thought the name of any place, so far away, and so lately known, could ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate remembrances that now cluster about it," (and so says the Author.) "They and I," says "exchanged that painful word which mingles with our every thought and deed, which haunts our cradle heads in infancy, and closes up the vista of our lives in age." I suppose he meant home, sweet home; (still there is a higher claim which should attach itself to home, than any earthly association or friendship can ever boast of); but this does not take away from the high appreciation he had of the friendship of the New Yorkers and of Americans in general. Now let me bid the adventurous tourist a happy voyage and a safe return in body, soul, and spirit; but let him still remember "there's no place like home," however homely.

"This fond attachment to the well-known place, Whence first we started into life's long race, Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway, We feel it—even in age, and at our latest day."

As yours will be sight seeing from first to last, you will require to have pencil, pen and paper, and ink as well, under constant requisition. As you leave your native shore, you will likely see before you the white sail of the solitary vessel on the distant wave, were reminding one of a painted ship on a painted ocean. You will now and again see the sea-gull hovering around, and the porpoise as it rolls along. You will see the great and wide sea to remind you of your Maker's strength, who stayeth its proud waves; soon again diversified shore features will come in view, with head-land, beach, and harbour. Then after you land, procure the best published guide you can get of New York, and see all that is worth seeing, and you will be well repaid. After this you leave; and now the richest specimens of nature and of art, of ruins and land scenery lie before you, and burst now and then upon your view. The noble Hudson with its paliades, the majestic mountains with their towering cliffs, the thundering Niagara, that greatest of natures wonders, xvi which defies description by pencil or by pen, and of which we might almost say, "even angels tremble as they gaze." You will visit the verdant shores of the Ohio river, and the lonely

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Shenandoah, and the wild Potamac; while endless forests and unbounded prairies will attract your visionary wonders. There again, is the Palmetto, that tall and slender tree; yonder is the royal eagle, the emblematic bird of the Union, with his outstretched and hovering wing, and watching for his prey. Here are flocks and herds gambolling in the shade, or browsing in the sun. But let us remember that the earth yields its richest revenue of delights to the believer in Christ. He alone can taste those gifts with zest of highest joy. Neither ample research, cultivated taste, or exquisite sensibility can compare with his. Cowper describes the Christian thus:

“He looks abroad into the varied field Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared With those whose mansions glitter in his sight, Calls the delightful scenery all his own. His are the mountains, and the valleys his. And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy, With a propriety that none can feel, But who, with filial confidence inspired, Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye, And smiling say, “My Father made them all.” W. G. C.

Blackrock, Dublin, December, 1870.

1

### **THE NEW WORLD, ETC., ETC.**

#### **Chapter I. OUTWARD VOYAGE.**

“While o'er those waters day by day, We plough the deep and speed our way; Do thou, Great God, our path attend And be our Guardian, Guide, and Friend.”

Visits to friends previous to starting—Delayed on Board—Writes to several parties—Death of Lord Castlemaine—Converses with an Ex-American Planter—Berth Passengers, Preaching on the Sabbath—Presbyterian Minister—Controversy on the Divinity of Christ—Steerage—Emigrants—Remarkable ease of prodigality—Curiosities of Phrenology—Singular views of the stage—Second Sabbath Services—Landing—Death and hopeful

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Conversion of one of the Stewards of the vessel—Conversion of an Irish Nobleman—Custom House—Poetry—Reflections on the Voyage.

THURSDAY , October 29th, 1868, *Queenstown Harbour* , (1st Day) “City of Paris” Steam Ship, 3 o'clock, P.M. I am now on board: an event long anticipated. The perils of the deep are now before me, and should only be encountered by any individual at the promptings of very urgent motives. The sailor does so for remuneration, the invalid for restoration, the merchant for gain, the adventurer for fortune, the scholar for knowledge, the explorer for new countries, the statesman to govern them, the soldier to win them, and the missionary to evangelize and renovate them. My motives for now braving those foaming billows and watery mountains have been already stated, and 2 fully satisfy my own mind. On last Saturday (24th inst.) I bade farewell in Dublin to those dearest on earth, and came that evening to Kilkenny, *en route* for Queenstown, wishing to come by that line to see some old and valued friends before leaving Ireland. I spent the Sabbath (25th) in that city, held three or four services and was much encouraged; but I missed my old and valued friend W.Banks, Esq., having lately removed to Kingstown, near Dublin; his loss in Kilkenny is greatly felt; he ornamented the gospel here for many years. The following is related of him —“A respectable resident in the City said to him one day, ‘Mr. Banks, can you tell me how is it that I never see you agitated under any emergency, or unduly hurried like other men, and that you can be so calm while others are all hurry and bustle?’—‘Well Sir,’ said Mr. B., ‘If you see any thing at all commendable in me, be sure to attribute it to my reading the Bible’” This was a better argument for Bible Christianity with professor or profane, than a thousand Controversies; [here I may digress for a moment to say, that since my return from America I met with a young lady from Kilkenny who informed me that it was on that very Sabbath which I spent there, in passing, she found peace with God, and still retains it; for which I praise God.] On Monday the 26th, I came to Waterford for the purpose of seeing my old friend Dr. Crook, and bidding him farewell; I was just in time that day to join him, and the venerable Mr. Brown, (Independent) also the Presbyterian, Baptist and Primitive, (Methodist) Ministers at their weekly *Union* Prayer Meeting, but there was no

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Episcopalian Minister there; I hope it will not be always so. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," and as Dr. Newton once quaintly said, "and for Sisters too." As the poet truly expresses it:—

"How good and how pleasant it is to behold  
The union of brethren who dwell in the Lord:  
Like odours from ointment poured out on the head,  
The fragrance of love, all around them  
are spread,  
Like the dripping of myrrh on the beard running down,  
As the dewdrops that  
Zion and Hermon do crown,  
When the Lord gave the blessing of life without end;— So  
sweet is the *union* of brother and friend."

I was commended to God in prayer, and O how did that old 3 Christian Minister and gentleman, Mr. Brown, plead for what is now called "The Unification of all professed believers in Christ;" but, since then, he passed away to the skies. Dr. Crook has written a very nice memorial of him. "He was faithful above many." I left Waterford in the afternoon, and bore with me the fraternal greetings of Dr. Crook to many of his friends in America; I spent that night (Monday) in Fermoy, where I preached to a very large and deeply affected congregation; many wept while I bade them farewell, but none were more deeply affected than Mr. and Mrs. Geddes and especially their venerated parent Mrs. A.—my much respected friend; a genuine follower of the Lamb, and who since then has also gone home to be for ever with the Lord.

*Cork, Tuesday, 27 th October.* —I preached here this evening, as my dear friend and Brother, the Rev. E. Best had all due announcements made for me; two young persons found peace with God that night—one the son of a very worthy and much respected friend; the other a young soldier; both spoke to the great joy of all in the house, and I believe of those in heaven as well! may they be "faithful unto death." On yesterday (Wednesday, 28th) I came to Queenstown and preached there that night, when another lad obtained an assurance of God's love; he is the son of pious parents. These things led me to reflect thus:—"What, if I should never return, or sink below the blue Atlantic wave, perhaps God intends those young lads to occupy an important place in the Church of God when I am

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gone.”—[And now on my return, I am greatly rejoiced to find those young men holding on their way, like the young lady mentioned above.—“May they, all obtain the Crown of Life.”] I also preached this morning (29th) before I left shore, and then bade my friends there farewell; I also had a pleasing interview with Captain S. Seymour the American Consul, I found him a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman, I believe he interested the Captain of the vessel in my behalf, we exchanged newly published volumes—he lately published his “Recent Travels through the Holy Land,” which he gave me with his name, as I did mine to him, called “The Apostle of Kerry.” I was accompanied to the ship at 3 o'clock, P.M., by Rev. Messrs. Walker, Patterson and Thompson, who warmly and prayerfully, again and again commended me to “the great Commander 4 of winds and waves;” it blew very fresh, and I found the vessel had encountered a heavy gale on the night before, in coming from Liverpool; all were *knocked up*. The mails are now delayed, and here we must wait until a late hour tonight; royalty itself cannot command the storm, but it must bow and yield to Majesty divine. In the mean time I am writing to different parties, I also wrote out my General Mission Journal for the last four months, which I sent with a letter to the Rev. O. M'Cutcheon. I also wrote a long letter to Lord Castlemaine near Athlone, and sent him my book by post. He was always very kind to me, and allowed me the privilege of a free and familiar intercourse and correspondence. I expected to have had the pleasure of seeing his lordship on my return, but I saw his friendly face no more; for shortly after I returned he died in London of three days illness. I have good hope in his lordship's death. I dwelt in my letter strongly on the subject of the “New Birth,” and one on which we often conversed before; he manifested much concern about religion, especially after the death of Lady Castlemaine, an event which deeply affected him; they were not long separated. Her Ladyship also was considered a genuine christian; both shewed me much favour, and on the day of the violent opposition to the street preaching in Athlone, his Lordship stood nobly by me, and solemnly warned the persecutors, the ring-leader of whom was a *respectable* lawyer. I wrote a long letter to my dear wife and daughter at Blackrock, Dublin, during our detention at Queenstown, as also to several other friends, and despatched all, by the boat which brought the mails.—At 11 o'clock P.M. the word of command passed



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along, and soon the lifting gear of the anchor was set to work, while the sailors *intoned* their usual ditty in measured style—

“Come heave away, boys, we're all bound to sea.”

This done, the helm obeyed, and off we sped with great rapidity, “ *Outward Bound*. ”

Now berths regulated, and all on the *qui vive* , to court if possible the embraces of “tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep” (which many were deprived of the night before), but I fear it was all in vain. We had a good many cabin passengers 5 and a vast number of emigrants as steerage passengers, perhaps with crew, not less than one thousand—many of these were Irish, going to seek the home, the shelter and the subsistence which the land of their birth denied them, and now most likely musing over their future destiny in a far distant land, so pathetically expressed by Thomas Campbell in his “Exile of Erin.” The following is a specimen.

“Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken, In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten shore; But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken, And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more. Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood! Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall? Where is the mother that looked on my childhood, And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all? Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing; One dying wish my lone bosom can draw, Erin—an exile bequeaths thee his blessing, Land of my forefathers, *Erin-go-Bragh* ”—(Ireland for ever.)

The sleeping cabin assigned to me had four berths, and, of course, I had three cabin companions. In the lower one, just opposite mine, I found there lay a Presbyterian minister from the North of Ireland, and on his way to America to raise “a Sustentation Fund” for his own poor congregation, as they were likely soon to lose “the Regium Donum.” I thought this was surely *wisdom* in its own generation, but not by taking the bill and writing so and so (that was for others to do), but by “taking time by the forelock.” Nor do I think he could adopt either of the excuses mentioned by the steward in the Gospel, “to dig I am not



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able,” for he was one of the stoutest young men on board; nor could he say, “to beg I am ashamed.” I found him a very conversable and agreeable companion; he was dreadfully sea sick, but fortunately I had plenty of peppermint water, with which I plied him, as I was supplied by my kind hostess, Mrs. Gin, of Queenstown; and by the way, I may remark that no passenger should be without it. It was equally acceptable to our other two woe-begone companions overhead! I was generally pretty calm, and able to attend to others. The young squire over our reverend friend, was from the county Kilkenny, who seemed to think that an odd little oath could do him no very great harm; still, however, he was very civil and took counsel, and was *near* becoming “a Total Abstainer,” which would be the best feather in his wing; 6 he also found out the secret that there was a great difference between *praying* and *saying prayers*! I hope he may keep to his vow. The young man over me was from Manchester; he got lately married, but he left his wife behind, as it appears that before his marriage, he played the prodigal fearfully, and he was now going to the New World to become a new man! but I fear change of climate will avail little in changing character; both of these young men are very agreeable, and sometimes we all prayed together! I found that my clerical friend was very high up in the School of Geneva; but we agreed to differ. I wished to obtain a view of the ocean by moonlight—accordingly I went on deck about 12 o'clock, p.m. on this first night. The scene was awfully grand; the wind still blew right ahead, and although one could not call it a hurricane yet the sea was very rough and raged fearfully—the surges rose as if in regal majesty, and as if obeying the voice of the Head Commander mentioned in Psalm cvii. 27—“They reel to and fro,” &c.

“Roll on, thou boundless ocean, Roll on, thou glorious sea, Roll on with ceaseless motion, The fetterless, the free.”

I met a Virginian gentleman on deck (perhaps a *quondam planter* ), he said in the course of conversation, when he found that I belonged to the ministerial order, “I am very glad you are coming out, as I hope you will preach to those black niggers, and induce them to work; for we can't get them to do anything now, they are worse than ever.” I said, “there may be (and likely will be) abuses, but very often those abuses are only the natural results

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of greater evils, such as long oppression," &c. It may be the rebounding of a bow long bent, what Mr. Wesley called "the execrable sum of all villaniez," slavery, and especially "American slavery." I returned to my berth, but found my friends still awake. Dr. Dixon said in giving his prescriptions for sea sickness, "Resolution does great things in seafaring life," but as far as I could judge neither resolution, good temper, or amiability will soothe the agitation of a bilious stomach; when people now speak, it is generally with *bated* breath, but it affords very little comfort to say that time and patience are 7 the best healers. No doubt, if John Wesley were consulted he would recommend, in addition to everything else, some ingredients of what he called the old "unfashionable medicine," namely prayer—it brings every blessing from above—

"It seizes, soothes, softens, subdues yet sustains, Gives vigour to hope, and puts passion in chains."

*Friday, 30<sup>th</sup> October*, 1868.—This day one hundred years Philip Embury dedicated his new church in John-street, New York, the first Methodist Church said to be ever erected in the New World; the centenary celebration was to be on last Sabbath on a grand scale, in which some of the greatest men of the day were to take part; (but more hereafter). The sun rose in splendour this morning above the ocean horizon and sparkled on the foaming billows still rising mountains high and dashing their crested tops against each other, and then dispersing into foam which sweeps far, far away, beyond our view or into the depths of a receding wave; to-day I enlarged the sphere of my acquaintance a little, read some, pondered on the past, anticipated the future, and found it good thus far away on the ocean to draw nigh to God, and I could sing—

"Lord of earth, and air and sea, Supreme in power and grace; Under thy protection, I My soul and body place."

*October 31<sup>st</sup>, Saturday ( 3<sup>rd</sup> day )*—We are already about one thousand miles from Liverpool (4 days), this is marvellous speed, and wind ahead all through, and in addition—

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"Ocean into tempest tost."

I arranged with the Captain about the Sabbath services for to-morrow. We are to read the prayers conjointly, and I am to preach. We had two Presbyterian ministers on board, but they kept rather quiet.

*Saturday Night.* — Shaving on Sunday —A difficulty now arose in my case as to how I could shave to-night as it was my wont. I had not yet joined "the Unbarbarized Club," but the vessel was heaving and going at great speed. I was therefore in a fix, but still resolved to try, and as necessity is the mother of invention, the following plan suggested itself—namely, to lie flat in my berth which I did and thereby commanded a pretty good equilibrium, and got through marvellously. At all events I pacified the conscience in this instance at least, and perhaps I rested better that night than I otherwise would do. Some will say that I was too particular and too puritanical. Let it be so, but I only wish I was more so.

"A little while," 'Twill soon be past, O let us in his footsteps haste. Why should we shun the shame, the Cross, 'Counting for him all else but loss.' And let this thought our hearts beguile, Our recompense will be His smile."

*Sabbath, November 1<sup>st</sup> (4<sup>th</sup> day)*—And first Sabbath at sea; I was up betimes and soon heard "boots" polishing right away; I said, Don't attempt to polish mine; nor mine, said my Presbyterian friend. We resolved on making a complaint to the Captain, which I did, but he said "I have no power to interfere." I said it was by no means a work of necessity, for all could be done on Saturday night. He granted it, but had no alternative unless we applied to the Company, and Companies seldom have consciences; then the cry here and there was, "Steward, hot water," of course for shaving. I was glad I was not among the number, for I consider there is a more excellent way, and that is if it can be done at all on the day previous. There might be such a thing as a storm on Saturday, which might render it impossible at sea, but laws were not made for exceptional cases. I remember the case

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was tried some years ago in the House of Lords—a charge being brought against a barber for not shaving a gentleman on the Sabbath-day; he appealed to the House of Lords, and they ruled that “it was not a work of necessity.” As for my part I got too early a touch on the Methodist wheel to trifle with conscience on such subjects! And I can now say and with many others fully subscribe to Watt's lines—

“A Sabbath well spent Brings a week of content And health for the toils of to-morrow, But a Sabbath profaned, Whate'er may be gained. Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.”

Celebration of the Centenary of John-street Church, New York. On this day-week, no doubt, a grand scene took place, in old John-street Church, New York, by the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its erection, in which some of the greatest men in the Methodist Episcopal Church of America were to take part. The scene will be described in full in another part of this work. How little did Philip Embury imagine when crossing those same Atlantic waters 108 years previously that his name would be handed down to posterity with such *ec/lat*. Like another Abraham “he went out, not knowing whither (or for what purpose) he went.” In a far higher sense than that of Columbus, he was on his way to open up new worlds; and the same may be said of Barbara Heck, who followed him six years after, for like Barak and Deborah of old, they can never be separated in the history of American Methodism. The motto on Christopher Wren's Monument in St. Paul's, London, suits them well—“If you want to see their monument, look around,”—and how far! not only to the circumference of the globe, but to the very plains of immortality, and “Methodism raises no monuments when it saves no souls,” and thank God those monuments were never more numerous (at least in America) than at present—these will live when every other monument will perish, “and leave not a wreck behind.”

*Sunday, 11 o'clock, a.m.* —The Captain read the prayers, I read the lessons and preached from Phil. iv. 19. “But my God shall supply all your need,” &c. I know the Lord supplied mine, in granting me some good degree of freedom; and some came forward afterwards, and said, they would be very much gratified if they could have an evening service, but the

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weather was too rough; the passengers seemed anxious to become more familiar, and we conversed more freely than we did before. We had a heterogeneous company indeed, of all classes and of all creeds, and a lot of comedians of a high class type to boot; we had Jews, principally from Germany, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Independents, Roman Catholics, Free-Thinkers, and plenty who seemed never to think at all. It was a sweet day of rest to my own mind, a blessed Sabbath.

O day, most calm, most bright, The world were dark but for thy light, Thy torch doth show the way."

10

*Monday, 2<sup>nd</sup> November , (5<sup>th</sup> day ).*—Waves still high, passengers more regular at meals; ample justice seems now to be done to "the outward man," as if to make amends for past omission, and this, notwithstanding the occasional agitation and plunging of the noble vessel, plates upset, &c.—Here I sat near a friend from Belfast, intelligent and very agreeable, but a stranger to vital piety; to-day we had a fine opportunity of cultivating the highest ideas of the beautiful and sublime, at least as far as sea and sky scenery is concerned, and especially when standing on the quarter deck, and casting the eye upon the broad expanse of ocean, whose huge and mighty waves still dash with such gigantic force against each other, and thus send the foaming spray far up into the heavens, when like clouds they chase each other as if flying for a prize. In fact those magnificent views cannot be imagined by any but those who witness them, and they are never beheld with greater zest, than by those who can look up with Cowper and say with filial awe and unpretending eye—"My Father made them all," or with another poet, who could sing—

"Borne on the darkening wave in measured sweep we go, Nor dread the unfathomable grave that yawns below; For He is nigh who trod amid the foaming spray, The billows owned the Incarnate God and died away, Invisible to sight, but O to faith how near, Beneath the blackest clouds of night, thou beamest here, Snatched from a darker deep,

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and wider waves of foam, Thou Lord, the trusting soul will keep and waft it home. *Home* where no storms can rage, nor angry waters roar, Nor troubled billows *heave around* that peaceful shore.”

“What is a steam-boat crossing the Ocean?” asks Dr. Dixon, “but a machine instinct with artificial life majestically riding above the storm despite of all opposition, a vessel of 1,500 tons impelled across the ocean.” Aye, 3,000 tons. I made the acquaintance to-day of a Methodist lady from Cornwall, with whom I had a profitable conversation on the subject of religion. I also met and obtained the acquaintance of a Methodist gentleman from Boston but of Irish extraction, now a real Yankee to the backbone; he would rule an empire, at least in talk. Some of the ladies also spoke very freely on the Government and Presidency of their country. “I guess,” said one, “we shan't have Grant.” “I guess,” said another, “we shall.” While all this was going on, some were at the card table, other plying hard at Byron, others at Shakespeare, others Scott; but few if any with “the eternal word of truth” in hand. I don't envy them their enjoyment; and now especially, my prayer would be—

“May this blest volume ever lie Close to mine heart and near mine eye, Till life's last hour my soul engage, And be my chosen heritage.”

*Tuesday, 3<sup>rd</sup> November (6<sup>th</sup> day).*—Making rapid progress. I was very much pleased this morning to see our two cabin berth young men devoutly on their knees “offering up prayer to God.” I began to indulge hope concerning them; they are very respectful, and look to me for advice. I wrote away nearly all day in the Purser's Cabin, as the saloon was too full and not silent enough—besides I had an opportunity of dropping a word in season when it was required. We are nearing Newfoundland, and the fogs are on us. The “fog bell” is ringing away. I made the acquaintance to-day of a brother of William Fayle, Esq., of Parsonstown; he is well acquainted with America and a very sensible, well-disposed man. We are now within 200 miles of Newfoundland, and crossing the banks.

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*Wednesday, November 4<sup>th</sup> (7<sup>th</sup> day).*—It appears this is to be a great day in New York, being the Presidential Election Day. We had further discussion on the eligibility of the President. I visited parts of the steerage, and conversed with all kinds of folk of every clime and character! It was, indeed, a motley group—Poles, Swedes, French, Germans, Danes, English, Irish and Americans, &c., and as different in creed. I had to employ an interpreter—all allowed me to speak, except some half drunken Irishmen! Some of these cursed awfully, although I spoke to them in Irish; but the inveteracy of a Jew with whom I conversed about Christ was still greater. I brought forward several arguments, but all to no purpose; he could not brook the doctrine of the incarnation, and at the same time the equality of his divine nature with the Eternal Father; his language was offensive, I might almost say blasphemous. In vain did I tell him that I knew Jesus of Nazareth as my Saviour for many years. He said I was deceived; he did not even say as a respectable Jew in London said to me at one time, 12 when I told him that I believed in Christ as my Saviour, “Well,” said he, “if you think so, it is all the same; it will do as well.” It appears that we had an augmentation to our passenger's list last night; but as to its paternity we might as well look for the father of the Man in the Moon; but most likely the unfortunate mother is flying to hide her own, as well as the guilt and shame of some base deceiver's crime. What secret wrongs, what untold cruelties will be unfolded when “every work shall be brought into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil;” but who will now rise up and avenge the wrongs of betrayed humanity, and of injured virtue; open robbery is innocent in comparison of a seducer's crime; but sooner or later “his sin will find him out.”

“Not rising sun that gilds the vernal morn, Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn, Shine with such lustre as the *tear* that flows, Down virtue's manly cheek, for other's woes.”

A Great Controversy on the Divinity of Christ.

To-day a great controversy arose on the merits of Unitarianism as contrasted with this glorious doctrine of Christianity—namely, “the Divinity of Christ.” We had three

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on either side. The two Presbyterian ministers joined me, while a Unitarian minister, a Swedenborgian, and a *Free Thinker* took the other side; the latter is the son of an Episcopalian clergyman in London. The argument lasted about two hours. The principal topic was *the supreme divinity of Christ*; this was well sustained by proving “the *eternity* of his sonship.” I took Dean Baggot's argument with Porter some years ago in Newry—namely, from Melchizedec as a type of Christ, of whom it is said, “Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life, but made *like unto the Son of God* (typically), abiding a priest continually.” Thus what Melchizedec was in *type*, Christ was in reality. “Without father,” &c., that is, there was no genealogical record of Melchizedec's ancestry, in order to denote that Christ was without father as to his *human* nature, without mother as to his *Divine* nature—“without descent”—no account on record of his successors as to his regal and sacerdotal character; 13 and to denote that Christ had no successor as to his kingly and priestly office. “A priest for ever,” “having neither beginning of days nor end of life,” both as it regards the time of his birth, and of his death, no record; in order to denote *perpetuity*, no period to mark the time when he assumed the priesthood or when he ceased to be so, as the Jewish priests had, “from thirty years old and upward even until 50 years old,” *Numb. iv. 3.*, “but *made like unto the Son of God*,”—that is what Melchizedec was made in type, Christ is in reality, *as to his divine sonship which is eternal, unlimited, perpetual*. The Presbyterian ministers sustained me well, and the discussion ended more amicably than I expected. It would take a little volume to record the arguments on both sides; but I fear it was lost labour as far as conviction of error on either side was concerned! however, they made no attempt afterwards to renew the controversy. No wonder Charles Wesley wrote thus on this subject —

“O might the blood of sprinkling cry, For those who spurn the sprinkled blood; Assert thy glorious deity Stretch out thine arm, thou Triune God. Thy universal claim maintain, And Lord of the creation reign.”



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*Thursday, November 5<sup>th</sup> (8<sup>th</sup> day).*—A remarkable day in English history; but how soon do we forget the right hand of the Most High! The storm was great to-day, and rose at night to a fearful tempest. I asked one of the officers what he thought of it; he merely said, ‘I often saw it more violent.’ I thought of the Psalmist's description of the Majesty and power of God—“He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind,” &c., and again “He holdeth the winds in his fist.” How well to be able to say, and sing, and feel—

“This awful God is ours, Our Father and our love.”

*Friday, November 6<sup>th</sup> , (9<sup>th</sup> day. )*—We are now going at the amazing rate of about 300 miles in 24 hours; the officer who watches the compass can tell not only the exact position of the vessel but also the exact number of miles of speed in each hour. What a world of wonders has turned up in sea faring life, since poor Columbus crossed the Atlantic, now near 400 years ago, and what may not yet take place.

*Saturday, November 7<sup>th</sup> , (10<sup>th</sup> day. )*—We are now within 14 280 miles of New York; the storm has abated a little; we are on the eve of another hallowed Sabbath, (the second). I know I am remembered by those at home who have great influence with “The Pilot of the Gallilean Lake.” Thank God, I can realize the truth of the following lines—

“When passing through the watery deep, I ask in faith his promised aid, The waves an awful distance keep; And shrink from my devoted head; Fearless their violence I dare, They cannot harm, for God is there.”

I was enabled to *barbarize* to-night pretty well, although the vessel was rather unsteady. “Where there's a will there is (generally) a way.” In the course of the day I spoke to some of the emigrants. I found the Irish language acted as a key to some of their hearts, especially in a place where they did not expect it; they said, “We never thought that a Protestant minister could speak thus in our own language.” Many of these steerage passengers suffer much in cold weather, and often strong drink is resorted to as a remedy.

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One man, who was more than half drunk, cursed by his Saviour, for which a German reproved him; but he received for his kindness nothing but a volley of oaths in return. The Germans, who understood a little English, listened to me with great interest; and to others I spoke by an interpreter. They were mostly Lutherans, but of the dissenting class from the Established Church, like the Dissenters in England.

### Marvellous case of Prodigality

I also conversed with the son of a late captain of one of her Majesty's men-of-war, and who served in the Crimea; he is also nephew to one of the greatest sea captains of the line of battle ships now afloat; but, alas! this young man, spiritually speaking, is a leper, and indeed in body he seems little better: he is paralyzed nearly all over with rheumatism, and yet a great blasphemer, a great drunkard, a card player, and of all manner of gambling habits, a buffoon, and a song singer. I pitied him greatly, and now and then followed him to his cabin, and even ventured to pray with and for him. He is sometimes unable to rise, and is scarcely ever more irreverent than when in pain; and yet, with all this mass of evil, there was a something underlying which responded to the voice of sympathy: he said, "You are the only gentleman on board." I suppose because I paid him some attention. "The rest of them," said he, "don't care whether I was dead or alive." In reference to his father's death he said, "The old chap is gone; I buried him a few days ago; he was a good old fellow, he said his prayers and died, and left me plenty of money." It appears that this poor fellow was sent to sea when he was very young, and was surrounded with the very worst kind of evil associations. He gave himself over to all manner of wickedness, and is now off to America, on (I fear) the last stride of prodigality and vice. At one time of his seafaring life he was one of a few who were cast ashore, while about 400 others perished in the wreck! But all this had no effect. How truly may we exclaim, "What is man?" "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." He, however, treated me at least with all manner of civility, and would strive to restrain himself in my presence from blasphemy. He was unfortunately associated with the band of comedians on board, a superior class in their way, but as

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thoughtless as the wild ass's colt. If ever Solomon's description of the godless was true, it was doubly so here, "Yea also, the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."— *Eccl.* ix. 3.

Second Sabbath Service—Presbyterian Sermon.

*Sabbath, 8 th November, (11 th day. )*—Prepared for worship in the saloon. I engaged the two Presbyterian ministers to assist, as the captain committed this matter to me. The doctor of the vessel assisted me in reading the prayers, as the captain expected the pilot, and I got one of the Presbyterian ministers to read the two lessons. I persuaded the other to preach; his text was, "My beloved is mine, and I am his." *Song of Solomon* , ii. 16. He introduced the subject by saying that this relationship was not human but divine, and that it implied, first, the relationship between the eternal Father and the eternal Son; and proved it by the address of the Father to the Son at his baptism, "This is my beloved 16 Son,' &c. I believe he wanted to establish the Eternal Sonship at a time when our Unitarian friends could not well oppose. Secondly, he said, it may refer to Christ's love to the believer; as if he said, "My beloved (disciple) is mine, and I am his (Saviour.)" Thirdly, it may be regarded as the believer's love to Christ, as "My beloved (Saviour) is mine, and I am his (property)"—by covenant, by purchase, and by voluntary dedication. I thought there was a good deal of ingenuity and clearness in the whole affair; but certainly the *Genevan* School was not forgotten now and then. Still I was pleased with the earnestness in the application. The saloon was filled; the singing was admirable, and I concluded with an extemporaneous prayer. Immediately after, there was much excitement when it was announced that the American pilot was on board. I must confess I could not resist the gratification of shaking hands with my Yankee friend, and dropped a word or two on the kind Providence by which our bark outrode the raging billows and the storm. I did indeed thank my gracious God from the ground of my heart, or as some would say, from my "heart of hearts." After dinner "land a-head" was sounded out, and heard with great delight. The eyes were immediately strained to mark the outlines, and glasses were laid under pleasing contribution. I think it was Sandy Hook we saw first. It is 18 miles from the

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city, and towards night we saw the lighthouse on it. We soon anchored. What pleasing sensations of safety pass over the mind! The idea of the pilot being on board to watch the shallows, the sand banks, and the shoals, to point out the rocks and the reefs, and to avoid the whirlpools, the eddies, and the narrows; and now within sight of land. Here we should reflect on the period when the spiritual voyager, under the direction of the Galilean Pilot, shall near the shore of the heavenly Canaan, so well expressed thus—

With cheerful hope her eyes explore Each landmark on the distant shore: The tree of life, the pastures green, The golden streets, the crystal stream; Again with joy she claps her wings, And loud her lovely sonnet sings Vain world, Adieu.

17

### New York in View

*Monday Morning (12<sup>th</sup> day)— Nov. 9<sup>th</sup>.* —New York in view!—At early morn we began to move along (with Staten Island and Forthamilton on either side) the smooth and glassy water of the New York harbour; one of the richest pieces of picturesque bay and land scenery in this wide world. We soon cast anchor close to shore, and in view of the great City, reminding one of *Hebrews* vi. 19., “Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the Forerunner is for us entered;” and reminding us also of the adjoining verse of the above stanza—

“As nearer still she draws to land. How eagerly her powers expand, With steady helm and well bent sail, Her anchor drops within the veil, Exulting now she claps her wings, And her triumphant anthem sings, Glory to God,”

An Irish Nobleman's Conversion, about the year 1815.

The repetition of those verses reminds me of the following very interesting anecdote. It appears that about the above time, one of our former General Missionaries (Mr. A.) had

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been over to England on some Church business; and, on his return, he found there was an Irish nobleman on board. The weather was delightful, the sea very calm, and the sky very clear. His Lordship asked if they could have some music. Mr. A. who was close by, said, "Perhaps your Lordship would have no objection to a little vocal music." His Lordship expressed his pleasure, when Mr. A., who had a most melodious voice, sang the hymn in connection with the above two stanzas. The first verse I'll introduce here—

"When for eternal worlds we steer, When seas are calm and skies are clear: And faith, in lively exercise, The distant hills of Canaan spies; And then for joy she claps her wings, And loud her lovely anthem sings,. Vain world, adieu."

His Lordship was enraptured, and entreated Mr. A. to sing it again. He did so, and it only heightened his Lordship's delight, even beyond measure. He entered into familiar conversation with the Missionary, who was a man of excellent address. His Lordship invited him to call at his residence at M—. It is most likely he did so: some time after this, his Lordship became alarmingly ill, and he sent off at once for his old friend, Mr. A., who, although at some considerable distance, was soon by his Lordship's bed side: His Lordship said, "Mr. A., I am dying, the doctors have given me up; and what shall I do? I wish you to explain the 'New Birth,' as recorded in the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel." Mr. A. did so. "Well," said his Lordship, "if that be the nature of it, I was never born again; and I am dying, what shall I do?" Mr. A., of course, failed not to make the way of salvation very plain, and went to prayer; and, while so engaged, his Lordship exclaimed, "I feel happy, and am not afraid to die." Imagination must aid us here. What must have been the feelings of Mr. A. and of those who could rejoice in his Lordship's joy. From that time he began to recover, and was restored, to the comfort of his family and the joy of all who knew him. His life was at once remodelled, "old things were done away, and all things became new." It is even said that he and his family now *walked* to Church, rather than break the Sabbath by driving in their carriage. The neighbourhood and his tenantry, and, no doubt, the nobility also soon felt the wonderful effects. Mr. A. of course became a great favourite with his Lordship; and was, at all times, welcome to the castle. Both are now

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gone to the spirit land; where there are no earthly distinctions; where royal crowns and coronets are laid at the feet of Jesus, and exchanged for those which are eternal and will never fade. Both will bless God for the day they ever met, when crossing the Irish Channel. His Lordship could now truly sing the following lines—

“Let the world their virtue boast, Their works of righteousness: I, a wretch, undone and lost, Am freely saved by grace Other titles I disclaim; This, only this, is all my plea, I the chief of sinners am, But Jesus died for me.”

I mentioned the above to Lord Castlemaine; and oh, with what delight did his son, the Honourable R. Handcock (a truly Christian gentleman) meet me in Dublin since my return, and said, “I read with great pleasure your letters to my dear father.” How necessary “to be instant in season 19 and out of season.” It also reminds me of Lord Molesworth, whose conversion the Rev. James Lynch used to tell us of, and which took place in India; and of Lord Bloomfield, of whom Dr. G. Scott writes so touchingly in his little book, called, “A Coronet laid at the feet of Jesus.” And of how many more, the day will declare it. But we see

“Tis not in titles, wealth, or rank, To make us truly blest.”

The Theatre—Marvellous Views.

I was no little astonished and indeed no little grieved by a conversation I had with the mother of a young lady, who, it appears, joined the comedian band on board, in London, and came out with them! The mother accompanied the daughter, and appeared respectable. She told me that she was the widow of a London clergyman, that she had several sons and daughters, and all were provided for, and that this girl was her youngest daughter, and that she was very religious; had taught in a Sabbath School; that she herself was very *religious* also, that she gave subscriptions to the missions, and that her minister regularly visited her and her children, and was very fond of them, &c. “And how was it,” I said, “that your daughter could enter on such a life as the stage?” “Oh well, you

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know," she replied, "that we all have our own tastes and views; and she just took a fancy to this mode of life, and it appeared to be her *providential way*." "Well," said I, "it must be a very dangerous experiment, and one, I fear, that Providence would rather prohibit than sanction." "Well, you know," she said again, "we all have our trials, and we must submit, and bear them patiently." "But," said I, "surely you would not like your daughter to die in such an employment, as that of the stage." "O well you know," said she, "God knows everything, and when we are where He would have us to be, I think it is all the same in whatever situation of life we are placed." I was literally amazed, to see how far the mind can be persuaded to the performance of things not only questionable, but, actually contrary to the whole genius and spirit of Christianity, which requires us to "Come out from among the ungodly." I pitied the dear young creature from my very heart, young (19 years), *handsome, unsophisticated*, and *simple*. I said to myself, alas for such mothers, and ten 20 thousand times alas for such daughters! I warned and entreated; but I fear it was to little purpose.

I read, while in America, of the death of a young actress who seemed to me to have had all the marks of this very young lady. How often is it verified, "The simple pass on and are punished." It was very remarkable that the captain asked me one day after dinner, "Why I would not go to the theatre." Several of the theatricals were present, and among the number was this young person, of which I was not aware. "Well," I said, "I'll give a very quaint, but simple reason, which a pious man once gave to a person who pressed him to go to the theatre, 'No,' said he, 'I will not go,' 'And why?' said the other. 'Now,' said he, 'there is one reason with many others. Suppose I did go, and died there, and when I went to the gates of glory, I was asked, 'Well, brother, where are you coming from?' Now, would I not be ashamed to say that I was coming from a play-house to glory.'" When I met the captain afterwards, he said to me, "That answer you gave about the play-house, cut very deep. The young lady that was present," said he, "was one of the party." I said, "I did not know her; but if it suited, perhaps it might be a word in season." I also found that the captain himself was soft, and wanted a word, by the way.

### Phrenology

The following conversation was nearly as surprising, but not quite so alarming, as the above. It was with a young man, one of the stewards of the vessel. His antecedents bore all the marks of the *marvellous*. It appears that early in life he was cast upon the world, can scarcely remember his parents; went to sea when young, and was once cast away in a wreck on a distant shore; and at another time had nearly lost his life, by a wave of the sea, which rolled over the vessel, and rolled him, by its tremendous power, into a boiler of scalding water, by which he was nearly parboiled. He was in the Crimean war; stood hard engagements, had his skull fractured, and now fills this arduous stewardship. He regards himself with great complacency, as the child of fate and fortune, because he had his head examined in New York by a phrenologist, for which he paid a dollar. He obtained marks for no less than 100 21 remarkable developments. The last were, "That he was one of the favoured few, superior to misfortune; that he was attached to life, dreads death, but craves immortality." It is very remarkable that he seemed to have gotten no bad developments in the whole lot. I thought surely this was sufficient to turn the man's brains, if he had any; or left him brainless altogether. It reminds me of the following conversational anecdote, which I read while in America, between a Quaker and an infidel.—

### Anecdote.

An infidel, who was arguing with a venerable shrewd Quaker on the merits of Christianity, said "I'll never believe anything but what I have either seen myself or heard of from one who did see it, and in whose word I can believe. I deny everything else." "Friend," said the Quaker, "Were you ever in London or Paris?" "No," said he, "I was not." "Do you believe there are such places?" "Yes," said he, "I do." "Why," said his Quaker friend, "I thought you would never believe in anything but what you saw." "Yes," said he, "but I have a friend that did see them, and I believe him." "So then you will believe nothing but what yourself or some other person saw?" "No," said he, "I will not." "Friend," said the Quaker, "Dost thou believe that thou hast any brains?" "Yes, I do," said the infidel! "Didst thou



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ever see them?" "No," said he. "Did any one else ever see them?" "No," said he. "Then, I suppose thou hast none, as neither thyself nor any one else ever saw them!" The fool was answered according to his own folly, or according to the Psalmist, "he made a pit and fell into it himself;" he was completely confounded; how dangerous it is to lean on our own understanding; "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

After getting my trunks examined on the Custom House Wharf, and just as I was leaving the outer gate, a Custom House officer tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me to take a chair for a few minutes in an office close by. He soon returned, and asked me as to my ministerial position. I said, "I am a Methodist preacher from Ireland." "That will do, sir," said he, "excuse me for delaying you." It is likely he went to the Captain and asked him as to my profession, and having heard that I was "a Methodist parson," all was right; it is likely my white tie confirmed the Captain's statement, but I really do not wonder at persons being suspected for conveying goods about their persons, and I was pretty formidable looking, being well lined with flannels. But, it is said, that many have absolutely secreted goods in this felonious way from the old country to a very great extent, and some have been detected with great money's worth on their persons, so that it requires the officers to be very particular. I have also heard of ladies (if they can be called such) secreting in the seams and folds of their under-dresses large quantities of silks. This I consider an abomination.

### The Death of a Steward.

Here I must record a most painfully tragic, and, I regret to say, fatal occurrence, but intermingled with mercy, which took place after we left the steamer to-day, and in connection with her being brought into dock. On my return in the evening to inquire after two missing boxes of mine, and on my entrance on the vessel, which was now in dock, I found that one of the steerage stewards was mortally wounded a few hours before by the wheel which lifts the anchor. He was lying in the little ship hospital, but it was not my phrenological friend. I inquired as to his religious profession; and, when I found that he

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was a Protestant, at once I proposed prayer, to which he nodded assent. He appeared very weak with the loss of blood, and in much pain. I had great liberty in praying for him, and he appeared to be very anxious. I heard that when he was struck by the wheel, and found himself mortally wounded, that he manifested the most intense alarm about his going into eternity, and unprepared to meet God. His cries for mercy were most piercing, and continued so, while he had any strength; I scarcely ever felt eternity so near, and the Lord gave me great nearness to Himself in prayer; and indeed I felt as if God had both heard and answered, at least as far as his soul's interest was concerned. He died next day in the City Hospital; I called, but he was gone; and I trust gone to Abraham's bosom, the Paradise of God. Of him we may truly say, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" How mysterious the whole affair; my going to America, 23 at this time; the missing boxes, &c. Some would attribute it all to chance; but we will adopt the sentiment of the poet, and say—

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform: He plants his footsteps on the sea And rides upon the storm.'

### Emigrants

The steerage passengers were taken off to Castle Garden, where their luggage is examined; and where every attention is now paid to the emigrants, a great improvement on former times. They are also provided for during a certain time, if necessary to stay. The buildings include a money exchange office, baggage and express offices, sheds and stables, medical rooms, waiting rooms, information offices, &c. There is a large shelter for emigrants in inclement weather, where they may remain while their baggage is being arranged and examined, and their future settled. There is a commission formed in New York for the purpose of aiding *needy* emigrants, &c. During the last year (1869) 66,000 emigrants came from Ireland, 100,000 from Germany, and 41,000 from England, making about the third of a million! The Commissioners are bound to report annually to the Legislature of the State of New York. They have founded depots, where emigrants

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can work, and live *pro tem.* , but no pay. The chief of these is *Ward's Island* , in extent about 240 acres; this provides for from 1,200 to 3,000 emigrants. There are hospitals, nurseries, schools, a church, an asylum, a dispensary, a barrack; workshops, stables, and all kinds of places necessary to the abode of men and beasts. There were 11,000 persons admitted last year; 5,000 had to go to hospital, and the remainder took refuge until provided for. It will be pleasing for emigrants to know this care of the Commissioners for the poor stranger, and that there is help for them in time of need! But better still if they can appropriate the following lines:—

“I will never, never leave thee, I will never thee forsake; I will guard and save and keep thee, For my name and mercy's sake. Fear no evil, fear no evil, Only all my counsel take; For I'll never, never leave thee, I will never thee forsake.”

For more information on the above subject, see Appendix.

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*First Day in New York.* —Now safely landed and safely housed in New York, thank God! and in reviewing the scenes of the last twelve days, I must “stand still and see the salvation of God.” We came on board with wind and storm ahead, which scarcely ever abated until we came in sight of land. What an emblem of the trials of life, and of the conflicts of probation. By the good hand of our God upon us, we had, on the whole, an admirable passage for speed and safety; and may well sing with Peter Böhler—

“Thine arm hath safely brought us, A way no more expected, Than when thy sheep passed through the deep By crystal walls protected. Thy glory was our rereward; Thine hand our lives did cover, And we, even we, have passed the sea. And marched triumphant over.”

I now feel all the pleasurable sensations of safety, although I had no fear all through; but, O what will the sensation be, when safely moored in the port of eternal bliss, “when the voyage of life's at an end, and the mortal affliction is past,” I could almost cry aloud, “Hosanna to the Son of David,” and raise an Ebenezer stone! Jesus is precious; a Triune

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God is gracious, and hallowed fellowship constitutes a heaven on earth. I trust I will love Him more, and fear and serve Him better than ever; I found it good all through to read the Bible daily, and to cultivate the spirit of watchfulness and prayer, and nothing but constant power from on high will enable one to do this. I was much pleased also on reading Captain Seymour's "Tour through the Holy Land." Perhaps rarely could there be found in one vessel, such a great diversity of human character, of all shades of opinion, both on political, religious and scientific subjects; and we had various professions in life as well. We had on board the Yankee tourist, returning from his European trip; the plodding merchant, almost like Atlas with a world of care on his shoulders; the politician, and the diplomatist, with their thousand and one remedies for the amelioration of down-trodden humanity, to let the oppressed go free, to redress their grievances, to alleviate their woes, and to remove all abuses in Church and State; for these purposes, some 25 would apply the anodyne and the elixir of universal freedom; others the stimulant of despotic rule; and others,

"All the pomp and *glorious* circumstance of war."

But few appeared to appreciate that old-fashioned, sovereign Bible panacea, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people." I was sorry to find so much levity and thoughtlessness on sacred subjects; for one would imagine that when the uncertainties of life are so great as they are on sea, every passenger especially would be as serious as the grave. The contrary was the rule; and even intemperance prevailed to a considerable extent. It was said that one gentleman's bill for stimulants alone came to £30; I found it difficult to propose the more excellent way, except by example; I did, however, speak when opportunity offered. Some of us sang hymns occasionally; and as often did others sing the unmeaning or the flippant song; while others enjoyed themselves in what they called *innocent* games, and, while others told foolish stories, mingled with

"The loud laugh, which spoke the vacant mind."

And yet on the Sabbath morning, perhaps, all would appear as devout as saints. They reminded me of what is said of Julius Cæsar, who ordered Christ to be numbered with the gods of Rome, and that all should be equally worshipped; or like the Syrians of old, “who feared the Lord, and yet served their own gods.” I had some very pleasing opportunities of conversing with many on the subject of vital religion, and concerning whom I have good hope; and whom I expect to meet in the “better land,” and in a brighter clime! Some dear friends met me at the Custom House, or rather at the place of landing, and took me home to their hospitable dwelling; some of these were old friends, whom I formerly knew in Ireland, and with whom I formerly corresponded for years on the best of all subjects, that of “holiness.” This is the great theme and the great power of the American churches; and “without it none (either in Europe or America or in any other part of the universe) shall see the Lord.” And although “it only blossoms in celestial air,” yet millions on earth can already sing, who have by faith ascended Zion's hill—

“The men of grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial fruit on earthly ground, From faith and hope may grow.”

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### **Chapter II. First Week's Journal in New York, Visits, &c.**

“If so poor a worm as I May to thy great glory live, All my actions sanctify, All my words and thoughts receive: Claim me for thy service, claim All I have and all I am.”

Second Day in New York—Bishop Janes—Bishop Morris—Missionary Committee—Dr. Elliott, his Death—Francis Armstrong, his Death—Rev. Mr. De Puy—Letter Home—Bishop Kingsley's Death—Bishop Thompson's Death—Dr. M'Clintock's Death—St. Paul's Methodist Church—Ministerial Reception—Persecution in the Southern States—Hotel—Black Servants—Old Friends from Ireland—Dr. Harris—37th Street Church—Missionary Addresses—Diploma—Sunday School Banner—Names of Classes—Forthamilton—Marauder—Speeches—Bishop Kingsley—Death—Sunday School—Powerful Element.

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TUESDAY, Nov. 10 *th*, 1868,(2 *nd* Day in New York ). I called at the City Hospital to inquire for the steward of the vessel, who was mortally wounded yesterday, and the first word I heard from the gate keeper was, "He died last night." I felt as if I had delivered my soul, and I have hope in his death. His name was Bennett, and from Liverpool where his wife and family reside. Alas! what painful news it must have been to them. I hope they may also hear about the hope there was in his death. I called on Bishop Janes at his own house, which is not "a palace," but a very plain dwelling. Here I met the venerable Bishop Morris, who, with the other bishops, had just come to the city, to attend the Missionary Committee for the distribution of the Missionary money for the ensuing year. I presented some of my letters of introduction to Bishop Janes, especially the one from the Rev. W. Arthur, A.M. It might be regarded as a letter dimissory. It ran somewhat thus—"To the Bishops, Elders, Heads of Colleges and Ministers of all Denominations in America, greeting, &c. I have the pleasure of introducing the bearer, who goes with the leave of his Conference to visit his friends and the 27 churches in America. His presence will justify the recognition of the Rev. W. G. Campbell, &c.—I am, yours, Wm. Arthur. " I had also letters from the English President, the Rev. R. Hall; the ex-President, the Rev. John Bedford; the Rev. Messrs. Tobias, M'Kay, M'Mullen, Dr. Scott and many others. Both bishops hailed me at once as a brother minister, and after the usual inquiries about the Irish Brethren, especially Dr. Scott, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Reilly, &c., Bishop Janes said, "Brother Campbell, would you allow me to publish for you to preach on next Lord's Day?" I said, "Yes, if you do not exceed three or four times?" He smiled, as if a bishop would scarcely go that far! It is said, however, that Newman Hall, of London, frequently preached four times in the day during his recent visit to America. Bishop Morris is now hoary in the service, but still hale, although 75 years of age! I inquired for Dr. Elliott, whom Bishop Janes had seen a few days before, and nearly a thousand miles away *west* , he was then only recovering from paralysis. A few months after this he passed away to the better land, to meet his sainted fathers in the Gospel, the Rev. Ed. Hazleton and the Rev. Geo. Burrowes, who travelled the Donegal Mission in Ireland, where he was converted to God many years ago. Bishop Janes also invited me to attend "the Missionary Distribution Committee" on the

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Friday following. I then called on Mr. Francis Armstrong from Ireland, to whom I had a line of introduction from T. Cronhelm, Esq., of Dublin, and who was, I believe, instrumental in his conversion in Skerries. I passed an agreeable hour with him. He has since passed away to the spirit land: he fell in one of the streets of New York when going one evening to meet his class; but the lamp was well trimmed, and his light burning, and sudden death to him was sudden glory. I saw him a few months before, on the eve of my leaving New York, and his last words to me were, "All is right, all is right." He lived for three months after this, although apparently then near the shore.

"Soul beloved, adieu, adieu; Thine the bliss, but mine the pain. Here we die to live anew; Now we part to meet again.'

He proved himself to me a very dear friend in a strange land, and in that great city.

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*Wednesday, 11<sup>th</sup> November.* —To-day I called on our Irish friend and much respected brother, Mr. John Elliott, banker. He received me with great cordiality. It was unnecessary to present a very kind letter of introduction from our mutual friend, Dr. Scott; he invited me at once to the rights of hospitality. We conversed about all our Irish affairs, and especially about the doings of "the New York Irish Advisory Committee," who came forward so nobly and offered to supply what the American Conference had withdrawn the year before from "the Irish General Mission." I called on the editors of the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Corry and the Rev. Mr. De Puy, D.D., who is also the pastor of Old John-street Church. I was much pleased with them. Mr. De Puy is of French extraction; and at once he had me advertised to preach in Philip Embury's Church, Johnstreet, on the following Sabbath evening; I was previously engaged by Bishop Janes to take Dr. Harris's Church in the morning. He is son-in-law to the bishop. He was converted from Judaism in Montreal many years ago, and has been a faithful minister of Christ, and very popular. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord.

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The following is an extract from my first letter, written to Europe after I arrived. "I have seen sights enough to convince me of the greatness of this city; the buildings are marvellous, and "*Broadway*" is (it is to be feared) too much so in nature as well as in name. If they had called it "*Longway*" it would be far more appropriate, for it is almost endless. It is illusory, and like a fairy scene; the weather fine, so that all things seem to favour; surely God counts the hairs. How kind and fatherly to anticipate such turning points. What motives have we to love, and fear, and follow Him faithfully and fully."

*Thursday, 12<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1868*—I spent part of this day at Fort Hamilton (about ten miles from the city), with a very well off nephew of Mrs. C.'s, and his amiable wife and three daughters. They are in great agitation just now, as a most daring robbery was attempted in the neighbourhood, a few nights before, resulting in tragic circumstances. The robber concealed himself on the roof of a gentleman's house, close by, and was waiting for midnight, to plunder. There concealed, the gentleman found him in the evening; and in 29 attempting to lay hold on him, the marauder drew a pistol, and shot the gentleman in the mouth. He is now lying in a most precarious state; and since then the whole Fort was well nigh being blown up, by a fire which broke out close by the powder magazine. But when the fire was just raging at the door, the wind most providentially turned, and kept off the flames; otherwise every house within miles, would have been shattered. But life and property were thus, by what we may well call a hair-breadth escape, redeemed. How insecure are all things earthly; how dangerous to expect to derive all our happiness from them. Real happiness is not there. No wonder the immortal Young would admonish thus—

"Lean not on earth; a broken reed at best, but oft a spear, On whose sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires."

The visit appeared timely, and all appeared grateful for the protecting arm and watchful eye of the Most High. I trust the events will be sanctified. We had a good time at family devotion. On my return from the city, with my kind niece, who accompanied me, I was



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struck with the illuminated splendour of Broadway. Varied forms of flaming gas jets burned brilliantly before hotels and theatres. I thought again of the appellation, "Broadway."

*Friday, 13<sup>th</sup> Nov.* —Visited the "Missionary Distribution Committee," at Mulberry-street, to-day, at which all the Bishops (nine) are expected to attend, and representatives from all the Conferences. There were eight bishops present, Bishop Baker was absent from illness. I was introduced by Bishop Janes, as Gideon Ouseley's successor, from Ireland, that I had proper credentials to visit America. The meeting received me standing up, I suppose to show respect for the Irish Conference. I was requested to take my seat among the Bishops. And who would not consider it an honour to sit among such a body of men? No state, no pomp, no parade; and, as to dress, no particular mark of distinction, true Scriptural bishops, not a distinct *order*, but an *office*, *primus inter pares*, first, or chief among equals; their superiority arising from the greatness of their labours, their good sense, general knowledge, and deep piety. The extent of territory assigned to each, for Episcopal limits, is beyond all conception; and perhaps from home, not 30 less than nine months in the year. I was charmed with their mode of debate. Every man seemed to be perfectly at home, and every man knew how far to go, and when to stop; and that was just when he was done.

### Bishop's Kingsley's Speech—Death, &c.

On this day, *Friday 13<sup>th</sup>*, Bishop Kingsley, who lately returned from Germany and other parts of Europe, where the Methodist Episcopal Church have established missions, (and which he visited in his capacity of bishop, to preside at the Annual Conferences,) gave us a most amusing and graphic description of the very plain domestic and social habits of some classes of society in Germany, especially those in agricultural life. With these difficulties their missionaries had to contend. He said, "Their habits were so plain, that he felt at a loss for suitable terms to describe them." I thought the contrast with some of our plainest specimens of Irish cabin life would rather raise us in the scale of civilization and decency. To have horses, and cows, and pigs, and fowl, and ploughs and harness, and

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all, in one long apartment with the family; and that, at meal times, without a partition, and sleeping as well, astonished me. Sometimes the family is overhead. But here let me say, "Alas, for the brevity of human existence." How little did this dear man, or his brethren, who were listening with such interest, imagine that in little more than a year after this, he would have joined the Church triumphant. The following was published at a subsequent period, to my visit to New York:—"Bishop Kingsley is now off again, and intends to visit the other three continents, India, Africa, and Europe, and to preside at all the Conferences." The one at Lucknow, of which our Irish brother, Dr. Butler, was the father, must be very interesting to the Bishop, especially to meet several preachers, who escaped the horrors of "The Indian Mutiny and massacre." No doubt we shall soon have an account of his travels, almost round the world; and for a far higher motive than that even of Howard, whose mission of humanity was called, "A Circumnavigation of Charity," but which after all was confined to the charity of the body, while that of Kingsley was "The charity of the soul, which is the soul of charity," to be instrumental in conferring on mankind a liberty infinitely superior <sup>31</sup> even to that of which his own country boasts; a liberty of which the poet speaks thus—

"That liberty unsung By poets, and by senators unpraised, Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers Of earth and hell confederate take away:— A liberty, which persecution, fraud, Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind."

How little did the writer know, when the foregoing announcement was made, that his last communication from China was on its way, and very likely his last on earth. It was written to the Boston *Zion Herald*, and dated, Foo Choo, China, Nov. 22, 1869. *The Toronto Guardian* also inserts it. The Editor says, "In a recent letter to *Zion Herald*, Bishop Kingsley gives an inside view of Chinese Methodism, which is full of interest and encouragement for the whole Church." The Bishop states, "Having now gone through my visitation to the Chinese Missions, I propose to give your readers a little insight into the workings of Methodism in China. I rejoice to believe that we have in this great empire, the broad and deep foundation for a glorious work in the future—a work already giving bright

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promise of a speedy triumph.” The Bishop then goes on to describe the Conference, and gives an account of a case of discipline, and a specimen of the devotional powers of one of the native Ministers.

The following is the case of discipline, which was exercised at the Conference on a preacher for not having gone to his Circuit after his appointment the year before. His name is La Cha Mi. There were three native ministers appointed as a committee on the case, and their finding is as follows (in part): “We, three men of the Committee, carefully examining, feel that the case is like that of (John) Mark's repentance and reformation; therefore we intercede for him with the Church, asking that you will exercise the heart of Barnabas to forgive him; and we hope that he will imitate Mark in not forgetting Barnabas's commendation of him, and will even become useful to Paul. Amen.” This was signed thus—“In the year of the incarnation of Jesus, 1869;” then the three names follow—Sia Sekong, Li Yu Mi, Hu Yong Mi thus reports. The acquaintance with Scripture is striking; see Acts xiii, and 1 Tim. iv. 11. The bishop also gives a 32 sample, by translation, of the last prayer offered up in Conference, November 22nd, 1869, by a native minister of the name of Sia Sekong, perhaps one of the above—“We give great thanks to Thee, O God, our heavenly Father, the everlasting Jehovah, for what we, the lowest and most sinful of men, have seen in these our days. Great grace has been given us. We give thanks unto Thee, O God, that the Holy Spirit has come down upon us. Now we ask that He may go with us to our work. Lord, pity us. The Bishop leaves us, and we go east, west, north and south. Help us day and night to pray. Help us not to be lazy. Help us before or behind men to follow our consciences. Help us not to aspire to be good-looking—to make a nice appearance, but to be true, to be faithful, to watch the sheep in every place. If one or two of us must leave the world before we meet again, we don't know: God knows. Help us to bear the crosses, even unto death, that we may glorify God in all our lives. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide with us. Thus our hearts desire.” The bishop states, “This brother, Sia Sekong, is a scholarly man, and one of the sweetest spirited men I ever became acquainted with. He moves in an atmosphere of holy love.” How little did the

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Bishop think when hearing that prayer, and when writing the above, (and which scarcely arrived in Boston until he was gone), that he himself was to be *one* of the very first called away. The *Boston Herald*, to which the Bishop communicated the above, says, "We hope that all who thus see what God has wrought, will be more than ever devoted to the support of foreign missions. The Foo Choo Methodist Episcopal Church Mission has now 50 ministerial-student helpers, and 1400 members." I have just read that the *Board* has resolved on sending out six additional Missionaries forthwith to China.

Here we must again pause and exclaim, "What is our life?" "It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Was this ever more affectingly seen than in the sudden removal of the energetic, enterprising, and devoted Bishop Kingsley? He literally took flight from the earthly to the heavenly Canaan. He died at Beyrout, in Syria, on the 6th of April, 1870, and that suddenly. Like another Moses, he appeared to get the message, "Go, get thee up and die." He was coming from China and India to 33 attend the Irish and English Conferences, and to bear to them the fraternal greetings of his brethren in America. One writes thus on his sudden death,—selected from a long and appropriate poem—

"Kingsley is gone; fallen like a leaf  
Smitten by one rude blast, ere breath  
Of swift decay had warned of death.  
Just fell upon Mount Lebanon,  
Then passed earth's horizon, and  
shone For evermore upon God's throne."

How mysterious! but we must not "judge the Lord by feeble sense." After hearing him on that day in Mulberry-street on German life, I dined with him, Bishop Ames, Bishop Thompson, and Dr. A. Stephens, author of "American Methodism," at Mr. John Elliott's. Since then our amiable hostess (Mrs. Elliott) crossed the flood I and our truly worthy Bishop Thompson followed soon after, and just a little before Bishop Kingsley. All were the cheerful guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott on that day. Mrs. E. died in August, 1869, very shortly after I left New York. Bishop Thompson died suddenly, March 22nd, 1870, and Bishop Kingsley as above (6th April, 1870); and now another honoured and much-

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lamented name is to be added to the triumphant host—it is that of the immortal Dr. M'Clintock, who soared aloft to the mount above on the 4th of March, 1870. His last words were, “Yes, it will be all right, all right, all right.” “These all died in faith,” and are now “for ever with the Lord.” They fell on the high places of our Zion.

“All great. Oh may we heed each lesson given, And seek, like them, to lead the world to heaven.’

I remember Bishop Thompson stating that he advocated the claims of Ireland at the General Conference of 1864 in Philadelphia on three principles, *interest, duty, gratitude*. The result was that 5,000 dollars were granted that year for “the Irish General Mission,” and he was truly grieved that it was not annually continued. He was an Englishman by birth; his was a noble spirit, and he seemed very much attached to me, as I was to him. After dinner we repaired to the *reception* ceremony of the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, who had just come as the new minister to Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. Here I met the *elite* of the laity of this church and of some of our other churches in 334 the city, and also some foreigners, to nearly all of whom I was introduced. “The Great National Missionary Convention for the conversion of the world” was to be held in a few days, and this brought many distinguished visitors to the city, especially of the clerical order. I was struck at the absence of display among both sexes; and their mode of recognition, when introduced, was equally simple, but very expressive, such as, “I am most happy to meet you, and to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance.” The reception room, which is connected with the church, holds 700 people. The bishops and their wives mingled in the throng, but attracted no particular attention or notice more than others; all seemed to be quite at home and easy of access. There was an abundant supply of unstimulating refreshments.

*Saturday, Nov. 14<sup>th</sup>* —Attended the meeting of Directors again to-day. I was much affected at the mournful description which Bishop Janes gave us of some of the Southern State churches; the persecution of many of our coloured people was terrible, and of some of our ministers also. Some of them were literally shot down like dogs, for their

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Republican principles, and all by slavery despondents. One young minister was cruelly tortured to death, because he would not promise to give up his principles. First they broke his legs, he refused still; then they hung him up, he refused still; then they despatched him. He now wears a martyr's crown. I was paid all manner of kind attention at lunch time, or what we would call a dinner, at the hotel. Dr. Durban, the Treasurer of Missions, was most attentive. We had hotel cards handed to us by Dr. Harris, the Secretary of the Mission Board. There were from 40 to 50 waiters, all of colour, in the hotel, and very smart and attentive. I thought still of the prediction of Noah, notwithstanding their emancipation—"And Canaan shall be his servant," that is Japheth's, of whom Americans and Europeans are said to be the descendants; but some say that the term "his servant" refers to their becoming the servants of the Most High. Dr. Durban, speaking of Mr. Arthur, said to me at dinner—"he is a man of illimitable resources." I passed the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and family (Irish). I knew them twenty years ago on the Tullamore Circuit, 35 and lodged with them; they are well-to-do; she is niece to the venerable and Rev. Thomas Meredith, now of Sandymount, Dublin, and sister to the Rev. Mr. Meredith, pastor (and popular minister) of a church in New Jersey, and of whose conversion I believe I was an eye-witness in Ireland many years ago. She retains all the vigour of her early piety, and a class leader still.

*Sabbath, 15 th Nov.* —According to arrangements with Bishop Janes I repaired to Norfolk-street Church, and had a crowded house, and some hearty shouts, such as "*Glory, Hallelujah, Amen,*" &c. At all events, as Mr. Punshon said, "It shows that they are in earnest." It is said that the Rev. Mr. Thornton did not enjoy the shouting churches, but neither of them would act the part another minister did. A friend told me he saw a Methodist put out of a church belonging to another body, by order of the minister, for shouting "*Glory.*" The friend said to me, "I'll never go to hear that minister again, although I am a member of his church." I would recommend that minister to read the 12th chapter of Isaiah, and lay emphasis on the last verse, "*Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion,*" &c. I must confess I like a hearty "Amen" now and again to sound through a church. It

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was both solemn and devout in Mr. Harris's church to-day, and he was very attentive to me, and pressed me strongly to visit them again. In the afternoon I repaired to 37th Street Church, of which the Rev. Mr. M'Alister is the minister (Irish), in company with my friend Mr. A. Fowler. Here I preached "the monthly Missionary sermon" to the children of the Sunday school, after which one of the officers of the school came forward, and moved a vote of thanks for my address, and proposed that I should become "a Life Member of the American Sunday School Missionary Society." The motion was seconded in a moment by another officer, and then put to the meeting and carried unanimously. After this it was very interesting to me to hear each class called out by some familiar name and well understood, such as "Busy Bee Class," "Little Gleaner," "Willing Hands and Willing Hearts," "Wesley Boys," "Excelsior," &c. The children then came forward and handed in their monthly contributions, perhaps from three to 20 dollars. The child who collects the largest amount secures the Sunday school banner for month—a long handle, with a beautiful flag floating therefrom, and with several spangled devices. The child is placed at the corner of the seat, and the flagstaff stands close by. I obtained a splendid certificate of membership, which it appears under other circumstances should be paid for. Here I may remark that the Sunday school element commands one of the greatest powers in the American churches, and does wonders in a financial point of view. And no wonder, when the last estimate stands thus: six million scholars and one million of teachers! This includes all the churches, north and south. Here I would remark that I met no Sabbath school in England, Ireland or Scotland, in which the American custom prevails of calling the classes by certain familiar names, until I came to Belfast, since my return; and only at "Falls Road" Sunday School in that town. The names are as numerous and as well understood as they are in New York. I give the names, both of the male and female classes, as they are used in the Falls-road School, Belfast. Perhaps some other schools would follow the example. Boys:—Watchmen, Gospel Soldiers, Treasure Seekers, Witnesses, Diligent Seekers, Good Samaritans, Minute Men, Crusaders, Workers, Volunteers, Onward, Pioneers, Band of Hope, and the Infant Class, "Lambs of the Flock." The female classes are:—Daughters of Hope, Lovers of Truth, Daughters of Zion, Golden



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Links, Golden Chains, Builders, Sowers, Reapers, Gleaners, Pearl Gatherers, Olive Branches, Peace Makers, Try, Try Again, Early Seekers, Early Days, Doers of the Word, Disciples, Little Singers. I was much amused and pleased to see with what promptitude and regularity each class responds when leaving the school. If we could introduce the financial missionary element, even for the Irish General Mission, and send out now a large missionary band through the length and breadth of the land, what an influence would it command. May the Lord hasten it in his time, according to his holy will! It is amazing the number of missionaries sent out in America by this means, and the numbers of churches built every year. There is a crisis, and a solemn one, in our country just now (1870), and the Church of Christ should lay hold of every godly agency to meet it.

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*Sabbath Evening, November 15<sup>th</sup>, John-street Church.* —I was accompanied to this church this evening by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. De Puy; he brought Philip Embury's family Bible with him, in order that I might have the satisfaction of preaching out of that time-honoured treasure, now 257 years old. The circumstances by which it was obtained will be hereafter related. I preached from Phil. iii. 8, in part. The congregation was very large, and after I preached I invited mourners forward, and one young man, the mate of a vessel just come into port, came forward under the greatest excitement possible. His distress was poignant; his cry was a loud and long-continued wail, and his tears might be called a flood. We were all considerably affected; yet few, if any, left the church. We had several praying men to sympathize with him, both lay and clerical. He remained for a full hour in that hopeless anguish; at length

“Mercy to his rescue flew, And he was born of God.”

Our joy was very great; he returned to his vessel “quiet and in his right mind.” Altogether the scene was very marvellous. After the meeting a highly respectable gentleman and lady came forward to me, and said, “Sir, we have been so blessed at this meeting that we now offer ourselves as members of the Methodist Church. We have been long connected



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with the Protestant or Church of England body, but from this night we resolve that this people shall be our people." It was indeed strange, my coming just at this time, the seafaring gentleman coming into port about the same time, the ministers who assisted from Cincinnati just then in the city, &c.

I don't think I can do better than give, in the next chapter, a sketch of the Centenary Anniversary of the opening of Old John-street Church (the very spot on which we worship to-night), which took place here three weeks ago, and an event in which I should have been delighted to participate; for, interesting and thrilling as was the "Great National Celebration of 1866," this of a *local* character must have been specially gratifying.

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### **Chapter III. Centenary Celebration of John-street Church, New York.**

"See how great a flame aspires, Kindled by a spark of grace; Jesu's love tile nations fires. Sets the kingdoms on a blaze. When he first the work begun, Small and feeble was his day; Now the word doth swiftly run, Now it wins its widening way. Saw ye not the cloud arise, Little as a human hand? Now it spreads along the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirsty land."

Celebration of the Hundredth Anniversary of John-street Church, New York—Love Feast—Remarkable Hymn by a Blind Christian Female—Document read—Bishop Janes's Sermon—Abel Stephens's Address—President Roberts's Remarks—Rev. John Callen's Observations—Do. Dr. Reed—Philip Embury's Old Bible—Evening Exercises—Sermon by Dr. Peck—Number of Names of Pastors of John-street during the Century—Interesting Remarks.

NOVEMBER 15th (Sabbath)—On this day three weeks (25th October, 1868) the above celebration began. It commenced at 9 o'clock, a.m., with a Love Feast, which was conducted by the Presiding Elder of the District, the Rev. H. F. Pease. It was a time of great power. Several rose to speak at the same time, and the house was crowded! The

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two nephews of Philip Embury, Augustus and Philip, were present; and also Jonathan P. Heck, great grandson of Barbara Heck. There was one old member present, who was only six months old when the first church was built in 1768! he is now 100 years and six months! He came from England, and met in class with John Wesley, and is now 70 years connected with the John-street Church. The Love Feast over, Bishop Janes was the preacher in the morning. It is worth recording that the first hymn sung was composed for the occasion by Fanny Crosby, the blind poetess; her husband is also blind, and both have been so from their birth; they are members of the John-street Church. I will here introduce the hymn, which is a very remarkable production, and worthy of immortal record—

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“Thou Sovereign Lord of earth and sea, Once more we consecrate to thee This hallowed structure; time reveres This temple of a hundred years.

The Church whose mighty columns stand, Encircling now our favoured land, Within these ancient walls can trace Her birth, her infant cradling place.

Again her natal day returns, A heavenly flame transcendent burns; And with the light of glory cheers, Her temple of a hundred years.

Come, Sovereign Ruler, gracious Lord, And here anew thy name record; Where kindred souls from every clime Have met to sing thy praise sublime.

Be with us through these sacred hours; Let grace descend in copious showers; And may our sweet reunion prove An ante-past of joys above.”

Before the sermon; the pastor read a historic statement of the Church. The following is an extract: “The first Methodist Meeting was held in New York in 1766, in Philip Embury's own private dwelling, in what is now called Park Place; then, three months after this, a rented room was taken, and this became too small; then a rigging loft was rented in Horse and Cart Lane. It was 60 feet by 18; this became too small, and in March, 1768, this lot

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on which we now stand in John-street, was purchased for £600, and on the 30th of this month (Oct. 1768), next Friday one hundred years ago, the first church was opened. It cost £733. It was remodelled and enlarged in 1817, at a cost of about £5,000, and again in 1841, which stood until now, when an outlay of about £500 has presented it before us to-day in this beautiful aspect. The original church had galleries, but ladders had to supply the place of stairs. The devoted lay pastor wrought the carpenter work with his own hands, being, like his Lord and Master, a carpenter by trade. He had a worthy helper in Barbara, whose noble efforts were literally to *edification*. She was to all intents the architect of the structure. Philip made everything according to the pattern which she had daguerretyped on her mind, while at prayer, just like another Moses, who built the tabernacle according to the pattern showed to him on the Mount; so he built according as she instructed him, believing her to be divinely directed. The luxury of sleeping in the house of 40 God was not at that time appreciated, hence the seats had no backs, and the galleries had no frontage to *lean* on, for fear of affording facilities for that purpose. For a full hundred years the worship of God has continued at these altars; from this pulpit his word has been proclaimed, and from this table the holy sacraments have been dispensed. We all congratulate each other on the history of American Methodism. All our hearts go out in earnest glowing thanksgiving to Him, 'Our Father,' from whom alone, 'cometh every good and perfect gift.'"

Bishop Janes's Sermon.

Bishop Janes was now introduced, and proceeded to deliver a sermon, of which the following is a brief sketch. He gave out for his text, Psalm xxvi. 6, 7, 8, "I will wash my hands in innocency, so will I compass thine altars, O Lord," &c. He began by stating, that Philip Embury said on the occasion of dedicating the first church here, "That the best form of consecrating a place for such uses was to preach in it a good sermon." Philip's text was, Hosea x. 12, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy," &c. or, as Philip's Bible has it, "reap after the measure of mercy" (the measure of God's mercy.) There is a variation in my text also, "That I may publish, *declare*, &c., and tell, *set forth*."

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First, the preparation for spiritual worship and service, "I will wash my hands in innocency." This was a ceremony among the Jews and the ancients, by which they declared their innocence of any accusation. Pilate did so. But the text has a more spiritual import. It means that we purge ourselves from all filthiness and sinfulness, from all iniquity and wrong, that we may approach unto God. "If we regard iniquity in our hearts, he will not hear our prayers." He requires truth in the inward parts. He requires to be worshipped "in spirit and in truth," with reverence and godly fear; and there is a "Fountain for this purpose for sin and uncleanness." Secondly, the worship; "So will I compass thine altars, O Lord." There is a reference to the former practice of laying the *sacrifice* on the altar, and the priest presenting it, and interceding. We have the altar of the atonement. We have Christ as the Great High Priest, &c. "So will I compass," so will I worship my God, offer my religious devotion, my spiritual services. Thirdly, the active service in the proclamation of thanksgiving, "Set forth, or tell" all thy wondrous works, to spread it, to profess, to declare it. "Come unto me," said David, "and I will declare what the Lord hath done for my soul." Class meetings and Love Feasts greatly aid in this hallowed work. Thank God, for this element of spiritual power in the Methodist church. Methodism is not a failure. It is not a failure to me. I feel to-day I am saved. I am in fellowship with God. I have a title to heaven; and if Methodism progresses as it has done for another half century it will evangelize the race. Let us all to-day renew our covenant with God afresh, and "Wash our hands and hearts in innocency," &c., and so compass this altar (this sacred spot) round about. We admit that God is everywhere; but in his temple he reveals his *gracious presence!* how rapturous, hallowed and divine. We claim that some hallowed spots have a peculiar interest, especially where God performs his wondrous works. The place of the Saviour's birth, where he died, where he was buried, and from which he ascended, have all their peculiar interests, and without any superstitious adoration; but the fact that Jesus was there for the purposes of my salvation, and the salvation of mankind, hallows, sanctifies and glorifies those places. When God is nigh, the place is holy ground. I have a very grateful remembrance of the very spot in the public street where I was awakened, and the spot in a country school-house where I was converted. And it seems to me that next

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to Calvary, there can be few places of deeper interest to us than this very spot in which we are assembled to-day. Was not Philip Embury's text a prophecy concerning this place? Did he not say, "Break up the fallow ground," "Seek God, and he *will* rain down upon you righteousness." And O how extensive has been that rain; a literal history of this church, as though the word was spoken to-day. Then also the text which that venerable man, Dr. Bangs, selected at the second dedication in 1818, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," Psalm cxxvi. 3. Yes, God had done great things for them up to that time, marvellous doings, and marvellous trophies of divine grace. And then at the third dedication, in 1844, the text which 42 Bishop Hedding selected was peculiarly expressive and predictive as well,—“For from you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in *Macedonia* and *Achaia* , but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad, so that we need not speak any thing.”—1 Thes. i. 8. There is no part of the United States, no portion of our own territories, there is no part of Europe, even the most exclusive Catholic countries, which have not some knowledge of American Methodism. Why, to-day John-street Church is as widely known as St. Peter's at Rome. And since this third dedication by Bishop Hedding, until now, what wonders of grace have been repeated, not only here, and in this city and throughout the land, but on our foreign missions also. In New York one hundred years ago, we had about 20 members gathered in two years, which would be only one to about every thousand of the inhabitants, then 20,000. Now we have one to every 74. But there is a holier and happier place than this, and let us all see to it, that after we have served our generation, by the will of God, we shall all enter that upper temple, where we shall worship night and day, and go no more out for ever. We would add —

“Stand up for Jesus always, In every walk of life; For he who bids thee conquer, Is with thee in the strife.”

Address of Dr. Abel Stephens.

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At two o'clock p.m. Dr. Abel Stephens delivered an eloquent address. This was called "the *Reunion Service*." He took for his motto "The Best of all is God is with us." He said "that Methodism was identified with the two leading races from which the mass of the American population was to be formed, the Teutonic and the Irish. The little band of Methodists who began our cause here were from Ireland, but they were, nevertheless, Germans from the Palatinate on the Rhine. Thus the great Germanic race, from which our original or colonial element (the Anglo-Saxon) was chiefly derived, is still peopling this country, and they planted American Methodism in John-street; but they were providentially directed *through* Ireland, whence they brought the precious seed now yielding this magnificent 43<sup>rd</sup> harvest. They kindled our tent fires and altars with the holy flame they brought from Ireland, to which they were driven from the old Germanic Palatinate by the French Papal arms in the reign of Queen Anne of England. English Methodism found them in Ireland as exiles, thus, like the banyan tree, its offshoots seem designed to wave their banners round the world. Let us afresh from this, our first battle-field, on this the hundredth anniversary which none ever saw before, and can never see again, gird on anew our well-tried armour, and shout our march forward to the ends of the earth and to the end of time. Our Church is militant, and like an army in the field, it must stand by its orders, spiritual *life* , spiritual *work* , spiritual *unity*. With these it will prevail till the heavens "flee away."

Remarks by President Roberts.

Ex-President Roberts, of the Republic of Liberia, and now President of the College at Manrovia, Africa, spoke next. A few extracts will suite. "For more than forty years I have been a member of the Methodist Church, and am glad of the opportunity of expressing my feelings of Methodism; and on this hallowed spot where the pioneers of Methodism erected the first temple dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, according to the ordinances of our Church! It is now like a green bay tree, and under the branches of which more than two million of souls are pressing their way to the portals of immortality; from this it has crossed the Atlantic again and again; and in Africa many are bowing at the same

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sacred altar with you, confessing Christ and worshipping God in spirit and in truth. The Pagans of that land are realizing the blessing of Christianity, and 'Ethiopia is still stretching out her hands unto God.' Christianity is no failure, either here or there."

A few observations from the Rev. John Callen, of Brooklyn followed. "The Methodists of the West look to John-street as the Roman Catholics look to the Vatican and to the Pope; but in a very different sense. Every Methodist heart is warmed when we speak of John-street as the cradle of Methodism. When I was in Pittsburgh I saw thousands 44 of labouring men sauntering about on the Lord's Day; they work in the furnaces. My heart was stirred. I wish God had placed my lot among them. We have about 6,000 local preachers."

Dr. I. Reed, an Old Pastor of John-street.

"Being here so long (since nine o'clock a.m.) and with only a short intermission, and with my condition of health, it is with extreme reluctance I occupy a moment. It is now over fifty-five years since God converted me, and fifty-three since I began to travel. In 1819 I went to Lower Canada, a wild country, sparsely (thinly) settled, terrible roads, hard fare and plenty of work. There I found this precious book (showing the old copy of Embury's Bible) which I obtained in the following way: I stayed one night with a Mr. Embury, not knowing that he had any connection with old Philip; he brought me a Bible to lead the family devotions; it was in a very dilapidated condition, ready to drop to pieces. When I looked at its title page, there I found in fair handwriting, "Philip Embury." "Brother Embury," said I, "Was Philip Embury any relation to you?" "Why yes, he was my father, and I am his oldest son." Said I, "Give me the history of this Bible." He said, "My father brought it with him from Ireland in 1760, and it was the only copy of the Scriptures he had in the family till the day of his death, and took it to the pulpit and preached, as you heard, from "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy," &c. Hosea x. 12. In this edition (printed 1611 in German text) it is, "reap after the measure of mercy," "The *measure* of God's mercy." This is worthy of note. All this the son confirmed by saying, "In the division of his personal effects, I being



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his eldest son, the Bible fell to my lot." "Well," said I, "would you be willing to part with it?" "Why, yes, for the price of another good copy of the Bible." So I gave him the amount, and now it is in my possession for 49 years. I prize it above all price; and if the Bible ought to belong to any one but myself it is to John-street." The Bible was procured from this good brother, and accordingly it is now in John-street; and after it was neatly bound, it 45 was brought to the chapel, as I stated, for my use on this Sabbath, 15th November. The Doctor concluded by saying, "In my own experience and observation I say that the Methodist Church in this country never stood higher in spiritual power than it does this day. I believe this with all my heart. God bless you all, and bring you at last to the home of Wesley and Embury, and thousands of others who had gone before them."

### Evening Exercises—Dr. Peck's Address.

At seven o'clock p.m. the audience reassembled, when Dr. Peck of Albany, New York, preached from Acts v. 24, "They doubted of them whereunto this would grow." He made it bear on the supernatural power of Gospel truth; and, as it was said by prejudiced men at first, so it has been ever since; and looking at that handful of poor people gathered a hundred years ago on an "old rigging loft," may we not fancy the cry of prejudice saying, "To what will this grow?" At that time we had *one* local preacher, now 18,000 heralds of the cross, between local and travelling. Then we had a few hundred pounds invested in this church property, now 41 million of dollars invested in 12,000 houses (now, 1870, 48 millions). Then, no press or papers, now 147,000 copies of weekly periodicals. Then, no Sunday schools, now millions of children; and more than 24,000 in academies, seminaries and colleges. Then, no missions, now the banner of the cross is unfurled in South America, Europe, Asia and Africa, supported at a million dollars yearly; and now the Centenary offerings about a million and a quarter of British pounds sterling. We only see our units of millions, our descendants will see the tens and hundreds of millions. We see our altars crowded with penitents, and our Sacramental hosts on earth marching to the conquest of a world; but beyond the river, amid the blood-washed throng, we must look to our labours and our toil. To this it will grow, and why, because it is supernatural! Away



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with those fable writings, blasted *liberal* unions, truth-defying and heaven-daring insolence! All combined are merely naturalistic and human, and must fly as chaff before the wind! while God's religion, his vital Church, 46 must flourish, because "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But let us beware of pride; keep in the dust, and thus prepare for the two grand triumphs of the ransomed millions of our glorious God and Saviour, first spiritually on earth, and then to shine as the sun in the kingdom of our Father for ever." It appears there were 300 pastors appointed to John-street during the last hundred years. In early times they were often changed, and sometimes there were as many as five appointed together, making John-street the central church. The list is preserved; it begins with Philip Embury and ends with the Rev. Mr. De Puy, its present highly esteemed pastor. It must have been altogether a glorious day. There were no less than fifty ministers present; it was in every sense of the word a *double* Jubilee, and will never be forgotten by those who had the high privilege of witnessing it. The Church now bids fair for another start to run its bi-centenary career, at least if we could judge by the present prospects. One is reminded by the whole scene, of the days of Nehemiah and Ezra, who said to the people, on almost a similar occasion,—“For this day is holy unto our Lord, neither be ye sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength; and there was very great gladness.”— *Nehemiah* viii. 10–18. “But what will it be to be there,” “where every shining front displays the unutterable name.”

“Yea, when we rise in love renewed, Our souls resemble Thee, An image of the Triune God To all eternity.”

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### **Chapter IV. Moral heroes—Cenotaphs, etc.**

“These are they that bore the cross, Nobly for their Master stood; Sufferers in his righteous cause, Followers of a dying God.

More than conquerors at last, Here they find their trials o'er; They have all their sufferings past, Hunger now and thirst no more.”— *Wesley*.

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Barbara Heck—Godly women in every age—Mistake of date of Barbara's emigration—She found emigrants at card-playing—Rouses Philip—Dr. Clarke—Dr. Priestly and Dr. Stephens on the influence of woman—History of the Palatines—Cruelty of France—Dr. Wm. Crook—Emotions of the writer—Pioneers of Methodism—Sufferings—Cenotaphs of Embury and Heck—Asbury and Summerfield, in John-street—Conversion and speeches of Summerfield, and character by Dr. Richey—Poetry.

Barbara Heck.

A LIVING writer has well said, "That woman was the finishing grace of creation." No doubt this writer is an admirer of Milton, who wrote thus, so beautifully of Eve—

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love."

And although she was first in the transgression, and thereby

"Brought death into our world, and all our woe,"

yet she was afterwards greatly honoured in being connected *instrumentally* in the world's redemption; and if she was first in the fall, she was last at her Saviour's cross and earliest at his grave; so well expressed by the poet—

"Ev'n when Apostles fled, and left him to his doom, She lingered round his cross, was earliest at his tomb."

How often has her sanctified character been employed by heaven to accomplish some of the most marvellous events which ever transpired on our globe. On the Old Testament 48 page, the names of Sarah, Rebekah, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, the wife of Manoah, Esther and Huldah, the learned prophetess, (see 2 Kings xxii. 14.) will occur to the mind; and on the New Testament page, those of Anna, Elizabeth, Martha, Mary, and the other Mary, Dorcas, Lydia, and especially the Virgin Mother of our Lord, will never be forgotten.

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We are led to this train of thought by the part which Barbara Heck was honoured in taking, in the origination of Methodism in the United States. Indeed, we might say the same of Susanna Wesley, the honoured mother of John and Charles Wesley, whose labours have blessed the moral universe, as well as England. But one is led to wonder, how it was that Barbara could have remained so long in New York, as six years, and manifest no concern for either Philip or his companions. The secret is simply accounted for thus : that she and her husband, did not go out until the spring of 1766. This fact was scarcely ever noticed, until brought to light by the Rev. G. T. Playter, whose history was published eight years ago. His statement is as follows:—"In 1766, another Methodist family arrived in New York, called Heck; and when the wife of this Paul Heck, seeing the Methodists from her own country had far declined in piety, deeply lamented their condition to Embury, and hearing that they were on one occasion engaged even in card-playing, she hastened to the place, reproached them sharply, and seizing the cards, flung them into the fire. She then went to the former *local preacher*, Philip, and with great earnestness, even with tears, begged him to preach to the backsliders, saying, "Brother Embury, you must preach to us, or we will all go to hell, and God will require our blood at your hands." He replied, "How can I preach, for I have neither a house nor a congregation?" She said, "Preach in your own house, and to your own company, first." He consented, and at first had only five hearers! They rapidly increased, and good fruit soon appeared. Thus if Philip became the *father* of the Methodist Church in America, it is equally clear that the mother of that church was Barbara Heck. She aroused Philip like another Deborah, arousing Barak, and the Lord in both instances, "Turned the battle to the gate." Dr. Clarke positively states that the Gospel was first introduced into Britain by 49 a Christian lady, named Pomponia in the year 43. She was wife to Plautius, one of the Roman generals under the Emperor Claudius. He states also, in reference to Huldah, the prophetess, who lived in the college at Jerusalem (see Kings xxii. 14), "That women, possessing the life of God in their souls, may have more knowledge of divine testimonies than many of those whose office it is to explain and enforce them." Dr. Priestly also says, on the same passage, "It pleased God to distinguish several women with the spirit of prophecy, as well as with other attainments, to show

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that in *spiritual* things, especially, man has no essential pre-eminence over woman.” Dr. Abel Stephens, of America, has published a volume of 300 pages on “The Women of Methodism,” in which he delineates the character of its *three* great foundresses, namely, Susanna Wesley, the Countess of Huntingdon and Barbara Heck, with their associates. He says, “The agency of woman in religion has formed some of the most interesting, if not the most salient facts of ecclesiastical history,” and mentions with those I have named above, “Mary Magdalene, Joanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna, and many others, who ministered unto Christ of their substance.”—Luke viii. 2. “The four daughters of Philip,” and Priscilla, also Aquila who “laid down their own necks for Paul,” and “Persis, who laboured much in the Lord,” and “the elect lady” of St. John. He gives the history of the Palatines coming to Ireland, and says, that Louis XIV., in the latter part of the seventeenth century, devastated the Palatinate on the Rhine. The population was nearly all Protestant; 2 cities and 25 villages were burned, and the peaceable inhabitants had to fly by thousands to the lines of Marlborough! Queen Anne sent ships to convey them to England; 6,000 arrived in London, in a state of poverty; nearly 3,000 were sent to America; and fifty families *emigrated* to Ireland, where they settled at Ballingranne, in the County Limerick. The Government paid their rent to Lord Southwell for twenty years, which made them, “Free Holders,” and were called “German Fusileers.” These were the ancestors of the Emburys, the Ruckles, and the Hecks, &c Thus did the evil policy of Louis scatter those sterling Protestants of the Rhine, to bless other lands; just like the persecution which arose on the death of Stephen, 4 50 by which Satan thought to *burn* Christianity out of the world altogether, but it only did so out of Jerusalem, and thereby blessed mankind at large. So it was in this instance; and who can tell, but that the blood so wantonly then shed is now required at the hand of France. “Verily, there is a God that judgeth.” “It is marvellous,” says Dr. William Crook, “that an humble, honest, and pious Irish Methodist carpenter, and an humble pious Methodist matron, were the honoured founders, and spiritual parents of American Methodism, and that they constructed its cradle, when they erected the Methodist Church in John-street, New York.” And I would say, “What a numerous offspring has that cradle nursed!” What must my feeling have been when I stood in that pulpit, with

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such sacred associations around me—Embury, Heck, Boardman, Pilmoor, Whatcoat, Vasey, Asbury, Coke, Bangs, and Summerfield: God's nobility I and all now away, to that glorious region above, the palace of angels and God, where

“All in an ecstasy gaze, And hang on a crucified God.”

Thus we see, that God can bury the greatest of his workmen, and still carry on his work. “Our Fathers, where are they?” We would answer, “Safe in the promised land.” “They were the messengers of the churches, and the glory of Christ.” Those were the pioneers of Methodism! Whatever other qualifications they had, they required to have good lungs, a loose tongue, deep personal piety, and a burning zeal, that would dare the rigours of a northern winter, and the heat of a southern sun; and at all events, they required to have as much theological knowledge as enabled them to direct the trembling soul to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for present salvation, and to tell to stout-hearted sinners, that unless they repented and mended their ways very soon, the devil would soon away with them altogether; and to all, their constant cry was, “Behold, behold the Lamb.” Thus equipped, they penetrated every state, endured the hardest fare, slept in woods, chased by wolves, pounced upon by panthers, pelted with rotten eggs, stoned by raging mobs, and often nearly beaten to death by motley crews, and yet, on they went, conquering and to conquer, from day to day, 51 a fitting type of the *English* Band, but with harder fare. Francis Asbury was the ruling spirit among them; he was the first Bishop who had a continent for a diocese I and Washington was not more entitled to be called the father of his country, than was Asbury its apostle. Those humble men laid the foundation for civil government in the *western* mind, and also became the patrons of learning (although most of themselves were unlearned) by their givings and energy. In fact, they established the schools and colleges which now flourish all over the Union; and by their self-denying labours hundreds of thousands of the sons of Ham have been turned from darkness to light, and have now their faces Zionward; and myriads more have passed triumphant home. We may surely adopt Montgomery's description of such immortal heroes—

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“Strange scenes, strange men, untold untried distress, Pain, hardship, famine, cold and nakedness: Diseases, death, in every hideous form, On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm, Wild beasts and wilder men—unmoved with fear, Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear, May they but hope a Saviour's love to show, And warn one spirit from eternal woe; Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain, Since thus, to live is Christ, to die is gain.”

Tablets in John-street Church, New York.

Among the marble tablets on the wall, are now two new beautiful ones, and were first uncovered at this anniversary. The one on the right of the pulpit is in memory of Philip Embury and Barbara Hick (for so the word is spelled), and bears the following inscription:

—

“In Memory of PHILIP EMBURY and BARBARA HICK, Born in Ireland, emigrants to New York, they organized the first Methodist Society in America in 1766. Through their labours the first Methodist Church was erected in this spot, and dedicated by Embury, the first Pastor (also the first Class Leader and Local Preacher,) October 30th, 1768. ‘Their works do follow them.’”

52

The tablet on the left of the pulpit bears, in corresponding letters, the following on Bishop Asbury:—

“In Memory of FRANCIS ASBURY, The Pioneer Bishop of American Methodism, and the foremost among her tireless Itinerants. He was born in England, August 30, 1745, entered the ministry at the age of seventeen, preached his first sermon in this Church November 13, 1771, was ordained Bishop, December 24, 1784, and died near Fredericksburgh, March 31, 1816. He ordained over 3,000 Preachers, and preached over 17,000 sermons.

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Dying lie left the whole Church the legacy of his labours, patience, perseverance and love to God and man.”

As the name of Summerfield is mentioned above, I may introduce a few facts concerning him, as he was one of the most extraordinary young men that Ireland ever raised since Thomas Walsh. He spent his last four years in America. His life now lies before me, a beautiful American edition, published by “the American Tract Society,” and written by John Holland, with an introductory letter by James Montgomery, Esq. of Sheffield, the sweet bard of sacred song. There is a beautiful mural cenotaph erected in John-street Church to his memory (below is the epitaph), although he is buried in Sand-street Church, Brooklyn, where there is also a beautiful tomb-stone over him, on which another epitaph is written, but it is too long to insert.

“Sacred To the Memory of the Rev. John Summerfield, A.M. ‘A Burning and a Shining Light.’ His mind was stored with treasures of science; His perception of truth was clear and comprehensive; His language pure, And his action chaste and simple. His preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Distinguished by the patience of hope And the labour of love, He finished his course in peace and triumph. Born in Preston (Lancashire), England, January 31st, 1798, And died in this City (New York), June 13th, 1825.”

53

Upon the base of the tablet is the following (an extract):—

“This Monument is erected with sincere prayer that the ardour of his zeal in the cause of Missions may live in his successors, when this marble shall moulder into dust.”

Summerfield's Conversion and Speeches.

He was converted to God in Dublin in the year 1817, through the instrumentality of William Haughton, an humble, but truly pious mechanic. He began to preach shortly after, and attracted great crowds in Dublin, Cork, Roscrea, and Parsonstown ; in the last, the Earl

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of Rosse, the nobility, and gentry, as well as “the common people” heard him gladly. He returned to England for a short time, met the Rev. John Emory from America, and resolved on going there: he went, and became one of the most popular orators in the country; and, like Thomas Walsh, died an aged man at 27. The following is a small specimen of his oratory in a speech delivered at a Bible Society Meeting in New York in 1821. “It only remains for us to raise the shout of victory in a cause which yet goes on from conquering and to conquer. Already we see the dawning of that day, the prospect of which so fired the poet's soul when he sang so sweetly—

‘The dwellers in the vale and on the rocks, Shout to each other; and the mountain tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy; Till nation after nation taught the strain, Earth  
rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.’

“The Bible Society has outrode every storm that was raised against her; and, though we now appear in smooth waters, and have of late been wafted by auspicious gales, yet from the beginning it was not so. But we never forget that our Divine Master had embarked with us. For a moment He seemed asleep, in the hinder part of the ship, yet He soon awoke, and said to the winds, ‘Peace be still, and there was a great calm.’ Objections to Bible Societies are now too late; our opponents will never be able to suppress them or impede their progress. Sooner may they arrest the sun at the antipodes, and prevent his rising to illuminate our horizon. Sooner may they confine the winds in the Cave of Æolus, never again to cool and refresh our atmosphere. 54 Sooner may they stem the mighty stream that leaves the mountain side, and interdict its progress to the ocean. If our successes had been less brilliant, and our undertaking less productive of good to others, it has at least been of much good to ourselves. It has brought together the representatives of many Christian Churches, and given us a common stand, on which we may all meet; and, forgetting our peculiarities of sentiment in other matters, we see that our Lord's petition may yet be answered, ‘that they all may be one.’ Here we approach each other in angular lines, when we cannot proceed in parallels, and meet at length in one common centre,



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namely a cause whose single object is 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men ;' a cause in which

'Names and sects and parties fall, And Jesus christ is all in all'"

Dr. Richey's of Summerfield.

The Rev. Matthew Richey, D.D., remarks of this admirable and lamented young minister, whom the great Head of the Church made a polished shaft in his quiver, and in whom He was greatly glorified: "Thus at the age of twenty-three, Summerfield's mind exhibited a harmony and an expansion which very rarely anticipate the meridian of life. The unearthly invigoration of the love of Christ affords the only satisfactory solution of the rapid development of his uncommon mental energies. Though a diligent student, time did not permit him to attain full maturity of scholarship ; but he possessed in a high degree all the attributes of a mind of the first order; his understanding was clear, his judgment discriminating, and his imagination so vigorous and susceptible, that it cost him no effort to fling the hues and tints of vitality over the abstractions of truth, and thus to impart to the most common-place topic all the freshness and interest of originality. The natural effect of his thrilling eloquence was materially aided by a person and a manner the most graceful, and an aspect of angelic benignity. Its moral charm was the demonstration and power of that Divine Spirit

'Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire'"

55

It is said that a short time before his death he sung with ecstasy the hymn beginning with

"'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er," &c.

And then gradually and sweetly slept in Jesus. The following lines cannot be more appropriately applied to any one than to him:—

"Saw ye not the wheels of fire, And the steeds that cleft the wind? Saw ye not his soul aspire, When his mantle dropt behind? Ye that caught it as it fell, Bind that mantle round your breast; So in you his meekness dwell, So on you his spirit rest."

56

## Chapter V. Second Week in New York—Irish Affairs, etc.

"Hands and heart and feet and tongue All for willing service strung; Work! and still thy *quest* renew, Lord! what would'st thou have me do."

Withdrawal of American grant made in 1864 to the Irish Conference—Writer's Speech—Visits Brooklyn—Conversion of young Myles, the Great-great-grand-nephew of William Myles of Limerick—Young Murphy, Grand-nephew to Gideon Ouseley—Death—Widow's Sons—Preachers' Weekly Meeting—Missionary Hooting Meeting in 37th Street—William Cornell, Esq.—Large Contributions—Death.

TUESDAY , Nov. 17th (New York)—Attended the Missionary Conference both yesterday and to-day; and oh, how much information turns upon various subjects. This being the last day, I was anxious to see if the subject of the application from the Irish Conference, for the continuance of the grant promised in 1864, would be sanctioned. The document from the Irish Conference was read, signed "James Tobias, Secretary." It was an able production; he apologised for delay, but it appears it came quite time enough, as far as action was concerned. There came in also another very able document from "The New York Irish Advisory Committee," strongly remonstrating on account of the withdrawal of the grant by the last Conference. It appears a resolution passed the General Conference of 1868 in Chicago, rescinding the resolution of 1864, which allowed grants to be made to other Conferences as well as their own, and in that year grants were made both to France and Ireland. The causes for rescinding those grants were stated to be, *first* , that they were not promised to be in perpetuity ; and *secondly* , that the heavy responsibility arising from the Southern States rendered it altogether impossible to continue them. Of course there could

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be no appeal until the next 57 General Conference in 1872, so after some discussion the matter was allowed to drop. I believe the bishops will advocate its restoration, especially Bishops Simpson and Janes, if spared; and I trust they will be preserved long to the Church of God. Of course, their leanings are Irish: indeed I must say, that many kind things were said of Ireland by several at the meeting. Dr. M'Clintock was not present. Bishop Janes then rose and said, "I beg now to introduce Brother W. G. Campbell to the meeting, that he may give us some information about the work of God in Ireland." I saw at once the Bishop's design; he wanted to engage the sympathies of all the brethren in our behalf. I said that "I did not appear before them in any *official* capacity whatever! that I felt greatly gratified in being permitted to sit among them as a visitor from Ireland, and that I was much profited also; I was wiser than when I entered that room. I had no idea of the vast extent of their missionary operations, embracing both the domestic and the foreign element. I said I could tell them a little about what we were doing in Ireland, and what we hoped yet to do; that our country has been for many years in a transition state, but that we were coming to an important crisis. Many changes were likely to take place by reason of the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, I may say *Churches*, including the Presbyterian. These things called on us to have our lamps well trimmed. As far as our past labours are concerned, they (in America) had largely shared in the fruits; that while we sowed, they reaped; that while we went down deep into the mine, and brought up precious gems, some of the richest contributed to bespangle their church banners. That we have lately enlarged our borders of operation, partly by reason of their kind grant in 1866; that we have established 'A Home Missionary Department' on the English plan, and appointed several men to those posts; that we also enlarged our Irish General Mission; and that new openings are multiplying in all directions; and that claims, of course, are corresponding, while our best members are diminishing year by year by reason of emigration. I said we were grateful for the care they took of our people when they do come, although we do not *send* them; yet there is something 58 in training them well, and indeed it is questionable if half of them would ever think of coming out at all, had they not been so well enlightened and evangelized. It must be confessed there is

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a religious *liberty* and a freedom here which many of them could not enjoy at home, for there never was such *mastery* usurped, both political and ecclesiastical, as at the present time in Ireland ; we have dangers to combat also and sometimes have to resist them even unto blood, as was the case lately in Granard! In Ulster there is very seldom any hindrance to open-air preaching, but there is considerable opposition in the South, East, and West; however, there are even here exceptional spots; but we have sometimes to adopt the guerilla tactics, and, like the Parthian in battle, 'Strike, and wound, and fly.' During the last year our General Mission effort was crowned with much success. We think the 'wtime, yea the set time to favour Zion (in Ireland) is come;' and the voice of Providence seems to say, 'Arise, and take possession of the land!' There is a tide in the history of Churches, as well as of nations and of individuals, which, when taken at the flood, leads to prosperity; but, if neglected, lamentable results follow. We are striving to carry out the principle of self-reliance to the fullest extent; but 'if the foundations (of our Society) be removed, what can the righteous do?' We are striving to bring the salt of Divine truth to bear on the bitter waters of our country as well as we can ; and if our American brethren will stand by us, and come to our help, I trust the land will soon have to yield to the power of evangelical culture; but, if not, 'deliverance will come from some other quarter.'" I fully sympathize with the vast machinery which your Missionary Society in America has to sustain, and with the formidable difficulties presenting themselves from the Southern States; so that I could scarcely ask you to do anything for us this year; and especially as I was not sent here to solicit help ! but I am not forbidden to offer a few hints, and which may serve at another time (I then described some of Messrs. Graham and Ouseley's labours;) and that now, let matters be as they may, we are determined to go ahead, 'through evil report and good report;' and if they would wish to take a leaf out of our book in establishing a General Mission in their 59 country, and I did not know of any thing they could do better : that I thought if they should ask our Conference for the loan of a man or two, say for a year or so, to lay down the lines of operation, that they would be cordially responded to. In everything else we are nearly one; why not in this ?" I then sat down amidst the strongest expressions of sympathy with the statements I made; and I believe I served the interest of

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the Irish Mission on this day; and I trust that the fruit will appear another time. I had then the pleasure of presenting each bishop with a copy of "The Apostle of Kerry" (as also to all the officers), which gives such a full view of the labours of Ireland's best evangelists during the former part of the present century. I had many invitations on that day to preach in the churches.

*Wednesday, Nov. 18 th.* —On the evening of this day I visited Brooklyn, where a niece of Mrs. Campbell's resides, and mother to young Myles, the great great-grand-nephew of the venerable William Myles, formerly of Limerick. Her husband, Dr. Myles, died before she left for America; after this, her son returned for some time, at the instance of his aunts. During that visit he came to spend his Christmas with us, when in Oughterard, and there he was truly converted to God, and retains his piety; he is now a very useful and active member in one of the churches in this place. It is pleasing to find the fruit of that little Mission, that had so much to contend with from the beginning (and has still), flourish on American soil. It is also worthy of remark, that another niece was married to a grand-nephew of Gideon Ouseley's. He became a minister, laboured hard for a few years, and then passed away, leaving two promising boys, who, I trust, will be also pillars in the Church. Both mothers were converted in early life, on the first Circuit I travelled. All glory to God! Thus Ireland, though poor, enriches American Methodism.

*Sabbath, 22 nd.* —Preached during the last few days in several places, and to-day three times, in three different churches. I met several whom I knew many years ago, in the old country; and one, who said, "I prayed to God for many years, to send you to America, that I might see you, before I would die." This was "one of the days of 60 the Son of Man," and oh, how Messrs. Stevenson, Armstrong, and A. Fowler, laboured with me. One friend came many miles to see me, and obtained good.

Preachers' Weekly Meeting.

*Monday 23<sup>rd</sup>, Fifteenth day in New York.* —Attended the Preachers' Weekly Meeting at Mulberry-street. There were nearly as many present as at some of our Irish Conferences. They make it a matter of conscience to attend; and there they relate any circumstance of a cheering character, in connection with their churches, since last they assembled. They also generally mention a subject for discussion, on the following Monday. The one to-day was, "The cause of declension in piety, among the people of God." One aged brother, of the name of Deviney, stated his conviction that the system of *Pew-letting* had banished all the poor from their churches, and that they had lost *their blessing!* Another spoke of the light and fictitious character of the books of the present day; that the taste for solid reading is rapidly declining. Another, as a remedy, recommended the change of pulpits and putting up placards, to attract attention. Another asked, what was the best method to get the rich converted? Another asked, "What is the Christian doctrine of woman?" I thought a more fitting term would be, "What was the duty of Christian women?" The term was ambiguous: if *duty* be properly performed, doctrine will follow. It reminds me of what old Matthew Henry says of woman, in his commentary: "The woman was made of a rib, out of the *side* of Adam, not out of his head, to top him ; not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him: but out of his side, to be equal with him ; under his arm , to be protected ; and near his heart to be beloved." This inspired Charles Wesley's poetic powers, thus—

"Not from his head, was woman took, As made her husband to o'erlook; Not from his feet, as one designed The footstool of the stronger kind; But fashioned for himself—a bride; An equal, taken from his side: Her place intended to maintain, The mate and glory of the man; To rest, as still beneath his arm Protected by her lord from harm. And never from his heart removed, And only less than God, beloved."

61

I was then called on to speak, and to sing one of Gideon Ouseley's Irish hymns. The following is a specimen. I give it in its pronounced form. The verse in English is, "Come, ye

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sinner, poor and wretched," &c., and the chorus is, "Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation," &c.—

Thiggy fackey bogth a crawthee, Log gon caonoo bogth gon awe Shasson E'Esa le dtho haw waul, Lawn do hughogth agus dho graw,

### Chorus

Umpoo egg Dhia agus e'er er paidthoon, Mol go more agus mol go though E'Esa chrees tha Ree na Nashoon, Vee shey morroo agus nish Thaw beow.

I then spoke as to the best method of getting at the masses; and said, "If you want to reach them, let your Conference appoint a few of your choice men, who will be able 'to meet the enemy in the gate,' and, at the same time, men, burning with love to the souls of men, and zeal for the Redeemer's glory; and send them at large, without any financial responsibility; let them be well sustained, and let them not be mere colporteurs, with a bag of books on their back, but thorough, right-away Evangelical Missionaries, who will stand up at every corner, and 'cry aloud and spare not,' until every street and square, and every hamlet too, resounds with the Saviour's name. If this be done, you will have more accomplished in one year for the masses, than you will in seven, by the ordinary and stereotyped round of ministerial labour and pastoral toil, all good in their place, but we must have *evangelists*, as well as *pastors* and *teachers*. In no other way will we ever be able to overtake the rapidly increasing population. Thousands on thousands of our best members in Ireland were brought to God in this way; and you have thousands of them in America. I am willing to go with any of you for a few days. Let us do something, and not spend so much of our time planning." said, "Let good Brother Platt there volunteer for this service, as it lies so near his heart." Of course, there was a little smile. I did not know that he was pastor of one of the richest Methodist Churches in Brooklyn; but if all would take the streets (and here you have liberty of speech) by turn, and interchange in this way, it would do more good, as far as the outside population is concerned, than all

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the interchange of 62 pulpits inside, for years." I was very respectfully listened to, while I spoke, for a quarter of an hour. These weekly meetings are of great value. In the evening I attended the New York City Sunday School Missionary Meeting, for 37th Street Church. The Honorary Superintendent, Mr. Wm. Cornell, and the Rev. Mr. Rutledge, pastor of St. Paul's Church, attended as a deputation. My subject was, "The triumphs of the Gospel in Ireland." The other brethren spoke well. Here again, I have to pause, and exclaim, "What is our life?" This Mr. Cornell, then in the strength of manhood, and one of the most influential merchants in New York, and one of the most liberal givers, as well as one of the best of men, is gone. He died last Christmas of fever (1869). He was converted about 20 years ago, through the instrumentality of the Rev. James Caughey. I saw him a short time before I left. I heard he assisted Dr. Scott in his college application nobly, and also the Irish Advisory Committee, and said he would do so again. He asked me to his house, but I could not go. The report for that year now lies before me; and oh, what a prominent part did Mr. Cornell take in its working! Several mission churches built in one year by its labours! It was said that he would not allow his capital to increase beyond a certain sum, and all over that went to the cause of God. I hear he gave away in one year £40,000. The total receipts of the Missionary Society for that year, in the city alone, came to about £10,000 of our money. Mr. Cornell's annual subscription was £150, and his brother in the firm, the same, besides donations to Chapels, and to all the other charities. But he is gone from the Church militant, to the Church triumphant.

"O may I meet him there With Christ our heavenly friend, Where all our blissful, holy joys,  
With Him shall never end.

"There God shall recompense, Most righteously reward All faithful servants labouring here,  
To glorify the Lord."

*Tuesday, 24<sup>th</sup> November.* —Was hard pressed for time, to attend to calls on every side, to write letters to Europe, and to Canada, &c., and besides preach every evening, and hold special services. I don't know what I should do, if I had *official responsibilities* to perform.



*Wednesday, 25 th.* —Visited our venerable Father Pratt, in Jersey City. I knew him for several years in Ireland, he succeeded me in the first Circuit I travelled. He is now in his 88th year, and a noble specimen of Irish longevity. I need not describe the joy he manifested at seeing me. His exclamations would almost lead me to think that he questioned the reality of my identity. He retains all the cheerfulness of youth. The pleasing smile, the guileless and hearty laugh, are all his own still. A visit to him would be an admirable cure for any one labouring under lowness of spirits. His intellect is clear, and his memory of former times very retentive. I never met with an old man who did not complain of a bad memory, until I met Mr. Pratt at this time. I must also mention his gratitude to his Irish Ministerial brethren, for recommending his case to the Auxiliary Fund, by which his annuity was greatly increased. It revived his old age, and gave fresh buoyancy to the wing, just like the plumage of the eagle after moulting, and smoothed his passage to the tomb. I gave him a photograph copy of a letter of Mr. Wesley's, which he wrote to a lady who was threatened with consumption. I got it done in New York. He said, "Oh, I never saw any thing so well done." Mr. Wesley's cure was this, "To live on buttermilk, churned in a bottle, for three months, with suitable horse exercise." I also gave him, "The Apostle of Kerry," for which he seemed almost overcome with gratitude, which made me ashamed; but immediately he began to tell me several anecdotes of the old Irish Preachers. One was about old William Hamilton. The following is a specimen: it is an extract from a letter written to Mr. Pratt after Mr. H. had ceased to travel. "I live here far away in the country, where the devil has not much work to do, so that we have not much trouble in resisting him; but, as you live in the town, I would advise you never to go out without a stone in your pocket to *strike* , for you will be likely to meet him at every corner." Mr. Pratt also mentioned what the Rev. R. Crozier said to him one day, on a hard country Circuit, "Brother Pratt," said he, "we would require to be as strong as bullocks, to stand this rough work, day by day, and nothing to lie down on at night but straw beds." And yet, with all this hardship, the work 64 scarcely ever prospered more gloriously than at that time. They did indeed, "Endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." I said to him, "Mr.

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Pratt, do you remember what you said to my mother-in-law (Mrs. Armstrong, of Arva,) on one occasion when she was lying ill for some time?" "No," said he, "I do not." "Well," said I, "you called to see her; and when you entered the chamber, where she lay, you said, 'It is well for you, Mrs. Armstrong, that you have nothing to do, but to sail along in a feather bed, to glory.'" "Oh," said he, "did I say that?" and laughed immoderately. It is very likely it made the good old lady, also, laugh heartily at the time, and perhaps did her as much good as a doctor's recipe. But I had to leave. He literally fell on my neck, and we wept, and bade each other an affectionate farewell. I did not expect to see him again. He sent his best love to his Irish brethren. He was very comfortable, and lodged with Widow M'Bride, sister to our worthy sister Moore, the widow of the late Rev. H. Moore, and daughter of the late venerable William Keys.

Here I may remark that I saw Mr. Pratt some months after the above interview, and he was still in the same placid state of holy hope and heartfelt joy; but now it is all over. He sickened last February (1870), and speedily crossed the stream, or as Payson called it, "the rill." He passed through death triumphant home, and is now for ever with the Lord, and far from the trying vicissitudes of the seasons, to which he was, at his age, painfully exposed in America. The following lines pourtray his character and his end:—

"This aged man was often met With trembling steps and slow; With solemn mein and sable garb, And hair as white as snow. No pride of spirit in his look, His face serenely fair, Proclaimed to all who knew him best, A heavenly heart was there. No longer parched by burning heat, Or chilled by wintry snows, The Rose of Sharon was his boast, And Jesus is that Rose. The conqueror's laurel wreaths his brow. Yes, he hath fought and won A victory o'er the powers of hell, His race is safely run."

I must here express my obligations to our dear brother, 65 the Rev. John Campbell of Jersey City. He was unremitting in his attention to Mr. Pratt, and indeed to every Irish Methodist, and Methodist minister. He paid me all manner of attention, as he did, I believe, to Dr. Scott. We correspond still; and, when Mr. Pratt died, he despatched a letter and

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a paper giving the whole particulars; but it is likely they went down with “the Boston steamer.” Since then he renewed all the intelligence, and now the Irish Minutes present the results of his communications in the record of his death. Mr. Campbell is from the neighbourhood of Clones. He emigrated many years ago. He often heard me preach when I travelled the Clones Circuit in the year 1835. He told me the following occurred at a Leader’s Meeting in Newtownbutler. The Rev. W. Hamilton, the old Irish missionary, was present, as were the two ministers of the Circuit. Mr. Hamilton rose, and in his own peculiarly natural but humorous style said, “I have two heavy charges to make against our present preachers. One is against the Superintendent, Brother R., for preaching three quarters of an hour too long; and the other is against Brother M. for not only galloping over his sermon like a race horse, but flying so fast as if pursued by an enemy, that we can never overtake him.” Mr. R. was an able divine, and Mr. M. was a very warm-hearted, but very nervous young man. He afterwards mellowed down wonderfully. The writer knew both, and Mr. Hamilton’s description was to the life. The good brethren held down their heads, while the other good brethren present, could have enjoyed a hearty laugh, and no doubt did so, when they were released. It was of course only regarded as a little specimen of natural wit and humour in the old man. Father Beam, the travelling companion of Bishop Asbury, still lives in Jersey City, and resides close to where Mr. Pratt lived. He is now full 96. I saw him in New York as blithe as a lark, and as happy as an angel, and humming a revival hymn. How true is the promise in each case, “with long life will I *satisfy* him,”—not merely bless, but *satisfy*—give satisfaction with age. Hence neither fell out with it. He and Mr. Pratt worshipped together, visited together, and were often called on to pray in the same church by the Rev. Mr. Dunne, who honoured 5 66 both of them, and was also very attentive to me. I met many Irish Methodists in his church.

*Friday, 27 th.* —This is “Thanksgiving Day” throughout the Union. It appears it originated thus. The Puritans abolished Christmas Day as a relic of Popery, and of prelacy also, which they held with equal abhorrence; indeed they passed laws to punish its observance; and, wanting something to replace it, the Governors of the States appointed a day in

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autumn, about the end of November, as a day of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, and especially for the bounties of the harvest. Sermons are preached in all the churches, and generally published in the newspapers, sometimes as political, as religious. I preached in the forenoon in 37th-street church on Ex. xv. 2. "He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him;" and in the evening on Statten Island Wand, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Weir from Belfast, and many relatives. I trust it was a day of blessing to some at least. The *pastor*, a promising young man (this being the general appellation for ministers) was truly kind. I hear he has since gone to glory.

*Saturday, 28 th.* —I visited *Harlem*, about three miles off, by street cars. Here I met a Mr. Wood, who came from Ireland about 40 years ago. He is very wealthy—a dangerous talent. I found him very hospitable and kind. I gave an address on the moral wants of Ireland. There was quite a religious stir in the church that night, and Mr. Wood was greatly excited.

*Sabbath, 29 th.* —Met in a class conducted by a Mr. Fatridge, a thorough Irishman, and also increased in goods. Both himself and wife most hospitable. I hear they entertained Samuel Dunne from England for several months, *gratis*. He is certainly not what may be called a *silent* worshipper. The speaking was very lively and candid. A verse of a hymn is generally sung after each member speaks. I thought it rather much. An occasional verse would, I think, be a great improvement to our mode; it would break the monotony. I preached at 10½ a.m. to a very large congregation in 37th Street, and in the evening in 27th Street to a multitude of young and old. In the afternoon, and before 67 I gave a short address in the latter place, I was greatly struck with the monthly examination of, and address to the Infant Class. A little girl, of not more than eleven years of age, spoke beautifully. The subject was "decision for Christ." There she was, inside the communion rails, and the children on the gallery! I was amazed at the *self-possession, correctness, action, tone* and *emphasis* of this child, but this is America, where it is said, there are *no*

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*children!* In the evening the prayer meeting after preaching in 27th Street was a marvellous scene; one of the most successful of all since I came to New York.

*Monday, 30<sup>th</sup>.* —Passed part of this day with the kind Elliott family. In the evening, accompanied by Messrs. John and George, I repaired to preach to a coloured congregation. It was indeed a scene of marvel. I took 1 *Tim.* i. 15, “This is a faithful saying,” &c. During the discourse there was marked attention, except a little shout now and then; but at the prayer meeting, matters rose to a higher key. The cry of penitents was very piteous; but when the speaking began, the excitement was tremendous, and their bodies were also greatly agitated. I hear they cannot help themselves, when once the mind becomes excited. The experience was very thrilling, and very demonstrative. Their expressions of joy are very peculiar, generally borrowed from whatever gives bodily pain or pleasure. It is said of one young lad who was converted, that the only word he could find to express his joy was “sugar,” and this word he repeated several times, laying his hand on his breast now and then; and does not the Psalmist speak of “honey and the honeycomb?” I had heard of their liability to great excitement, but I certainly was not fully prepared for the amount of it I beheld to-night; and I don't know that I should like to witness the same scene very often. But great allowance should be made for a people so long trodden under foot. The wonder is, that they have been raised to such a high degree of civilization, and that their religious sympathies are so strong. Thus end my 23 days of happy toil in New York; and for all that I witnessed, all I enjoyed, and for all the kind favour which I have obtained in the sight of this people, I must here offer my sincere thanks to the Most High, who seemed to have all arranged for my 68 coming; and I also here tender my grateful acknowledgments to all my kind friends. I can only remember them where it is best to be remembered. And now I may truly sing with cheerful voice and heartfelt consecration—

“All honour and praise to the Father of grace, To the Spirit and Son, I return; The business pursue He hath made me to do, And rejoice that I ever was born.

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"In a rapture of joy my life I employ, The God of my life to proclaim; 'Tis worth living for this, to administer bliss And salvation in Jesus's name.

"My remnant of days I spend in his praise, Who died the whole world to redeem; Be they many or few my days are his due, And they all are devoted to Him."

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### Chapter VI. New York in Sunshine and in Shade.

"To know the country to its farthest veins Find out its heart; there all its being tends. The mighty mart throbs only with the pulses Of the wide land. which pours its streams of life And strength into its bosom,"

New York in sunshine—Its name—Extent—Its population—Broadway—Buildings—City Hall—Trinity Church—Wall Street—Exchange—Marvellous scene—Benevolent Institutions—Denominations—Extent of Methodism—Paradise of Preachers—Liberality of the Churches—New York in shade—Fearful demoralization—Lamentable case of an English Miser.

HAVING now passed three weeks in the City of New York, it may be expected that I should speak a little of its "*Fors*" and "*Againsts*," "its glory and its shame," "its praise and its blame," "its greatness and its weakness," "its sunshine and its shade." We will take the latter for our motto, and begin first with its *sunshine* and then with its shade; although occasionally these must come up in contrast, and on the same page. I have culled from many a volume, as well as from my own observations; and I hope to be candid and true.

The City in Sunshine, Name, etc.

New York City may be well regarded as one of the modern wonders of the world. It is the commercial (but not the legislative) metropolis of America; the latter honour belongs to Washington. New York is the third largest city in the world, and is to America what

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London is to England and Paris to France. It is the Empire City of the great Republic, and the richest in the western world. It is the home of more than a million of inhabitants; and, with its environs, about two. Its march of improvement is beyond all calculation, and it bids fair for a future which is likely to astonish and move the world. The navies of all seas might ride in its spacious harbour, and its bay can compare, for beauty and for safety, with any sheet of water on the globe. It stands on an island surrounded by three rivers, the Hudson (called after Henry Hudson, an early Dutch explorer), the Harlem, and the East River. It is 16 miles from the Atlantic, and about 3,500 from Liverpool. The Dutch or Hollanders were its earliest settlers, and first called the island *Mauritius*, after a Dutch Prince of the name of Maurice, and who became its first governor; but afterwards they called it Amsterdam, after the capital of Northern Holland. The Indian name for the island was *Manhattan*, which some humourously said originated from the circumstance of the squas (Indian females) wearing hats like men, and calling the island Man-hat-on, or, Man-with-hat-on. In the Indian language it is supposed to mean, "The Island of Delights," because Manetho, the great Indian spirit, was supposed to make this island his favourite abode, on account of its uncommon delights; and the Indian tradition still obtains that the bay was once a translucent lake filled with silver and golden fish; but Hudson, the first explorer, said, "Oh, it must mean 'Manna,'" and called it "The Island of Manna," or the "Land flowing with milk and honey," or abundance; in fact, another Canaan. But when the English conquered it in the 17th century, they called it New York, after the Duke of York, the King's brother, to whom the King, Charles I. made it, and the whole surrounding district, a present. The island partakes something of the form of a fan from the battery to its northern limits. It is fifteen miles long to the Harlem river on one side, and is bounded by the bay leading to the Atlantic, on the other. The principal street is "Broadway," which runs the entire length of the island, and is paved, lighted, and policed all through. The city is only one mile and a-half in its average breadth. It takes 2,000 police to guard it, at the cost of a million and a-half of dollars yearly; and requires half a million of dollars to light it, and nearly a million of dollars are also laid out in public charities. The religious bodies, for supporting their churches, contribute annually nearly three million of dollars, or about half a

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million sterling of our money. There are about 300 benevolent societies of different kinds. The Protestant and Roman Catholic population are nearly equal in the city; but the former outnumbers 71 numbers, if the environs are taken into account. The population of the city is rapidly increasing; and so is Brooklyn and Jersey city on either side. The great idea of *equality* obtains every where, perhaps often too much so: the rich and the poor seem to live and die together; and, when a man is known, he will find a warm and benevolent heart in New York, a frank, sociable, and Christian generosity. The climate is delightful, the spring and autumn are long and delicious, nearly eight months of the year, give a charm to life, and exhilarate the spirits; the winter is short and clear, and the winds bracing, and bear health on their wings. "Broadway" is a perfect and a perpetual panorama! its variety never tires. The windows are filled with the richest and most elegant goods: gold, silver, jewels, diamonds, silks, satins, and all manner of costly fabrics flash under plate glass for miles; and the salubrity of its location is superlatively excellent. But when we consider its free school system, its mercantile enterprise, and its princely mercantile establishments, the industry of its mechanics, its noble banks, and its colossal hotels, all bespeak a people equalled to, and determined on, unrivalled greatness. As to the antiquity of its public buildings, they cannot, for a new country, be expected to compare with those of the old world, especially as to architectural grandeur. In fact, Rome has had neither time nor power sufficient to gratify its taste for display, as it had on the continent of Europe; but after all, what are monumental piles and ecclesiastical turrets but a pandering to our sensational nature? The mind craves for something beyond time, because it was created for immortality; but will the cold carved stone, however well adjusted, meet its wants? It asks for bread, but blinded man would give it a stone. We despise neither beauty, nor space, nor ornament, where all other suitabilities concur, and circumstances justify; but vital religion will create a taste, a grace, a beauty, and a simplicity all its own, together with an outward drapery correspondent with the principles taught within. "The kingdom of God cometh not with (outward) observation."



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"Signs more glorious, all excelling, Brighter witness we must show; Where the Spirit of truth is dwelling, There simplicity will grow."

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The City Hall.

This hall is one of the chief ornaments of the city, and stands near Wall-street, in the midst of a park of about ten acres, and shows to great advantage. It was nine years in building. It is only second for beauty to the *Capitol* Senate House) in Washington. It is the finest for architecture in the city. Its dimensions are very great; and its apartments splendid and numerous. The chief external ornament is its vast cupola, which overhangs a great part of the city, and can be seen from a great distance; in it is stationed a sentinel, whose business it is to give alarm in case of fire. I guess he must be kept pretty busy, both night and day. On the top of the cupola is the figure of justice, and close by, in a tower, hangs a massive bell, which weighs 9,910lbs. It is only rung in case of fire, and is called, and well known, as "The great Fire Bell." Its deep tones can be heard several miles off. It is awfully solemn at midnight, and no doubt often suggestive, to some at least, of the period to which the apostle Peter refers, "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, and the earth and the works therein shall be burned up."—2 Peter iii. 10. Washington's writing desk, and the chair in which he was inaugurated, are preserved in it. It is always open, and no charge.

Trinity Church.

The other grand specimen of architecture is *Trinity Church* (Episcopalian). It stands in "Broadway," and at the head of " *Wall-street* ," as if keeping "watch and ward over that street of *morals* and of mammon," where one is reminded of the lines written by an old poet on

"GOLD, GOLD, GOLD.'

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“Bright and yellow, hard and cold, Molten, graven, hammered, rolled, Heavy to get, but light to hold. Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold. Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled, Spurned by the young, hugged by the old, To the very verge of the church-yard mould, Price of many a crime untold— Gold, Gold, Gold!”

The very chime and clank and clatter of this rough effusion correspond with what I witnessed in the Exchange in “ *Wall-street.* ” 73 Such a Babel of tongues I never witnessed in all my life, and how they understood each other was more than I could divine. I thought there could not be less than a hundred voices going at full speed, and at the same time. Some selling, others purchasing, but all fully resolved to worship the golden image. It would remind one of the confusion at “Ephesus” occasioned by one Demetrius, the silversmith; “some cried one thing, and some another; and the assembly was confused.” In a work just published in New York, it is stated, “The chamber of the Board of Brokers will hold a thousand people, and at *high* change, it is packed. The basin where they assemble is called the cock-pit. Daily some stock excites the market. When this exciting stock is called, the whole chamber is aroused; chairs are abandoned, men rush pell-mell into the cock-pit, and crowd, jostle, push, and trample on one another. They scream out their offers to buy and sell, they speak all at once, yelling and screaming like hyenas. Pandemonium is not wilder or more disorderly. Several hundred men surge, stamp, yell, scream, jump, sweat, and gesticulate violently, shaking their fists in each other's faces, and talking in a tongue never spoken at Pentecost. The president stands erect, cool and silent, in the midst of all this mad frenzy and disorder, which is all well understood by the initiated. At last the mallet of ivory comes down with a shower of vigorous blows on a block of wood encased in brass, and ‘Order, order!’ runs through the chamber. In a moment the tempest is hushed, the name of the buyer is announced, and ‘No more offers to-day,’ gentlemen, closes the scene.” Notwithstanding all this, commercial *principle* is generally rewarded with great success, and men of integrity are held up at a high premium, and always succeed. But to return to Trinity Church. Dr. Dixon remarks, “It is only like a baby in a costly dress compared with the old remains of Europe.” I suppose he had in his mind, either St. Paul's

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in London, Yorkminster in York, or if he ever visited the *Eternal* City, St. Peter's in Rome. It lifts its tall steeple to heaven amid the din and babel of business. From its magnificent tower, bells strike out the quarters and half hours of the day, and chime with mellifluous peals the full hours, telling the anxious the excited, and the rushing 74 crowd how swiftly life is passing away, reminding one of the following moralizing lines, partly taken from *Chambers's Journal* —

“Listen to that midnight lone, The church clock speaketh with a solemn tone; Doth it no more than tell the time? Hark, from that belfry gray, methinks it seems to say In each deep booming chime, both slow and clear, And beats in measured strokes upon the ear; ‘Thou hast slept too long and dreamed the morn away In visions false, and feverish unrest, Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest!’ Conscience grows pale; hark, another hour is gone, Up, careless mortal, up! arise and pray.”

The tower and spire are open to visitors daily, except on Sunday, and during service on week days. Visitors may ascend by a spiral stairway of 308 steps to the height of 250 feet, whence a magnificent view of the city and surrounding scenery may be obtained! The best position to view this gorgeous panorama is from the battlement, at the base of the spire! Look around, and you perceive the roofs and chimneys of the great city, seemingly piled in confusion, and stretching away northward to the extent of vision; on the west, south and east, there is a fringe of merchant ships and smaller craft at their moorings; while the expanse of waters is dotted with moving vessels, propelled by steam, wafted by the breeze, or moved by the strong arm of the oarsman. Again look northward, and the horizon is bounded by the city, and from your feet starts a noble avenue, thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, and glittering with the brilliant temples of trade. You see it narrowing in perspective for full two miles distant. *That is Broadway!* with its crowded side-walks and bustling thoroughfare; and, were it not for the sprinkling of the black faces with which it is chequered here and there, one would suppose himself transported back to

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some very populous city in Europe, such as London or Paris, only making allowance that at all times here

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”

Religion.

Nor is all told yet. Its church interests and successes are beyond all praise; especially when we take its missionary operations into account. The churches may be regarded alphabetically thus: Baptists, 36; Congregational, 8; Dutch 75 Reformed, 25; Methodist Episcopal, 40; Methodist (various) 24, making 64; Presbyterian (Reformed and United), 50; Protestant Episcopal, 56; Roman Catholic, 35; Unitarian, 4; Universalist, 4; Friends, 6; Jews, 16; Lutherans, 10; Miscellaneous, 15; making in all about 330, all in New York alone. I cannot here go into the statistics of membership in each church, either in the city or through the States, as my book is not so much one of that class; but I would refer to the Rev. James Shaw's admirable work called “Twelve Years in America” for that purpose, and from which the above is taken. His information is immense.

An author of another denomination writes thus: “The Methodist places of worship in New York are among the most costly and elegant in the land. Among the white marble and brown stone churches in this city none exceed the Methodists. Their friends rank among the foremost merchants, bankers and millionaires. They are found among the leaders in all the professions. The denomination move with the order, compactness, and efficiency of an army. Their book-room is a great power; from it their bishops are supported. Their Sunday school literature is unequalled. Their colleges are governed by men of the first literary talent; and their liberality is unbounded.”

Christian Beneficence.

New York is said to be the paradise of preachers; and I would also state the paradise of Christian womanhood. In no part of the world does female benevolence exert a larger

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and more silent influence among the churches and the community, than in New York, especially in striving to elevate her own sex, which, alas! affords such an ample sphere, as we will see hereafter. With pleasure we quote the following:

“Oh, what makes woman lovely? virtue, faith, And gentleness in suffering, an endurance  
Through scorn and trial: these call beauty forth Give it the stamp *celestial* , and admit it To  
sisterhood with angels.”

Ministers are well supported, and sickness and old age are also well and wisely anticipated. It abounds in every other good work as well: they help the footsteps of the travelling stranger; rescue the unfortunate Magdalene from the chambers 76 of death and hell, and place her feet again on the path of virtue and of peace. They say to the prisoner and the criminal, “Lift up your head, brother man.” They say to the inebriate, “Stand forth, for thou also art a brother and a man.” Their benevolent institutions are scattered like oases in the midst of a desert of selfishness, incident to the bustle and progress of a great city. They compassionate the “bruised reeds” of humanity in the varied forms of woe; and may well be regarded by the wise and good as subjects of richer boast than all the wealth and pomp and splendour with which the metropolis abounds. We could have said far more for the *sunshine* of New York, and will most likely have occasion to do so again and again, before we leave finally. A late traveller said, “They are frank, brave, cordial, hospitable and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem only to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm;” and so says the present writer also.

New York in Shade.

Truth now compels us to look at *this* side as well as at *that*. It is now almost a proverbial expression, that if you want to find the man nearest to heaven, you must go to New York; and, *vice versa* , if you want to meet the man nearest hell, you must go there also. Corruption of morals will be found in every great city on earth; but there are some places where it is more fearfully developed; and if it thus be so in New York, it is because it may

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be regarded as the emporium of all classes and of all nationalities; and, of course, where every deed of horror and of vileness peculiar to those distant lands are allowed to riot, what state of things may we not expect to find! In fact, the very greatness of the country has to suffer this awful penalty for its unbounded extent and resources: for “where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.” A late writer states, “A large portion of New York is a paradise, but a larger portion is the very opposite, and we have reason to say that a worse population than that part of it does not inhabit the globe. The base of every nation, the crimes, customs and idolatries of every country, are here. Portions of the city are abandoned to the lowest order of the Jews. The Italians herd together near “Five Points,” in a locality not safe to enter at night, 77 unless guarded by the police. They are dangerous, turbulent, stealthy, and defiant. Their very tread is suggestive of the stiletto; but there is no locality viler, more repulsive or more wicked than that occupied by the low French, nor are the low Irish a whit behind. The Chinese herd together. They smoke their opium, burn their incense, and worship their idols as in the cities of the ‘Celestial Empire.’ Where crime and ignorance are thus allowed to vegetate, what can we expect but one vast magnitude of vice and woe.”

### Money Making—An English Miser.

A great deal has been said about the money-making and money-loving habits of the New Yorkers; but it must also be said that, as a rule, they are liberal givers; and, unlike others, not anxious to leave large fortunes to their children. The millionaire generally gives back, when making his will, a large portion of his profits to the institutions of the city or the town where he made it. The stranger and the poor are rarely ever forgotten by the rich citizen. The New Yorker is never known to hide his dollars in old stockings! or his rollers of gold in hidden pots! he spreads himself in trade, extends his wings, builds houses, speculates largely, scatters his wealth over strange fields, is as anxious to spend as to make, and to “go ahead” and “right away” at something. It is true that what some impiously call “The almighty dollar” has a wonderful ascendancy. This is written on every paving stone along “Fifth Avenue,” down “Broadway,” and up “Wall-street.” These

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things may often have been worshipped; but I find that the love of money is not confined to Wall-street, or Broadway, or Fifth Avenue in New York. Listen to this instance of an Englishman's love of gold. "When the American Colonies proclaimed their independence, and prepared to maintain it by an appeal to arms, there was residing in the City of London a merchant named Peter Thelluson, who was determined on *rising* in the world by making all the money he could. It was a matter of perfect indifference whether King George or Washington conquered, if his markets proved remunerative! War was an evil, he thought, when marine insurances rose high; but it was also a blessing when it furnished such an opportunity of successful speculation. 78 Whether right or wrong, he left to politicians and divines to settle; and he went on with his trade of money-making. He wanted to make a colossal fortune, and that his name might thereby be honourably transmitted to future generations. When the war terminated in America, it broke out in France; another chance for Peter, now advanced in years; and although blood flowed freely, and was a great evil, yet it was a fine time to make money on the London Exchange. He had three sons, for whom his affection was growing less as years advanced; but he increased daily in his wealth. He had also six grandchildren; but for them also there was no room for love. He was now immensely rich, and could have purchased estates to place him on an equality with the nobles of the land; but he preferred the money bearing compound interest; and if allowed to accumulate on for half a century longer, all his great-grandchildren would become dukes, and his name would never be forgotten! A will was made, by which the whole property was to be securely invested at his demise, and never to be touched, either principal or interest, until all his descendants then living should have left this world! The eldest three of his descendants who should then be living should share his immense wealth. Soon after the selfish banker died. The will was dated 1796! Great was the consternation when the will was opened and read. An appeal was made to the Legislature by his immediate descendants, but all useless. The will was confirmed; but with those three words appended, *vanity, illiberality*, and *folly*! The property consisted of £600,000 and an annual income of £4,500. The latest survivor died in 1856, and new litigation ran away with most of the funded money; and what became of the remainder none can tell and

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who cares." But alas, who inquires what became of the old man's soul. One is reminded of Blair's description of the rich miser—

"How shocking must thy summons be, O Death, To him that is at ease in his possessions; Who, counting on long years of pleasure here, Is quite unfurnished for the world to come."

The above sad account is taken from the Rev. Benjamin Smith's admirable work on "Climbing."

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### Chapter VII. Cincinnati.—"The Queen City of the West."

"For me remains no place or time, My country is in every clime; I can be calm and free from care On any shore, since God is there.

"Where'er I dwell I dwell in Thee; In heaven or earth or on the sea, For regions none remote I call, Secure of finding God in all."— *Madame Guion*.

Journey from New York to Cincinnati—Reception and Prayer Meeting at Covington, Kentucky—Two Conversions—The American War—Abraham Lincoln—Cincinnati—The Father of General Grant—Preached at Morris Chapel—Bishop Clarke—Bandon Friends, Mr. Betty, Mr. Gamble, Father Wright—Rev. R. Wallace, death and monument—Abraham Hartley (Irish)—Revival—Mr. and Mrs. Thornes—Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society—Mr. R. Bailey—Widow and daughter—The Rev. W. M. Punshon—Miss Grant—Covington Methodist Church—Slavery, Poetry on Liberty.

TUESDAY , *December 2<sup>nd</sup>* , 1868— *Cincinnati*. —I left New York at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and travelled both days and all night, and arrived this evening at 7 o'clock. We passed along the Hudson River for a considerable distance, the scenery of which is said to rival the Rhine for beauty. We passed by some, and through other cities of importance, such as Columbus, Baltimore, Rome, Pittsburg, Babylon, Lebanon, and Syracuse; also



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by beautiful lakes and rivers, generally called by some Indian name, one signifying "The laughing river." We passed by the Alleghany Mountains, indeed I might say through some of them. The majestic scenery of those rocky mountains are said to vie with the Alps in their towering height; very often they reminded me of Connemara scenery in Ireland, with the exception of the almost interminable forests; but as to lakes and islets, and brushwood, and "wilds immeasurably spread," we might well sympathize with the 80 sentiments which Addison ascribes to Alexander Selkirk or "Robinson Crusoe" in Juan Fernandez—

"I am out of humanity's reach, I must finish my journey alone: Never hear the sweet music of speech, I start at the sound of my own.'

It is said, there is a very singular lake on the top of one of those American mountains. It is described lately by Mr. Pilcher thus: "It is half a mile in length, and about a quarter in breadth, without inlet or outlet. It is said to be seventy-five feet deep, the water cold and clear. It is a great natural curiosity, for it is situated high up among the mountains, not less than several thousand feet above the sea; ascending the peak the traveller is abundantly compensated by one of the most enchanting views that can be imagined."

When I arrived at Cincinnati I had to cross the splendid wire-chain bridge which spans the Ohio river; and on the other side is Covington, where I was to stop, in Kentucky. The river separates the states.

The City of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati well deserves the appellation given to it as "the Queen City of the West." It is the metropolis of the State of Ohio, and is situated on its banks, and on rising ground. It is surrounded by well wooded, picturesque hills, and forms somewhat of a semicircle. The houses and shops or stores are spacious and well furnished, especially in the upper parts of the city; in the lower parts they are not so attractive. The streets cut each other at right angles, as most cities in America do; and of course the buildings thus formed are called squares, reminding one of Glasgow or Edinburgh. The public buildings are of a

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good class, especially the church buildings; and for inside accommodation and comfort cannot be excelled. Indeed it is generally so, both in the States and in Canada, especially those of the past half century. It cannot be said of them, as it was of those in the days of Haggai, "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house (temple) lie waste?" chap. ii. 4. A late correspondent of the *Watchman* writes, "The church buildings are of a high class, both as it regards their architecture and commodiousness:" and of 81 one lately erected, especially, he writes, "Everything is so chaste and pure, so perfectly adapted to its purpose, so well calculated to inspire the idea of pure spiritual devotion and worship. But of what avail," says he, "are good and beautiful houses unless they are filled with *true worshippers*." When I arrived, I found that the meeting which I was expected to hold, was commenced by the pastor, Dr. Reilly, in the church just opposite; and although pretty weary with a run of 744 miles, yet I felt it my duty to go; and I was truly thankful that I did, for two respectable individuals found peace at that meeting, which gave us all great cause of gratitude to God. The hospitalities of my kind host and hostess were nothing the less relished by the delay; we enjoyed them "with gladness and singleness of heart." Just close by, is one of the Kentucky battlefields: and oh, what a war I Here I may say in regard to that war, that it was inevitable on the part of the North, inasmuch as the South resolved on separation, in order to *perpetuate slavery*; and whether England acted right or wrong in her neutrality, I'll not say; but she is greatly blamed for her willingness so promptly to recognise the belligerent rights of the South, if victorious. The tone of her press, and of many of her people, especially her merchants, was, I must say, anything but creditable; but now that all is over, I trust that all international bitterness will be for ever done away, between the States and England. It is likely retribution fell where it was richly deserved! Nations and communities which do wrong are punished in this world, inasmuch as such, *collectively*, cannot be so in the next. The following lines on Lincoln's Christian name ( *Abraham* ) were suggested by the coincidence between it and Abraham, "the Father of the Faithful,"—

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“Not more gloriously, did *Abraham* Rescue Lot and all his host From the kings who had assailed him, On Arabia's rugged coast, Than did *Abraham Lincoln* rescue Man from slavery and woe; While the God of Battles emptied All his vials on the foe.”

*Thursday, 3<sup>rd</sup> December.* —Met at dinner to-day, in my nephew's house, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and Miss Grant, father, 6 82 mother and sister to General Grant, the President elect; also several pastors and Presiding Elders, all to meet the stranger from Ireland. I preached at Morris's Church in the evening. I had Bishop Clarke as one of my hearers, and a number of ministers. I found a prepared people in a prepared place. The bishop prayed with great power; and he and other ministers came forward, to seek a deeper work of sanctifying grace. He has written a very important work of near 600 pages on “Death-bed Scenes of those dying with, and those dying without, Religion,” 171 of the former and 63 of the latter. It is surely “*sunshine and shadow*,” designed, as he says, “to illustrate the truth and power of Christianity.” It was in this very chapel in which I preached to-night, that the lamented and immortal Robert Wallace was to have preached on the very Sabbath morning on which his sanctified spirit took flight to

“The city so holy and clean; No sorrow can breathe in the air, No gloom of affliction or sin, No shadow of evil is there.”

What solemn thoughts crossed my mind. I little thought, when tidings of the mournful event reached Ireland, that I would be preaching in that pulpit two years after. Such are the mysteries of Providence, and of grace also. Here I met some old friends from the Bandon Circuit, whom I knew thirty-eight years ago; they alluded to the time of their conversion; and now, they told me some of the advice I gave them at that time. We had a very hallowed season tonight; souls were saved.

*Friday, 4<sup>th</sup> December.* —Called to see the Betty and Gamble families; they are from the neighbourhood of Enniskillen, all well to do for both worlds. I also met the venerable Father Wright, who interested himself so much in behalf of the monumental pillar of Mr. Wallace,

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and the getting up of its photograph. He is called "The Evangelist," and is in his 74th year, yet hale and healthy and happy! In the evening I preached in *Trinity Church*, on 1 Peter iii. 15, "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." The speaking at the fellowship meeting after, exceeded all I witnessed in America for promptitude; perhaps 83 not less than a dozen of the first class men in the Church spoke in as many minutes, and the theme was "holiness," from beginning to end. Forty years ago there were but two Methodist Churches in the City of Cincinnati, now there are 23; and some of them very costly; but the *prosperity* of Methodism is its chief element of danger! Its growth, and the complication of its machinery, occasioned by the immensity of its resources and wealth, require the greatest vigilance. Incentives to ministerial ambition are great and numerous. Its safety, under God, depends on its pastors; and these can only avert its declension by seeking constant purity of heart and life themselves. If this be done, and the doctrine of Scriptural truth maintained in the pulpit, and discipline in the pew, the original purity of the ministers and of the body will be maintained, and Methodism will be honoured as the principal agency in the world's conversion.

*Saturday, 5 th.* —Accompanied by a few friends, I visited Cummingsville Cemetery. It is also called "The Methodist Cemetery," because of its being their principal burial place. I gazed again and again on the "Wallace monument." The involuntary emotion rose, and I asked, "And is it so?" my own personal friend and the brother in whose pulpit I preached in Dublin a short time before he left for America. He was one of my hearers, and laboured with me ardently at the after prayer-meeting in directing penitents to Jesus. No spot could be more suitably selected, as far as the surrounding landscape and picturesque scenery are concerned; undulating soil, cultivated planting, and the mansions of the rich nestling in the distant slopes on either side. The following lines bespoke my feelings—

"Let me with tears bedew The dust where Wallace lies; Let me behold his spirit too Now basking in the skies."

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And surely here “Nature unproved may drop the tear.” I said, Farewell, dear Brother Wallace, for a season; we will soon meet again. It was no wonder that a splendid poem was written by an Irish sister on Brother Wallace, and presented at the Bazaar on the opening of the College at Belfast; and no wonder that the grateful tribute of a scholarship was secured to the College, as a token of love for his memory, 84 by the grateful offerings of his dear friends in Ireland. The following is one of the stanzas of the poem—

“Dear noble Wallace! His work is o'er: His voice was hushed on a distant shore; But his name shall never forgotten be, 'Tis enshrined in our loving memory; And within these walls it shall still be heard, A cherished sound, a familiar word.”

His last words were, “I leave all in the hands of Jesus.” And so well he might. We then drove to “Spring Grove Cemetery,” one of the largest I ever beheld. It is said to contain 400 acres and has the most commanding view on all sides. The most affecting object of attraction is “the military mound.” Multitudes, slain on the battlefield of patriotism, sleep there. It is in the form of a cone, and the graves rise all round to the top. They fell in behalf of glorious freedom's right, and to avenge long aggravated human wrong. It is said that one hundred thousand adherents of Methodism fell, and no less than 300 of its ministers (Church North) had to take up arms! one whole regiment was composed altogether of Methodists, and officered by Methodist preachers! President Lincoln was heard to say, again and again, that the freedom of the slave would never have been obtained but for the Methodists of the Northern States. I then visited the grave of Abraham Hartley, nephew by law, but son in the Gospel, and eldest son to Mrs. Hartley, near Cavan, who lately passed away to meet him in the skies. His two dear little ones lie in the same lot, and on their stone are inscribed the following lines:—

“So fades earth's loveliest flowers and die, While those less fair still greet the eye.”

A more devoted spirit than Abraham Hartley could not be easily found, either in Europe or America. He was an ornament to both. His devoted widow still lives in Cincinnati to mourn

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his loss. His two cousins accompanied me on this occasion. It was a day for solemnity and prayer.

*Sabbath, 6<sup>th</sup> December.* —Before I preached in Morris Chapel this morning I visited the splendid Sabbath school; the business of teaching was closed in a moment, and I gave a short address. They strongly urged me to renew my visit. Preached at 11 o'clock; congregation remarkably large. Bishop Clarke closed with prayer. It was a time never to be forgotten. No doubt if angelic spirits are permitted to join in the assemblies of the Church on earth, they were surely among us this morning, especially “the spirits of the just made perfect.” Of the former we may say—

“But all your heaven, ye glorious powers, And all your God is doubly ours.”

I thought of the sainted and glorified Wallace. And here again, let me pause, and ponder on life's uncertainty. Our dear Brother Grant, the friend, the colleague, and I might almost say, the son of the gifted Wallace, the Rev. C. L. Grant, then in the zenith of usefulness and popularity in Cork, has just lately passed away to greet, and to be greeted by his honoured friend. He was the first condoler of Mr. Wallace's widow on her arrival at Queenstown from America, and well in turn she paid it back, by her constant care of him on his death-bed.

“O happy they who reach that shore, Where sorrow cometh never; Who rest within Christ's loving arms, For ever and for ever.”

At three o'clock p.m. same day, I preached in Union Church, at Covington, and had a large attendance, considering the unfavourable hour. The pastor, Dr. Reilly, and a Presiding Elder cordially assisted; and we all rejoiced, in the joy of those who received good at the hand of the Lord. We were all baptized afresh. Called and prayed with Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and earnestly prayed for their distinguished and highly honoured son, who is to be inaugurated in March. The old couple are very feeble, but very familiar and kind. In the

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evening I preached in Wesley Church; the excitement was not as great as in the morning and afternoon.

*Monday, 7 th.* —Visited the Methodist Book Room, and also attended the ministers' weekly meeting, just then going on overhead. I was immediately called on to speak. The usual business was suspended, when the kindest marks of fraternal love were offered, which I reciprocated as well as I could. I gave them my best views of promoting a genuine revival of God's work, to which they heartily responded. I congratulated them on their fraternal sympathy, and said that we have something like those meetings in a few places in Ireland, such as Dublin and Belfast. Spent part of the day 86 with Mr. Betty and family, who had the pastor of Morris Church, the Rev. Mr. M'Kitchum, to meet me. He was a chaplain in the army, and gave me wonderful accounts of the war. We may say

“Rebellion, foul. dishonouring word Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained The holiest cause that tongue or sword Of mortal ever lost or gained. How many a spirit born to bless Has sunk beneath that withering name; Whom but a day's an hour's success Had wafted to eternal fame.”

In the evening I was accompanied by Mr. Betty to York Street, where I had engaged to meet the presiding Elder, and assist him at his quarterly Love Feast. His duty is to visit the churches. On Saturday he meets the official members of the church, hears any complaint, and listens to any new suggestion for the improvement of the church. The decision of the meeting is final, as far as the members are concerned, but a minister may appeal. The Bishop then decides, unless in case of expulsion, which is reserved for Conference. “The Elder” always preaches on the Sabbath, and holds the Love Feast on Monday evening, after which the pastor reads an account of the whole state of the church for the quarter,—membership, spiritual conditions, finances, declension or increase. The Elder gave a short address, and I did the same, and held the prayer meeting. About eighty came forward at once, seeking varied blessings. Many professed to be saved with a full salvation; and we renewed the speaking. Many spoke the second time. The Elder said that the sense of the

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Divine presence was great, and the feeling altogether unearthly. He is a very devoted man of God, and rejoiced exceedingly.

*Tuesday, 8 th.* —Accompanied Mr. M'Kitchum to dine at Mr. Thorne's, who is one of our most hospitable and well-off friends in Cincinnati. Mrs. Thorne is a member of "The Ladies' Pastoral Aid Society." It is designed to assist the pastor in visiting the sick, assisting the poor, and collecting funds for the pastor's salary, and for missions, &c. Mrs. Clarke, wife to Bishop Clarke, presided. When I came in, she moved that I should speak. The ladies rose with great courtesy to give me a reception. I told them of the Ladies' Society in London, for the amelioration of the women 87 of India; also of Mother's Meetings, Bible Women, &c. The last they did not require, as they all appear to be Bible Women. How well will it be, if at last the Master shall say of each, "She hath done what she could." I believe their agency will tell mightily. In the evening I preached in Christie Chapel, to which Mr. Gamble led me. This Gamble family never forget their Irish antecedents. The congregation was very large, the singing was thrilling, and we had noble testimonies for Jesus. It was as the gate of heaven.

*Wednesday, 9 th.* —Visited a family of the name of Ruttle, whom I knew in Tralee years ago. The wife said, "I believe the Lord sent you all the way from Ireland to witness my husband's conversion. He was one of the two made happy on the first night you arrived here." He continues happy still. He might remind one of the man who said at a Love Feast, "The Lord has got full possession of my heart; and if any of you doubt it, you may ask my wife." She was the widow of Mr. Robert Bailey, son to the Rev. R. Bailey, for many years one of our devoted ministers in Ireland. This Mr. Bailey I met in Tralee twenty-four years ago. He died in New York some years after, and left one daughter, now an interesting girl, who fears God. Dr. Wiley, Editor of the *Ladies' Magazine*, handed me the December number, which contains a sketch of the Rev. W. M. Punshon, and which is also adorned with his portrait. The article in the paper says, "His advent to this country (America) met with a befitting welcome, and his *debut* before the General Conference in Chicago equalled and surpassed all expectations. The hall was crowded to fulness. He



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(Mr. P.) sat on the platform wriggling his well gaitered foot, and his ungloved hand, while the preliminary of reading the Address from the English Conference was going forward. When this was through, he stood before the body: the blood which had been agitating his extremities began to move in swift and even pulses through his stalwart form. A large framed man, even for an Englishman. His averdupois does not overbalance the equipoise by its bulk; his face is large and brown and full; eyes bright, but hidden; a sort of clear obscure face, not entirely submitted to the razor, nor shaved after the British shoulder of mutton fashion, but with a thinnish 88 fuzziness of beard running under and around. His manners are easy and self-controlled; his voice pleasant and manageable; his words well and aptly chosen. *The Times* (London) is his model more than any great English preacher. He copies his ornate semi-epigrammatic style of the Thunderer of Printing-house Square. Neither Cumming, nor Spurgeon, nor Stanley, nor Robertson, nor Guthrie nor Arthur emulates the most popular of English styles of composition. Punshon alone of orators has learned well its elaborate touch. His finished periods drop from his lips one by one, hot, rapid, rounded. They were apples of gold in pictures of silver. Never did we hear the best lines of God (Scripture) more perfectly wrought into the best lines of man."

This evening, *Wednesday, 9<sup>th</sup> December*, I met Miss Grant again in company, sister to the President elect. She met with a slight accident in attending to some domestic duty in the course of the day. "See," said our host humourously, "there's a pattern for your Irish and English ladies, the sister of the greatest man on the Continent (I think he said in the world) not above attending to her domestic duties." She is very affable and communicative, and seemed ambitious to enliven the conversation by familiar parlance. I understand she was since very happily married. Preached in Union Chapel, Covington, Kentucky, to-night. I began my week's labours during this visit in that beautiful house on this night week. The Irish were the most hearty in loud Amens. In this State, slavery formerly prevailed, now, a "thing among the things that were, and a thing which never should have been." Sweet liberty! Rejoice ye heavens the slave is free.

"Oh Liberty! thou power supremely bright, Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight;  
Perpetual pleasures in thy presence reign, And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train; This  
Liberty now crowns Columbia's Isle, And makes her vales and all her mountains smile.

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## **Chapter VIII. Philadelphia—The Quaker City.**

"For the structures which we raise, Time is with materials filled; Our to-days and  
yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build. Truly shape and fashion these Leave no  
yawning gap between: Think not, because no man sees Such things will remain unseen."

Philadelphia—William Penn—Conversion to Quakerism in Cork—Father's Conversion—  
Leaves Cincinnati—Journey—Book Room in Philadelphia—Meeting for Holiness—Rev.  
Mr. Atwood—St. Paul's M. E. Church—Camp Meeting—Singular Case of Conversion—  
Smart Answers—Total Abstinence—Wine Question—"Methodist Home"—Poem of Moore,  
the Irish Bard—Captain Thomas Webb, and the spread of Methodism in all the States.

The City—Wm. Penn's Conversion to Quakerism.

FRIDAY , December 17th, 1868.—I am in Philadelphia! the Quaker City, the metropolis  
of the State of Pennsylvania, and the second city in the Union. What a touching word,  
expressive of so much historic association, and reminding one of the greatest names  
which grace the history of America. Who has not heard of Penn and of Franklin? This  
city was founded by the former in 1682 on a spot of which he said, "Of all places in the  
world I remember not one better seated." Its thrilling acts of loyalty, its religious and  
benevolent institutions, its disinterested patriotism, its mercantile enterprise and its railway  
explorations, will make this part of America to stand out in bold relief for ages to come.  
It is worthy of remark that William Penn was converted to Quakerism in the City of Cork,  
Ireland, and under the following circumstances: It appears his father, who was a great  
Admiral and a High Churchman, sent William to Oxford; but after some time he heard

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that the lad was becoming rather religiously serious, through one Thomas Loe, a Quaker, whom he heard in Oxford. He sent for William, and ordered him off at once to 90 France, in order to avert his religious change, and which had the desired effect for the time being. On his return, the plague broke out in London, and the serious mood returned on the young count, and to the great alarm of his father. He then sent him as a military man to Ireland, as he thought that wild country would surely put an end to his religious and his Quaker tendencies; but it so happened that the Quakers were increasing at that time in the chief cities of Ireland; and one day Penn strolled into their meeting house in Cork, and to his surprise, who rose to speak but Thomas Loe from Oxford, and gave out for his text, or for a subject of remarks, 1 John v. 4, "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." From that day Penn became a thorough Quaker, and decided for God. His father heard of his relapse with great alarm and dismay, and ordered him back to London; and after a long and painful discussion, in which the son was firm to his purpose, the Admiral turned him out of doors; but he was reconciled to him afterwards, and his last words to his son were, "Son William, if you and your *friends* keep to your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end to the priests to the end of the world."

Journey from Cincinnati to Philadelphia.

At seven o'clock a m. yesterday, I started from Covington, near Cincinnati to this city, a distance of some 600 miles; and travelled all yesterday and last night, and in thorough "go ahead" speed, by quick train, and arrived about ten o'clock a.m. to-day. I was pleased to meet an old Methodist from this city in the train, with whom I held pleasing conversation nearly all the way through, and also an old Presbyterian gentleman, to whose little granddaughter I paid some religious attention, in pointing out the advantage of early piety, and how it bears on age. All at once, the old gentleman repeated the following lines of Dr. Watts:—

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“Behold the man of threescore years and ten Upon his dying bed, Has run his race and got no grace An awful sight indeed. Poor man, he lies in sore suspense, And thus he doth complain: No grace I've got. and I cannot Recal my time again.”

We then conversed very freely about this great country, its 91 religion, its crimes, its transition state, its responsibilities, its enterprise and its resources, &c. I met another gentleman and formerly a Presbyterian from Londonderry, Ireland, but who goes nowhere now. Alas, this I fear is the case with many who come to this New World, they leave their old religion behind them, and often as freely as they did the old “Homestead,” at least in this instance religion has become a *secondary* consideration. I was received in the city by a well-to-do niece of mine, and also by an old friend from the first Circuit I travelled in Ireland. In the course of the day he conducted me to the Book-room, where I heard that there was to be a meeting for “Holiness,” and to be conducted in one of the rooms overhead; and that it would begin immediately.

### Meeting for holiness

Accordingly I remained, and met a good number of devout looking people, principally females. I hear Dr. and Mrs. Palmer had a good deal to do with the origin of this meeting. The good Brother who opened the meeting said, he *sought, found, rejoiced in*, and *retained* this heavenly treasure of holiness, and encouraged all to seek its higher attainments. A note was handed to me to speak. I would as soon be taught in this school as teach, but there was no alternative; I spoke of its nature, its necessity, its attainableness, and its advantages and its growth, together with its varied compatibilities, such as trials, temptations, errors in judgment, and many infirmities; that I did not care so much about high and great sounding words, but simply to get the heart filled with love, and grow in it! and that the command is imperative, “Thou *shall* love the Lord thy God with all *thy heart*,” &c. From this there is no discharge, and all is to be had by the exercise of

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an unwavering trust in the atoning blood. We had a soul-hallowing time, and our united language seemed to be

“Scatter thy life through every part, And sanctify the whole.”

St. Paul's Methodist Church.

In the evening I called on the Rev. Mr. Atwood, whom I found to be in great grief by reason of the sudden death of his youngest son by the bursting of a blood vessel; he was a pious young man, and only very lately married. “Oh,” said the devoted father, “there was mercy after all mingled with the stroke, for he was best prepared to go.” I held a prayer meeting that evening in his church; and oh, how the good brethren can sing, both correct and quick, quite in character with their country, or as the pastor said, “scarcely waiting for the boat to be unchained before they spring on shore, even should they fall in; which,” said he, “is often the case.” A lamentable case occurred at Brooklyn shortly after, and my young friend Myles was a moment late, and thereby saved his life. They have several expressions for quickness, such as, “go ahead” as some say “even if the boiler should burst,” or as poor Pat would say, “I’ll be there, if I should die by the way;” but one of the most familiar in common parlance, is “right away.” Dickens tells us in his “American Notes of Travel” that he was very near losing his dinner by misunderstanding this expression : he called for dinner at a hotel in New York after he landed, and the waiter asked, “right away?” meaning was it “at once.” The traveller understood him to mean that he should go “right away” to another apartment, and he answered “No.” The waiter looked bewildered, and did not know what to do, until a gentleman present, observing the mistake, said to Dickens, “It means ‘directly,’” and told the waiter accordingly, who looked strangely at the stranger, saying, “Well, that’s a fact, right away.” Although I was rather tired after travelling over 600 miles, and engaging in the services alluded to, yet I felt it my duty to call on the pastor as I said. “Your coming is so providential,” said he, “for I am utterly unable to conduct the services on the Sabbath. Will you kindly take them for me?” I consented at once; he expected me the week before, but a derangement in the plan prevented. I then

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saw that all was right, both for him and me, although it cost me a large amount of cross travelling. How applicable are the following lines:—

“Leave to His sovereign sway To choose and to command; So shalt thou wondering own His way, How wise, how strong His hand. Far, far above thy thought, His counsel shall appear, When fully He the work had wrought, That caused thy needless fear.”

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*Saturday, 12 th.* —Attended a missionary prayer meeting, which was conducted by the Philadelphia “Praying Band,” and they did pray in right good earnest. Some of them are Irish; they have formed a new mission in a Roman Catholic part of the city, and I found that all the difficulties of such enterprises are not confined to Ireland; but those men “of faith and prayer” go ahead “through evil and through good report;” and contend earnestly (not violently) for the faith once delivered to the saints; still they have to “endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.”

Lobe feast and Membership.

*Sabbath, 13 th December, 1868.*—Preached in this beautiful Church of St. Paul's, first attending and addressing the Sabbath School, which was well attended. Before the sermon a lay brother gave out the announcements from the desk, which I thought a great improvement, then the collection. I was then formally introduced as the preacher, and from Ireland. We had an odd hallelujah in rather a robust tone. It would remind one of the days of Ezra, of which it is said, “And all the congregation answered and said, with a *loud voice* , As thou hast said so will we do.”— *Ezra* x. 12. At 3 o'clock, p.m., a large congregation assembled for the quarterly Love Feast; the presiding Elder was to be present, but was unwell, so I had to conduct it, The speaking was pretty free and short. Some statements were very racy. One poor fellow said, “I was so far gone in drunkenness that no one would think of picking me up out of the sink, but Jesus did not think it beneath Him to do so.” Another said, “I am resolved to measure my steps, so as to fall in with those of Christ's;

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and I'll soon be with Him." Another said, "By the grace of God, I can run through a troop, and by my God I can leap over a wall." He performed great exploits in the late war, amidst shot and shell, and came off unscathed! I hear that from no place in the Union did they go out to war so freely as from this rallying point. The cry night and day was, "To the camp!" just as now (21st July, 1870) on our own continent, "To the Rhine!" but alas, a different warfare. Brother Dardis, 94 who was converted to God on my first Circuit in Ireland, went off for two years as a chaplain, to pray with the sick and dying, and to distribute tracts, &c., without a cent! A sister of the late Hugh Moore was at the Love Feast, and several from Ireland: indeed they are the best attendants. I meet them everywhere, especially at Class and Love Feast Meetings. After the Love Feast the pastor stood up and said, "As there are some here who intend to join the Church, let them come forward now." Some four or five did so; and he then proposed some very important questions as to their belief of our doctrines and as to their experience, which they answered satisfactorily; and before he commended them to God in prayer, he pronounced them members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was a novel mode to me, but very solemn. Class Meeting was not absolute, as test of membership, which I regret; for from the beginning it was not so, at least in our country. The evening attendance was very large, perhaps on account of the novelty of hearing "the Irish Missionary." Nearly all remained for the Prayer Meeting, which was a time of great power. The pastor, who was himself "a District Elder" for years, gives Irishmen great credit for adaptability to the various positions in which they may be placed. "Bishop Waugh," said he, "stated, that the Irish nation was a nation of national orators." I said, "Perhaps sometimes a little too much in that line, for there are limits to liberty of speech however fine, as well as to liberty of action." But I find that Americans can sometimes compete with the Irish either in repartee, wit, or fluency. I said to the conductor of the rail car, coming from Cincinnati last Friday, "I find the water is out, what shall we do?" "Do, sir!" said he; "the best thing you can do, is to do *without*." I guessed that was "cold comfort!" At another station, I lost sight of the rail carriage I travelled in; it was shunted round, and I said to one of the attendants on the platform, "I can't find the car I travelled in; what shall I do?" "Do, sir!" said he; "if you had kept in, you would not have

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been out." A traveller in this country would require to have the eyes of Argus open if he had them! or at least like the Indian chief, who said he had often to sleep with only one eye shut. I had a hallowed Sabbath of some eight hours in the house of the Lord; this 95 was my first Sabbath in Philadelphia; and all was in character with those lines—

"How beautiful and fair, the sunny Sabbath hours, Refresh revive, regale like fragrance of the flowers; Like visioned ladder once to Jacob given, From heaven descending, leading back to heaven."

Wine Question.

*Monday, 14*—Visited the Book-room again to-day, this being the rallying point for all ministers to meet, and there, there is a suitable class of rooms for all the purposes of Church meetings. It was the Weekly Preachers' Meeting. Here I found a brother warmly debating and combating the views of another brother on scriptural alcoholic wines, and proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that the wine which our Lord made was intoxicating. I thought if Brother Pearson from Ireland was there, the debate would not have ended so soon. He would break a lance over the *sweet* uninebriating ##### (wine). Some are never more intemperate than when defending temperance, especially the teetotal principle. All I can say is, that I think they are "about right," as they say here, at least in practice; and I must say, also, as far as the principle of expediency is concerned, they are triumphantly so. I was then introduced to the meeting by Mr. Atwood, pastor of St. Paul's, when I found some other wine to mix for the company. I said, that I thought it was a pity to spend so much time and talent on such a questionable subject, or of such little importance, at least comparatively. I thought the prosperity and extension of the work of God should be the grand theme, when so many brethren meet together; and if such powers of eloquence as we heard this morning could be turned into an evangelical channel, what a flowing fountain would we have of the water of life, for the perishing multitudes around, to partake of. The tide was at once turned I was then conducted to "the Historical Rooms," where I saw a great and rich variety of Methodistic antiquities. There



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are the old spectacles of Mrs. Bennis of Limerick, one of Mr. Wesley's correspondents. I saw her grand-son and grand-daughter in the Methodist Home, near the city. In the historic room there is now a *fac simile*, in miniature, of the first Methodist Church in Maryland. It 96 was called "The Log Meeting House," and might be called "The Cathedral of the Backwoods," and Strawbridge might surely be honoured (if an honour he would consider it) by the appellation of "the Bishop of this new diocese," for he had virgin soil to cultivate. I must allow Dr. William Crook, Dr. Stephens, and Wakely to settle the matter with Dr. Hamilton and Roberts as to the *priority* of Embury's New York Church, to Strawbridge's Log House in Maryland!

Robert Strawbridge.

Surely we will say of this intrepid evangelist that his *name* does not express his character, for he was not *straw* but granite every "inch, a true Nehemiah; he led the van in Maryland; he did not require to be pushed on. He was generous, energetic, fiery and versatile, independent and impatient of formal restraint, and "cared more to save souls than even to provide for his own household." He was a truly noble evangelist or General Missionary of the Irish Graham and Ouseley type. He was "in journeyings oft" through Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Northern Virginia; and drew multitudes to his rustic meetings; large numbers of whom were soon converted, and in many instances these became preachers, who distinguished themselves in Methodism. Strawbridge was literally a flame of fire; he was the spiritual father of the first native preacher in America, Richard Owen, and now the father and the son lie together in the same grave in Longgreen, in Baltimore County. He was far ahead of Asbury, in regard to the administration of the Sacraments; nor could he brook his authority in this particular, believing that those to whom God commits the ministration of his word, ought to possess the power of conveying its emblems. In a word, he was eloquent, a sweet singer, a good expositor, social, and devoutly religious. If contrasted at all with Embury, we would say, he was the Luther, and Embury the Melancthon. I preached in the evening in St. Paul's. Many were deeply affected, almost prostrate. Indeed one would have been called "a stricken case," in Ireland.

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I had some presentiment of something more than ordinary; and according to faith, and I might say, far beyond, it was done unto us. The pastor was in 97 high state of godly ecstasy; thus, was he sustained after a heavy bereavement. "The Lord giveth songs in the night."

*Tuesday, 15 th.* —Met Messrs. James Long and William Devine, both Irish. Wm. M'Arthur, Esq., requested me to see those gentlemen, who were so liberal to Ireland, when he and Dr. Scott were here. They brought me in a carriage to see "the Old Methodist Home," which is occupied with old men and women of undoubted piety. The inmates were all gathered by the matron, Mrs. Scott, who took a great interest in my visit. I sung and prayed, and we had a very happy time together. Mr. Devine seemed to be much affected. All the inmates appear to be well minded I We are almost afraid of anything of this kind in Ireland, for fear of encouraging pauperism. We have one Widows' House in Dublin. I was then driven to Spring Garden-street, to attend a meeting for "holiness" at Mrs. Kane's. There I found a large gathering, of the lay and clerical element. Many testimonies were borne to *its* enjoyment. One sister rose and said, "I have completely renounced self, and I can rest in the full will of God, and it saves me a great deal of trouble, for I can see God in everything."

### A Controversialist—Anecdote.

I had to repair to St. Paul's again, where the revival still goes on very blessedly. I preached and held a revival prayer meeting; Brother Salter accompanied me. He is married to a Belfast lady, and very comfortable; her parents live with them, and were very attentive to me. In the course of the day, when I called at the Book-room, I met a spouting controversialist. "I called here," said he, "to convert one of the young men in this store?" "Did you ask him," said "was he ever born again?" "Oh," said he, "that is not necessary; for that takes place in baptism." "But our Lord did not speak to a child when he said 'except a *man* be born again,' &c.; he was speaking to a person of maturity." I thought of the old

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Jewish agents, who compassed sea and land to make a proselyte; and, I fear those who do so now in this way, secure the same results as formerly

*Wednesday, 16 th.* —A very wet day; but I suppose it is all right. It reminds me of the good man who was accosted by a neighbour saying, "That's a fine day, sir." "Oh, sir," 7 98 said the other, "thank God, I never saw anything else but a fine day." "How so?" said the other. "Why," said he, "sure it must be fine when it is as God wills it." "But suppose," said he, "it was God's will to send you to hell, what would you say?" "Why," said he, "I would say it was his will, and I would go." "And how would you do?" said the other, "Why," said he, "he has given me two strong arms, faith and love, and I would take hold of him, and bring him with me, and it would be no hell to me while he was with me there," justifying the lines—

"While blessed with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would appear; And prisons would palaces prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there."

Farewell Visit to Mr. Atwood.

After the meeting to-night I called to bid Mr. Atwood and his afflicted wife and daughter-in law farewell. I found the two latter greatly crushed in spirit. Oh, what a heavy trial! Such a promising young man, and rising in his profession, that of a doctor, to be called off in a moment, was surely a dark and an alarming event. He repeated that hymn composed by our countryman, Thomas Moore, and found in *their* Hymn Book. I give the three following stanzas as a specimen.

"But Christ can heal the broken heart, Which, like the plants that throw Their fragrance from the wounded part, Breathes sweetness out of woe.

O who could bear life's stormy doom, Did not his wing of love Come brightly wafting through the gloom, Our Peace Branch from above.

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Then sorrow, touched by Him grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As darkness shows us worlds of light We never saw by day."

The Introduction of Methodism into Philadelphia.—Captain Webb.

I cannot close this chapter without referring to the introduction of Methodism into Philadelphia about one hundred years ago, by Captain Webb, who, like Embury in New York, hired a "sail loft," and commenced to preach; so that when Pilmoor, one of the two preachers Wesley sent 99 out, arrived, he found one hundred members of Society already gathered as a Church. In a year after (1770) the Society purchased a house of worship, well known as "Old St. George's," the Mother Church of Methodism there. So that now Methodism has more churches in the city, and a larger membership than any other denomination. The following sketch will be gratifying. "Webb was at the taking of Quebec, as an officer in the British army, when he lost an eye, and received a wound in the arm. After returning to England, he heard Mr. Wesley preach in Bristol, he was truly converted, and appointed shortly after to preach *locally*. He was sent out by the Government as barrack-master to Albany, and there heard of the little Society at New York; and one day, when the Methodist company were assembled in their crowded room, listening to Embury, a stranger appeared among them in scarlet uniform as an officer of the King's army. All eyes were upon him, and they looked at each other significantly, whether he was for or against them; but when they saw him kneel when they knelt, and sing when they sang, their fears vanished, as did those of Ananias, when he was told of Saul, "Behold he prayeth." This was Captain Thomas Webb, a local preacher, of whom Wesley said, "He is a man of fire." He used to preach in his regimentals, and lay his sword on the table. All saw at once the warrior in his face, and heard the evangelist in his voice, under which they trembled, wept, and fell. To this hallowed work he forthwith consecrated all his time, his talents, and his means; and became one of the most popular missionaries of the day. President John Adams heard him in Philadelphia, and said "The old soldier is one of the most eloquent preachers I ever heard." Thus were four local preachers raised

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up to revolutionize all America, and just at a time when the six states of New England had established a puritanical congregationalism. Pennsylvania and New Jersey were occupied by Quakers and Presbyterians, Delaware by the Swedes, Maryland principally by Roman Catholics, Virginia by the Church of England, and Rhode Island principally by Baptists, while the Colonies further south were composed of Huguenots, Moravians and others. At that time Methodism was merely tolerated or permitted, but not favoured by any of the churches; now it is not only tolerated but favoured, and its turn is come to tolerate others. But “toleration” is a word which should never be found in the vocabulary of evangelical Churches. Its great difficulty among the masses was this: the *positive* and *open* declaration of a present, free and full salvation by Christ, and the assurance of it in the soul by the Holy Spirit. These doctrines were at the lowest ebb, just like England, when God raised up Wesley. The *humble* and partly *unlettered* agents became another difficulty; and, as of old, the sarcastic sneer was indulged, “Are not all these Galileans?” Embury was a carpenter; Webb came from the barracks; Strawbridge from an Irish hamlet; and Williams withdrew from the Irish itinerancy without a penny. But one said, that “they knew as much at all events as enabled them to find their way through the country.” We cannot but now recognise the finger of God in this circumstance, that four local *unordained* evangelists, namely, Embury, Webb, Strawbridge and Williams, and one woman, (nearly all Irish) should lay the foundation of American Methodism.

Williams hastened to America before Boardman and Pilmoor had arrived, and assisted Embury for some time, and then started for Maryland to assist Strawbridge. It is said, that he had to sell his horse to pay his debts before he left Ireland where he travelled a short time; he carried his saddle bags over his shoulder, and with a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk he started for the ship, but had no money to pay his passage. He met a friend there, who did it for him. It was quaintly said, “He became the first preacher who published a book, the first that married, the first that located, and the first that died.” From Maryland he passed off to Virginia, and formed the first society in that State, and became its apostle, and in one year raised a thousand members. The Rev. Devereaux Jarratt, a churchman

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of the William Grimshaw type, entertained Williams, and encouraged him to get the whole country converted and join the Society. If all would thus co-operate, how soon would the world be converted. One of William's converts was Jesse Lee, who became a pioneer in New England; he bore a great resemblance to Samuel Bradburn, the Demosthenes of English Methodism, and was at least as prompt at wit. It is said that he was overtaken one day by two lawyers, who thought to try their hand to puzzle Jesse. "Well, Mr. Lee, you speak extemporaneously." "Yes, gentlemen, I do." "But how do you manage when you happen to make a blunder, for we find it very difficult to recover ourselves." "Oh," said Jesse, "I just let it take its course as if all was right." "But suppose you would give us an example, Mr. Lee." "Well then," said Lee, "suppose I was quoting that text in St. John's Epistle, 'the devil was a liar from the beginning,' and that I happened to say 'the devil was a lawyer from the beginning,' I should never mind but pass on." "Oh, Mr. Lee," said they, "we now see that you must be either a knave or a fool;" and as he happened to be riding between the two lawyers, he said, "No gentlemen, I am neither one nor the other, but I happen to be *between* both of them." I imagine it was high time for the two gentlemen to pass on, and leave Lee all alone in his glory. Preachers had some hard customers to deal with in those days. The following instance occurred with Jesse again. On one occasion when he was preaching, a young officer came to hear him, but he behaved so badly that Mr. Lee rebuked him sharply, before the congregation. The officer swore he would have revenge, but could never meet with his reprover for years. At length one day he overtook Lee when he was travelling to one of his appointments, and asked him if he was so and so, and likewise inquired if he remembered preaching at such a place and at such a time, and his having reproved an officer. Mr. Lee answered affirmatively. "Well," said the officer, "I swore to take revenge if I ever met you, and I am now resolved to do so." "So you may," said Lee, "for you are stronger than I am; but," said he, "you will have to do it while I am on my knees praying for you, and to bear it for Christ's sake." In a moment he was down off his horse, and on his knees. When the officer saw him in that position, he trembled from head to foot; and as if he was pursued by an avenger of blood, he fled terror-stricken. The patience and meekness of Lee were such as to convince him of the genuine character

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of religion, and his own want of it; these sounded in his conscience like an alarm bell, and ultimately led to his sound conversion; he lived and died happy in God. His 102 son became a minister, who, when he met Mr. Lee as an old man afterwards, informed him of his father's happy death and of his own conversion, and now his introduction into the ministry. Thus did the Lord make the wrath of man to praise him, while his servants went on their way rejoicing, in their happy toil from day to day. In a late number of the *chief organ* of the New England Baptists, it is thus stated in an article on Methodism—"The Methodist brethren have been prospered as no other denomination ever was. Within the lifetime of some of their members, they have advanced to the first place amongst us, in numbers, in enterprise, in stirring activity, and have increased their resources in nearly the same proportion. At its late centennial, the denomination walked up to the altar of God, and laid thereon a thank-offering of millions, such as no other church would think of rivalling. It is surpassing us all, in the zeal with which it is founding and funding institutions of learning."

In fine, it is enough to state that, in the brief period of one hundred years, the original sapling has become the largest, the fairest, and the stateliest of ecclesiastical trees in the Union. Two millions and a half of communicants feed upon its life-giving fruits, and more than ten millions sit under its shadow as hearers. It has about 14,000 ministers, and six times the number of local preachers; but it is not easy to calculate to exactness the millions of Sabbath School scholars, nor its hundreds of thousands of teachers. "The little one has become (not merely) a thousand," but a million! and we may adopt the language of the 80th Psalm, when it describes the vine of the Jewish nation, "Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt. Thou preparedst room before it, and didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. She sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river." To God alone be all the glory.

**Chapter XI. Lockport City.—Niagara.—Canada West.**

“I am the *Way* , the *Truth* , the *Life* , ’ Sweet sounds which cheer the pilgrim on, To nerve  
the heart's weak fainting cords, Until the blissful goal is won.

In them a healing balm is found, And to the soul that's worn with strife, How soothing are  
those precious words, ‘I am the Way, the Truth, the Life.’”

New York for a day—“Fair” or Bazaar—Abuse—A Charade—Lockport City—Meets  
Brother and Family—Services in the Church and Country—Prepares for Canada—  
Niagara—St. Catherine's—Paris—Bradford—A dreadful death—Meets eldest Brother—  
Conversion—Christmas Day—Acrostic on the word—Goderich—Clinton Anniversary—  
Young Lady's Conversion—Leaves Goderich—Visits Paris again, and Bradford—Rev. C.  
Byrne—Hamilton—Rev. John Potts—Revival—Friends.

A Church fair or Bazaar.

NEW YORK , *December 17 th*. —I have to pass through this city on my way to Canada,  
and arrived at mid-day from Philadelphia. I am much gratified to be able to spend a night  
with “friends dearly beloved.” I found Brother Francis Armstrong very poorly, but very  
happy. I heard that one of our churches was busily engaged in conducting what is called  
here a “Fair,” something on the scale of our Bazaars in Ireland and England. I had the  
curiosity to see it. It was well attended, and the variety of articles to be sold was very  
great; but I saw nothing of what I heard sometimes obtains in such places, that of the  
auctioneering or gambling system; or, like the advertisement which was announced for a  
“Fair,” and published some time ago. It ran thus: “So much, to be paid for being allowed to  
dance, while *religious* ladies perform at the piano.” I would hope that such was confined to  
those who imagine that “the end sanctifies the means.” In one case I heard that something  
like it occurred in a certain church; but it 104 was defended thus, that it was only in “a  
perambulating form, and that the young gentlemen could not resist the power



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‘Of magic numbers and delicious sounds,’

and rose up to pace the floor.” Nor are exceptionable movements of this kind confined to a few places in America; they are in Europe as well. I have heard of an attempt at some *theatrical performance* by some *Christian* Juvenile Association, in the central town of a certain Circuit in England, but it was soon put down by the strong hand of godly discipline. The young intellectualists of our day complain of the want of something stimulating and new, to meet the growing improvements of this fast and enlightened age; that, after the busy bustling of the day, something is necessary for relaxation, and to beguile the dulness of the tedious hours. Our poor forefathers must have had a wearisome time of it, who were strangers to the wonderful power of those modern and varied magic arts, which are now said

“To exalt each joy, allay each grief. Expel diseases, and soften every pain.”

To say the least, as far as procuring money for church purposes and ministers' salaries is concerned, I would say that the above appliances are questionable, and not healthful to a church. “There is a more excellent way.” Principle must prompt and supply all those church wants; the others are an effervescence, and stimulants always imply weakness. Let Methodists, at all events, be clear in this matter, then we will not hear such apostrophising as the following:—

“O shade of Wesley, what wouldst thou say, If thou hadst lived in this our day?”

One meets many things of a curious character in newspapers and in books while travelling up and down in America. I met the following to-day, called “A Charade.”—

“In olden times, as Scripture doth record, Lived one who never did offend his Lord; The truth he told, and ne'er did sin commit, Yet in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.”

I suppose it means Balaam's ass, who faithfully reproved his master or lord; and well he deserved it. Our American young friends are very fond of these ingenious questions

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First Visit to Lockport City.—State of New York.

*Saturday, 19<sup>th</sup> December.* —I started early yesterday morning from New York for this city, and arrived about mid-night, after a run of 350 miles. My nephew was in waiting, and I was soon in the habitation of my elder brother, Robert. I need not express our mutual surprise, and also gratitude, to be permitted to meet after a separation of about forty years. Before partaking of any refreshment, we had prayer, and offered thanksgiving to the God of providence and grace,

“From whom alone our birth, And all our blessings came.”

We surely had cause for wonder, love and praise! I retired and had a few hours of refreshing repose. A snow-storm had just commenced as I arrived last night; and today I beheld for the first time the earth all around mantled with beautiful virgin snow, and likely to last for four months at least. My brother and I called on the Methodist parson, who considered my coming as most providential, inasmuch as he was unwell, and quite unable to preach next day; he pressed me to preach twice for him, to which I consented. This is a very important city, and lies to the east, and close to Niagara. I saw several Irish people here to-day, with some of whom I was formerly acquainted. The city seems to be in a thriving state. It is a great railway depot, and has great traffic.

*Sabbath, 20<sup>th</sup> December.* —Preached this morning in our Church, to a very large congregation, and who, I must say, heard with devout attention. I also addressed the young people at 3½ p.m., and preached again in the evening at 7 o'clock. A few came forward under very great emotion, but none professed to have obtained the desired blessings sought. There was a want of faith somewhere, perhaps it was in myself.

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"O for that faith which can remove, And sink the mountain to a plain."

*Monday, 21 st.* —Preached this evening about a mile outside the city, in a place called "the Lower Town." The road was very rough, the atmosphere very cold, and the congregation not very large; but I was. well paid for all, by 106 witnessing a warmth and an earnestness which I did not expect. I find a gracious visitation had been vouchsafed to this place some time before. My brother accompanied me, and I trust he may soon behold things spiritual very clearly; of this I have strong hope.

*Tuesday 22 nd, Lockport.* —I preached in our large church this evening, or rather gave an address on the passing events of the day, especially those in Ireland. The congregation was large, and a good deal of interest was manifested, but nothing else remarkable. I prepared for my journey to Canada, where my eldest brother lives, and to which I purpose going to-morrow, D.V.

Niagara.—United States Side.

*Wednesday, Dec. 23 rd.* —Started early this morning from Lockport, in a snow storm for Clinton, where my brother James resides; my brother Robert accompanies me. We stopped for two hours at Niagara on the United States side. "The Falls" are two miles from the city. We took a sleigh, and as far as we could, in a snow storm, we viewed this awful but enchanting and world-renowned scene. The view from this side, I hear, is not so favourable as from the Canadian side, which is generally known as "the Horse-shoe Fall," being horse-shoe in shape; and is the largest expanse of water. The height of "the Fall" on this (United States) side which I saw to-day is 164 feet, and its width is 900 feet to the point where it is intercepted by a small fall called "the Middle Fall." This "United States side Fall," is full and broad, and commands a grand appearance, but in order to obtain a right view there is a double inclined tramway of several hundred feet long, by which one may go down to the river's edge. There are two cars, which run up and down at the same time, and these are worked by atmospheric pressure, and sustained by strong

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ropes, so that while one is going down, the other is coming up. When one looks down along this inclined plane, and sees the water at the end, a fear is often indulged lest the car would plunge right away into the Niagara river, but I ventured, and all was well. The best view is obtained by looking up at the Fall from the bottom! An English gentleman met a Yankee from Boston a short time ago, at "the Falls;" both came to see the great wonder. 107 The Yankee accosted the Englishman thus, "What a grand sight, sir;" to which the other replied, "Yes indeed, quite enchanting." "Oh," said the Yankee, "I have come such a distance to see it—all the way from Boston." "Well, sir," said my English friend, "I have come further than that to see it." "Pray, from where, sir?" "From Liverpool, in England." At which the Bostonian looked at his English visitor, as if he were a greater wonder than the Niagara itself, and with *sang froid* coolness replied, "A good way off that, I guess." The quantity of water which flows down, or rather is precipitated, is prodigious, and has been variously computed by minutes and hours, embracing both Falls. Professor Lyell states that it amounts to 15 hundred billion of cubic feet in each minute. Dr. Dwight states 100 million two hundred thousand tons every hour; and De Veaux, that nearly six billion of barrels in 24 hours! We do not wonder at the Yankee replying to the Italian, when boasting of the superiority of his country, and among other things adverted to their mighty volcanoes, which could burn up the world. "Yes," said the Yankee, "but look at our Niagara, which could extinguish them all in a moment!" The depth of the water before it falls is 25 feet. The best time for tourists and visitors to see the Falls is, either at early morn, when the golden sun is rising behind eastward, or at night, when the moonbeams play upon the waters, and the stars twinkle in the heavens, or in the balmy coolness of eventide! And the best season is "The Fall" of the year, or what is called "the Indian summer," part of October and part of November. Then nature, all around, appears with tinted and coloured leaf, and with a generous hand lends her charms to this enchanting scene. On my return from Canada, I hope to refer again to this sublime theme and from the Canada side. Before I leave these parts and enter on Canada, I wish to record that it was an Irish local preacher of the name of Major George Neal, who was the honoured instrument of introducing Methodism into Upper Canada. He came to the States with a

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cavalry regiment in which he held the above rank; and at the close of the war he crossed the Niagara river at Queenstown, not far from St. Catherine's, on the 7th of October, 1786, in order to take possession of an officer's portion of land which had been given to him in 108 acknowledgment of his past services in the British army. He at once embraced the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to his fellow-settlers on the banks of the Niagara, and was made the means of spiritual good to many, although he had to contend hard for the faith once delivered to the saints, but endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; and thus did God again put honour on Irish Methodism in Canada, as he did before in New York. Now, the children far outstrip the parent.

*St. Catherine's , 23 rd Dec.* —Was most cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Johnston; he was formerly of Antrim, where his father resides. This young man had one of the best mothers I ever knew. He was converted in early life with his other two brothers on my first visit to Antrim in 1851. He relapsed, but was restored in Belleville, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Hall. I held a meeting for the young men of the society, but the Rev. Mr. Carroll was absent on a message of “Love” to all his brethren around, of every Methodist section, in order to engage all, to unite under the same common banner, as “ The United Methodist Church. ”

Meeting Eldest Brother.

*Thursday, Dec. 24. Clinton, Christmas Eve.* —Arrived here to-night after many delays, especially for six hours at the town of Paris, during which I preached twice in the open air. I took both sides of the town, where I was, “as one wondered at,” but obtained a calm hearing. Here I met the Rev. Mr. Mills, originally from Dungannon in Ireland; he was among the Primitive Methodists in Ireland, and has been for many years a very efficient minister among us in Canada. “Every minister,” said he, “is on an equality in this country: no hand to hat for any man, minister or dignitary.” Coming to the Stradford station, the engine struck a woman who was standing drunk on the rails; she was killed on the spot. I strove to improve the solemn occasion as well as I could, and to as many as I could.

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What an awful thought, to be “driven away” in such wickedness, and without a moment's warning. What hope can be entertained in such cases? At the Clinton station we met our brother James, whom I had not seen for 46 years! It was like Jacob and Esau, who fell on each other's neck, and wept; and, being 109 Christmas Eve, made it more affecting. His good wife (who was a native of Ireland) and daughter, and all, wept for joy, and very soon, all our rejoicing was sanctified by the word of God, and thanksgiving and prayer.

Christmas Day.

*Friday, December 25, 1868.*—We had no early service, such as is usually held in Ireland; it is not customary here; but, in lieu thereof, I preached at two o'clock, p.m. in a Methodist Church two miles off, called Holmesville. I took for my text 1 Timothy i. 15, “This is a faithful saying,” &c., and, after the usual service, we had a special prayer-meeting; and my own two brothers were among the first to come forward, and the one first to rise to give glory to God for restoring grace, was my eldest brother. This was a full reward for my long and perilous journey. The desire of my heart was, so far, given to me; and I record my gratitude to God, the giver of all grace. A few others also spoke of having received good; but my other brother did not then obtain the desire of his heart. It was a glorious Christmas day to me; and one, I trust, never to be forgotten, while memory holds its seat or immortality endures. I met the following acrostic on the words Christmas Day; and, although it may be regarded as very plain, yet it portrays some of the wonders of redeeming love:—

“C hrist is born, the Lord of glory, H as come to earth;—O wondrous story— R edeeming mankind by his blood; I n life and death still doing good; S orely tempted, vilely slandered, T hrough much sorrow here he wandered, M an's exemplar, see him suffering, A nd no murmur ever uttering. S inner, now behold him pleading, D ivinely planning, knocking, waiting, A nd all, thy worthless heart to gain. Y ield, nor let his *Birth* be vain,”

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*Saturday, December 26 th.* —I met the Rev. Messrs. Poole (Irish) and Hawke (English) at dinner at my brother's to-day. They appear to be truly devoted men of God; they are the pastors of the churches in the adjoining towns, Goderich and Clinton. I was greatly interested with the fund of information they possessed about Canadian matters, both of Church and State. They told me of some of our members who were shot in the late Fenian invasion. The: sun was so hot to-day that I burned paper with a small burning glass; this is Canada!

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*Sunday, 27 th December, Goderich.* —Preached twice to-day to large congregations, and also addressed a large Sabbath School, and held two prayer meetings after, and all well attended. Souls were saved, and God was glorified. There is a fine chapel here, but requires further enlargement. This is a rising town, and the salt mines close by will very likely contribute greatly to its prosperity, especially if the law of reciprocity (suspended since the war) be again restored. "Righteousness exalteth a nation;" the sin of war, disgrace and ruin.

*Monday, December 28 th, Clinton.* —Assisted here at the Sunday School anniversary. The children's dialogues were admirably well done, especially those on "the Evils of Intemperance," "Dancing," and "Attending the Circus." The girls showed up the folly and criminality of dancing from many stand-points, and in a most convincing manner. Such anniversaries are occasions of great interest in Canada.

*Tuesday, December 29 th.* —Preached in Goderich again; took Psalm xciii. 5.—"Holiness becometh thine house, Lord, for ever." Several sought this heavenly treasure—I trust not in vain. We had several pleasing testimonies. One thoughtless young lady was deeply convinced of sin.

*Wednesday, 30 th December, Goderich.* —The young lady, who, on the previous evening, was so deeply affected, found peace with God to-night, thus verifying the couplet—

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"De wounded by the Spirit's sword, And then by Gilead's balm restored."

New Year's Eve and Morning.

*December , 31 st , 1868, Goderich.* —The last day of this eventful year! Assisted the pastor in holding the Watch Night service. It was an exciting and solemn time. I preached, and Mr. Poole exhorted; and we ushered in the new year with hallowed strains and with sacred vows. We sung heartily—

"Come let us anew our journey pursue; Roll round with the year And never stand still till the Master appear."

*Friday, January 1 st , 1869.*—Many congratulations from relatives and friends. Preached again this evening. The good feeling continues, and is likely to increase; but sickness has kept some of my own relatives from attending.

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*Sunday, January 3 rd, Clinton.* —Left Goderich yesterday amid many kind wishes for my return, which I promised to do in a week. Preached three times to-day. A good deal of Divine influence pervaded the services. Many came forward very freely; amongst whom was my brother Robert. Much prayer was offered up here, for a revival of God's work. Several found peace to-day, thank God.

*Monday, 4 th.* —At the special meeting to-night my brother Robert sought earnestly, and, thank God, happily found the heavenly treasure. Truly, his was

"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy, Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy."

This was to me, if anything could be greater, a matter of deeper anxiety and delight than even the restoration of my eldest brother; for Robert had never before obtained the



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pardoning grace of God. Hallelujah! my two only brothers living, saved by grace divine. I may well thank God and take courage, and praise Him while He lends me breath.

*Tuesday, January 5<sup>th</sup>.* —My brother left for his home in the city of Lockport, but returned a new man, to tell his “friends and neighbours what great things the Lord had done for him” in Canada, and on the very eve of his departure. The following week I spent between Goderich and Clinton, during which the revival work continued in both places; and I was glad to find for a long time after. Both ministers and leaders and people threw their whole hearts into the good work. During that week others of my own friends found peace with God; also, two very remarkable conversions took place on the bed of mortality. One was that of a prodigal young man, whose career was terrific for blasphemy and drunkenness, and oh, his agonizing distress! but then the unutterable joy. The other was a member of the Presbyterian church, who was far gone in consumption, but long in bondage, and in doubt as to her acceptance; while praying with her she laid hold on Christ, and never lost her confidence to the last hour. The mercy of God endureth for ever.

*Tuesday, 12<sup>th</sup> January.* —Had but a short time to bid all my friends around good-bye, hoping to see them again before I leave the country. It was a marvellous fortnight. Eternity alone will fully tell results. Before I started for Paris, on my way to the Lower Province, I had a very kind and 112 brotherly letter from the Rev. Mr. Punshon. It was somewhat thus, “I heartily welcome you to this country, and hope the good Master will bless your labours abundantly,” &c. On my way to-day I was delayed by cross trains for two hours at Stratford station. I took advantage of the respite, and went off to the town, about half a-mile distant, and preached in the street to a goodly number. I was in time to preach in Paris at a “Union Meeting” of several denominations, for the purpose of promoting a revival of religion. I took for my text Psalm lxxx. 1.—“Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,” &c. We held a prayer meeting after, but there was no move; the prayers were so studied and formal that each appeared cautious, lest others would be offended by over much heat and zeal. I was reminded of a prayer offered up in the north of Ireland, “Lord send us a revival, but send us a quiet one.” I also thought that each regiment can be drilled best in its own barrack-yard, but on

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a field or battle day let all prove that they are one, and under one sovereign. "Earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

"One army of the living God To his command we bow."

*Wednesday, 13 th.* —The Rev. C. Byrne came to meet me in Paris with his own buggy, and took me to his own house, about nine miles off. The scenery was grand in several places, especially from the height over Paris, as we were leaving. It was one of the grandest pieces of landscape I had yet seen! I am now safely domiciled in the friendly habitation of good old "Father Byrne," as he is called in this country. He interested me greatly in telling me how the "Theological Institution" among our people in England originated, and how he had some hand in the affair. It appears that he was one of the young men who established "A Young Men's Mutual Instruction Meeting, to meet weekly in Whitefriar-street, Dublin." This was fifty years ago, and long before Young Men's Christian Associations were thought of. Among the number there was a young man of the name of Mason, an architect by profession. He contracted to put up the railing round Stephen's Green, and made a thousand pounds by the transaction. This, he felt his duty to fund, for the purpose of establishing a seminary 113 for the improvement of our young ministers in Ireland. It lay over for years; and still nothing was done, until the Rev. Thomas Waugh secured the right to the money for the Connexion. He then consulted Doctor Bunting, who warmly took up the subject, and soon it was arranged to establish a Theological Institution. Mr. Waugh handed over the thousand pounds, securing thereby the advantage of the Institution to, at least, four of our young men for two or three years, during their probation. Mr. Byrne also informed me how the *New Auxiliary* fund was formed, and that to it he gave £20, although he now derives no benefit from that fund, by reason of his coming to America. I preached in his church close by, principally erected by his efforts. He did a great and good work in Canada.

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*Brantford, January 14 th.* —Preached in the street; had good Father Byrne with me. Many heard, although a new thing here. I assisted at the anniversary of the Bible Society: the addresses were lively. The Bible is rapidly spreading in this dominion.

“Shall we whose souls are lighted With wisdom from on high, Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?”

Hamilton.—Revival.—Peter Cartright.

*Hamilton, January 15 th.* —Here, my coming was anxiously and prayerfully anticipated, especially by the Rev. John Potts (Irish) the pastor of the Centenary Church, one of the best in all Canada. I was cordially greeted at the train by Mr. Potts, who showed me all manner of kindness, whenever opportunity offered, from that moment until I left Canada. I preached to a very large congregation this evening, and the prayer meeting after was a great success. Many gathered round the front seats, and several found peace with God. The revival power, for which much prayer was previously offered, seemed to descend in a Pentecostal shower. The sisters laboured gloriously in prayer, and also in directing penitents; among the most active was my own cousin-in-law, the widow of the late Rev. Thomas Campbell, my first cousin, and who was, I hear, a good preacher, and one of the best of men. His death was triumphant.

It was well for our sisters in Hamilton, that Peter Cartright 8 114 was not their pastor at this time, that is, if the following anecdote which is told of him be true. It is inserted in the *London Recorder* thus:—“It appears that one Ann Jordan gained quite a reputation in one of the churches of Illinois for her preaching and praying abilities. She was present at one of Cartright's Camp Meetings; a good feeling prevailed, and many were at the altar. Cartright called on all to kneel, and asked some one to lead in prayer. Ann, who it appears was no great favourite with Peter, struck off at once with much feeling and power; Cartright, not recognizing her voice, shouted out ‘Amen.’ A brother kneeling close by, whispered, ‘It's Ann Jordan praying.’ Peter, looking round and seeing it was so, cried out, ‘I take back that

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Amen.” I would say that Peter, fisher and all as he was, missed both the hook and the bawl at that time, at least.

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### Chapter X. Toronto.

“Mid the deep woodland's loneliest bowers, Alike the Almighty reigns;— In the wide cities' peopled towers, On the vast ocean's plains, Know, hadst thou eagle pinions free To track the realms of air, Thou could'st not reach a spot were He Would not be with thee there. Doth not thy God behold thee still With all surveying eye? Doth not his power all nature fill Around, beneath, on high?

Reception in the city—Description—Rev. Dr. Ryerson—Education Question—Baptism—Dr. Wood—Coburg College—Knowledge and piety—Dr. Butler—Government grant withdrawn—Great effort to endow—Rev. Mr. Punshon's efforts—Kingston—Prince of Wales—Asylum—Penitentiary—Old prison misery—Brockville—Rev. A. Averell—Lorenzo Dow—Priest's sermon—Montreal—Sir John Young—Revival—Fall of roof of St. Patrick's Hall—Dr. Clarke on dancing—The late Rev. John Barry—Canadian and Washington thunder storms—Drs. Jobson and Hannah.

Toronto—Reception.—Churches, etc.

SATURDAY, 16th.—Started for Toronto, where I was met at the train by the Rev. Mr. Bishop (English), since gone to glory. He died last Christmas Day in this city, universally and justly lamented. I was also met with delight by my friends, Graham and Patton, old Irish acquaintances, and their families equally kind. I called to see Mr. and Mrs. Punshon and daughter; he was just preparing for Chicago for ten days. Thus is he engaged as “the messenger of the churches,” and was never more popular than he is at present in Canada and in the States. I trust God will long spare his useful life to the church of his choice. Here I spent four days, and laboured in two of the principal churches, north and west;

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congregations, very large; hallowing influences were experienced in all the services, and several found peace with God.

Toronto, which was formerly called "Little York," is a very rising city. It is also called "the Queen of the West." 116 It is the Capital of Upper or Western Canada, which is called the province of Ontario, to distinguish it from the lower province of Quebec. It is, however, to be remembered, that both provinces, including also the eastern provinces, form now one dominion, called "the Dominion of Canada." The population of Toronto is about 60,000. It has wide and well macadamized streets, splendid shops or stores, with large plate glass windows, brilliantly illuminated at night with gas. Its squares are well laid out. Its commerce is very brisk. Its public buildings are very respectable. The City Hall, the University, the Mechanics' Institute, the Public Baths are very commanding, and there is an abundance of steam and railway accommodation to all parts. The churches are of a very superior class, especially those of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist bodies. The last have an excellent Book-room, conducted by a very enterprising minister, the Rev. J. Rose. Also a very popular weekly, called "The Christian Guardian," edited for many years by the talented Rev. Dr. Jeffers, and now by the Rev. Mr. Dewart (both Irish). The Normal College of Education, of which Dr. Ryerson (Wesleyan Minister) is the President, and J. G. Hodgins, LL.B., F.R.G.S. (formerly of Dublin), the Secretary, is a first-rate institution. The situation is beautiful; it commands a fine view of the bay, peninsula, and lake. The adjoining grounds are handsomely laid out, and are very attractive in summer. It has a splendid museum, &c. It provides a good mixed education, and the books are of the first class, and do great credit to the officers. Dr. Ryerson is envied by some because of his great influence and power. He offered to resign this year, but the Government would not accept his resignation. He has laid the whole country under a tribute of lasting obligation and gratitude. The Bible is a free and open book in every school, and may be read at any time by all who desire to do so. Some parties lately thought to have smuggled a bill through the Canadian Parliament, to prevent *sectarian* books being introduced into the schools; by which, of course, the Bible would be the very first expelled; but the doctor

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found out the scheme, soon counteracted it, and blew up the whole. He expects shortly to see education compulsory: that is, every child *must* be educated, at least 117 from seven to twelve years of age. There are no denominational grants in Canada, but grants are made to the National Schools. Every parent is at liberty to educate his own children, but at his own expense, and send them where he likes, on the same condition.

Celebration of Baptism—Coburg College, etc.

*Wednesday, 20 th.* —Met Dr. Wood and several other friends at my cousin's, Mr. Wm. Campbell, of Devonport, near Toronto, where he has a large farm. He formerly travelled as a preacher for a year, but became delicate, and located. One of his sons he called after me some seven years ago. I baptised another for him this evening; and it was a day of hallowed friendship, and of Christian intercourse. Dr. Wood assisted me in the baptism by prayer. He was one of the young men whom the Carsons of Dublin took out to America many years ago (1826), free of cost to the Parent Society. He is now the Missionary Treasurer for the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Canada, full of years and full of blessings. I returned and preached to a large congregation in Elm Street, Toronto, in the evening.

*Thursday, 21 st January, Cobourg.* —Left Toronto this morning; and I must say a more loving, hospitable and kind-hearted people I scarcely ever met. I was cordially welcomed here by Professors Kingston and Wilson (both Irish) of the Wesleyan College. Dr. Nelles, the principal, is a very able man. I preached in their splendid church, and had a large congregation. Many came forward, and sought the higher attainments of the Christian life. We had a very hallowed time. Many of the college officers were present; and were among the earnest and anxious ones. Oh, what a blessing, when piety and knowledge, two so often disjoined, are happily blended; but knowledge apart from wisdom, is thus well described—

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“Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass, The mere materials with which Wisdom builds, Till smoothed and squared and fitted for its place, Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.”

*Friday, 22 nd.* —I had the pleasure of meeting my old 118 friend and countryman here to-day, Dr. Butler from Boston, and of hearing him lecture to-night to a vast audience on “The Indian Mutiny.” He surely endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and did a noble work in India. What a wonderful career, since I knew him first, a zealous lad on the Lucan Mission in 1840. The college is called “The Victoria Wesleyan University,” and is rather an imposing building. The Government grant has been withdrawn from it lately, and from some other institutions, of a similar character in the country. I fear private partisanship (and I would say bad policy) is doing its work here, as well as elsewhere. This is likely to be overruled for good, for the Methodists are making a grand effort to raise an endowment fund; and during the Presidency of the Rev. W. M. Punshon it will be accomplished. His efforts are beyond all praise. It will be freer in its action, and was never better off in its professorships than at present. The Irish element has a large share in this, in conjunction with Dr. Nelles.

*Saturday, 23 rd January, Kingston.* —Arrived here to-day, and was greeted with a true Irish *cead mille faltha*, or “a hundred thousand welcomes.” Here are my old friends, the Johnstons, and several Irish families, some of whom I knew in the old country. Kingston is a city of considerable commercial importance, being, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, into the St. Laurence. It has strong military defences. The harbour is safe for ships of the largest tonnage. Here is a penitentiary, or large prison, where prisoners are kept apart, and where the silent system is observed, except when work interferes. There are two colleges in the city. Here it was, it will be remembered, that the Prince of Wales was refused admission to the city some years ago, because he required the removal of the “orange arch” under

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which he must pass, before he could enter. It is said he was advised to this course by his travelling companion, L—. If so, his counsel was not wise at this time.

He was better advised and acted wiser when, a few days ago, he laid the foundation of the New Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, and did himself great credit by saying, "I can assure you that it has been a source of great gratification to me as well as to the Princess of Wales to take part in the interesting ceremony of to-day. It has always been the 119 wish and desire of the Princess and myself to discharge those duties which we may have to perform in such a way as may conduce to the happiness and welfare of the community at large. I feel convinced that, with the Lord's help, this infirmary will prove a lasting benefit to the city of Edinburgh;" and on the stone being laid, he offered up the following prayer—"May the Almighty Architect of the universe look down with benignity upon the present undertaking, and crown this edifice with every success." I have only to say that I believe, if he were asked now to enter Kingston, or to lay the foundation of a public building for them, he would do so, if practicable. Kingston is surely as loyal as Edinburgh, and that loyalty was never more faithfully displayed than this very year, 1870! and they know to forgive as well, proving the truthfulness of the following lines, said to be written by the present Archbishop of Dublin:—

"He is a friend, who, treated as a foe, Now, even more friendship than before doth show;  
Who to his brother still remains a shield, Although a sword for him his brother wield; Who,  
of the very stones against him cast, Builds friendship's altar higher and more fast."

*Sabbath, 24 th, Kingston.* —Preached here three times today; and there appeared to be all the elements of revival power. The ministers are truly alive to God, and men of power; and they have a willing, a liberal and a zealous people to labour among.

*Monday, 25 th.* —Spoke at the missionary anniversary, which was quite in character with, and as full a house as, in Stephen's-green, Dublin. We had the Rev. George Freshman, son to Dr. Freshman, the converted Jew, as one of the deputation. Both father and son



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would be a credit to any church on earth. The young man is a first rate platform advocate and speaker; and oh, how he did plead for the Jews. I visited the penitentiary to-day and the asylum also, and conversed with painful wrecks of humanity. I often think of the idiot who said to his brother, whom he overheard praying in a summer house, and thanking God for manifold mercies and blessings. On his leaving, the idiot brother said to him, "Well, brother, I heard you there, thanking God for many things; but there was one thing 120 you did not thank him for." "What was that, brother?" said the other. "You did not thank God," said he, "for your reason." Oh, what untold mercies crowd our pathway day by day, to which we pay very little heed; but if we could only behold in those asylums that once learned philosopher, that honourable statesman, that eloquent advocate, that brave general, that clever theologian, with all their fine intellectual powers now shattered and in ruin; and further still, if we could only hear the clanking of their chains, their frantic cries, their terrific groans, and their unmeaning and hysteric laugh, we would oftener offer up that prayer in greater sincerity, "Give us that *due sense* of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we may show forth thy praise, not only with our lips but in our lives," &c., and we would also frequently sing

"When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view I'm lost In wonder, love and praise."

How true to life do the following lines depict the scene of human woe I passed through to.day:—

"Here children dwell who know no parent's care; Parents who know no children's love dwell there; Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed; Dejected widows with unheeded tears, And crippled age with more than childhood's fears: The lame, the blind, and far the happiest they— The moping idiot and the madman gay."

An Old Fearful Prison in the States.

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The prison in Kingston contrasts most favourably with most of the kind I have seen. All manner of industry and trades are carried on, and thus the confinement is beguiled. Some of the old prisons, both here and in the States, were fearful! The following was noted many years ago by a Methodist minister; he says, "As we went from one apartment to another, and beheld the wretched criminals, they would raise their eyes toward the doors to see if it was a relative who had come to visit them; but when disappointed, they went on with their labour again. Each of us carried a lighted candle as we descended into the caverns beneath, supposed to be first opened, for mining purposes. We proceeded from one cavern to another until our guide led us 121 to what he called the *sounding room*, where the echoes of the voice produced a loud and singular sound; and here was a chain firmly fastened to the rock, where very obstinate criminals are sometimes confined, until they submit to the regulations of the establishment. It has been often compared to the abode of the wicked in another world, and a suitable emblem it was in many particulars; but it is a relief to know, that it has long since been superseded." The following lines present a true delineation of not only the above "hell upon earth," but it is to be feared that there are many prison cells still as bad, and no hope of their being made much better. We have only to refer to those excavations lately seen in Spain by the Rev. Mr. Guinness;—

"To the shocked sight, the dismal cells expose, Where death-doomed felons wait life's awful close; Here demon fury every sense appals, And shakes with impotence of rage, the walls, To swell the dreadful scene, while all around The clanking chains in mournful concert sound. Where, as the night clock strikes, the culprits hear The tread of death at every stroke more near; And with the day-break startled fancy eyes: Before their view the fatal scaffold rise."

Relatives at Brockville and Prescott, etc.

*Brockville, January 28 th.* —This is a beautiful little town; and is supposed to be very healthful, perhaps arising from its proximity to the St. Laurence. The houses are built with considerable taste, and the streets have an appearance of elegance, such as is

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often found in Canadian towns. It is named after General Brock, who fell in 1812. It has about 5,000 inhabitants. You can cross the St. Laurence from this town in a ferry boat to Harrisburg, in the State of New York. Here I was most cordially received by my first cousin, Mr. Henry Mulvagh, and his affectionate wife. He has been a pillar of our church in this town for many years, and he makes himself useful in every capacity. Here also I met his brother William, who has been a local preacher for years: all born in Ireland, and came out many years ago with their widowed mother, who was converted in Easky, Co. Sligo, in the days of Graham and Ouseley! I spent two days here with much delight, and, I trust, the public 122 services will not be forgotten. It was quite a time of spiritual joy. I spent also two hours at Maitland, where I preached a mid-day sermon; and a marvellous time it was, not less than thirty sought the mercy of God. Near to this, Barbara and Paul Heck are buried. I met a grand-daughter of their's in Maitland, far advanced in life but happy in God.

### Missionary Meeting at Brockville.

At a subsequent visit to this place, I assisted at the Missionary Anniversary of this town, when I met the Rev. Mr. Harper from Ottawa, as one of the deputation. He also is Irish, and a very clever man, and speaks the Italian language well; he would willingly go to Italy as a missionary at any moment. He made an admirable speech to-night. Mr. Brock, pastor of Prescott, told us of some of his pioneering adventures in Canada. On one occasion when riding over a partially frozen river, the ice gave way, and down went man and horse; but according to the usual plan in such cases, he by some means stopped the breath of the animal, in order that it might swim, which is always the case when so deprived; otherwise the animal would sink. He must have gotten his arms round its neck, and held fast the windpipe, which is altogether a marvellous way of escaping from being drowned. If Dr. Coke knew this method at one time, when thus exposed, he might have been saved the dreadful drenching he endured, but miraculously escaped. Here I met with the Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Cooney, who was educated in Dublin for the Roman Catholic priesthood. It is full of incident, and worthy of being widely spread. It gives an account of how he became a Methodist and a Methodist Preacher, which he continued to

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be until this year, 1870, when he passed away to the inheritance above, from Toronto! He entered our ministry in the same year as the Author, 1831.

From Brockville I had to travel to Prescott (7 miles) in the midst of a thorough Canadian snow-storm; and in a short time the snow rose to a great height; and to see females walking along was painful to me, but I hear they don't mind it at all, although they had to wade along almost knee deep; but they wear very long-legged tight boots, 123 almost to the knee but carry no umbrellas. The friend who drove me in his sleigh was in a curious plight; but I had an umbrella, a luxury scarcely ever indulged in by male or female in Canada: the former are well furred, the latter well *clouded*, that is, a very fine woollen shawl is worn over head and face, through which they can see pretty well; but it would be difficult for others to distinguish them. Brother Brock, the pastor of Prescott, received us with all the rights of hospitality, like a thorough hearted Irishman: he is from *Granard*, in the County Longford. Can any good come out of Nazareth? We would answer, as formerly, "Come and see." He greatly interested me with his early travels and difficulties in this country, his anecdotes and interviews with priests and bishops, &c. On one occasion he heard a priest deliver a sermon on Peter as "The Rock of the Church!" and after going over all the waves brought to beat upon that rock, from the apostolic times down to the days of John Wesley, he said, "They all failed, for the Church was founded on a rock. But why do I speak," said he, "of John Wesley? Because he was one of the best men that ever lived. His whole life was a labour of love; and if the Church could be moved at all, it would have been moved by him: but it was not, for it was founded upon a rock, 'and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'"

Lorenzo Dow and Adam Averell.

Here also (Brookville) I met with "The Life of that singular and eccentric, but remarkably useful preacher, the late Rev. Lorenzo Dow." Next to Whitfield, no man had attained a greater or more extensive celebrity. He was born in 1777 in the State of Connecticut, and was converted in early life. He visited England and Ireland twice or three times.

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His Republican views were very strong, which hindered his usefulness in this country; but notwithstanding, he had some marvellous times and conversions. He afterwards obtained leave from King George III. to remain in this kingdom as long as he pleased. At one time he drew a very large crowd by an announcement which he made, that he would preach on the following evening from the words of the Devil; and took for his text Luke iv. 6, 7: "All this power I will give thee," &c. It is likely he had five for one who would have otherwise gone to hear him. So much for the power of curiosity. Many exploits and eccentric tales are told about him. His life, including that of his wife and writings, contains over 500 pages of a closely printed octavo, and is now before me. He wrote very numerous tracts on various subjects. He always called Calvinists "A double L *part* men!" He died at Georgetown in the United States, in the district of Columbia, on the 2nd of February 1834. He travelled for thirty-four years, and was 57 when he died. He visited almost every part of the United States. The last lines in the book are:—

"And well assured I am, True peace is only known Where He, the harmless Lamb, Has made the heart his throne. Then, there may tempests rage, Cannon may roar in vain The Rock of every age, The Lamb the Lamb doth reign."

In the life of this wonderful man, now noticed, the following account is given in his own words of the conversion of the Rev. Adam Averell: "I visited Tentower, Mr. Averell's residence. His conversion occurred thus:—A church clergyman gave him a rap on his head one day with a cane, in play, when he was only six years old; he said to his grandmother, 'I wish he would never come here again,' and when she saw the lump on his head, she was equally exasperated. He asked 'why such a man preached?' She said, 'To save people; but he would not, except he was well paid for it.' He said, 'When I am grown up, I will preach for nothing.' She said, 'That is a good resolution, but you will forget it.' He said, 'I will not.' His father lost a purse of gold sometime after, and said, 'The child who would find it and return it should have whatever he would ask.' Adam found it, and said, 'Let me go to college instead of my brother,' and would not be put off. He went, and became a church minister, but preached for hire. One day having called on a Quaker

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family, they said to him—‘Art thou the man who preaches for hire in the *steeple house*? Don't thee preach for hire?’ He said he did. ‘Dost thou think it right?’ He said, ‘I don't know that it is wrong.’ ‘But is it right?’ said the Quaker. His youthful promise to his grandmother 125 started to his mind; he was baffled. ‘Dost thou want for light?’ said the Quaker. He said ‘Yes.’ So *the friend* gave him a book against hirelings, which when he read, carried conviction to his mind. He gave up the curacy, which his wife had for pocket money. She said to him, ‘What shall I do for pocket money now?’ He said, ‘My dear, I hope God will enable me to make out as much another way.’ He built a pulpit in his own house (like Harrison of Naas) and began to hold meetings; but was not yet converted. One man, who had heard him got converted, and professed to know his sins forgiven. Averell reprov'd him, saying, ‘I don't know my own sins forgiven.’ ‘If you don't,’ said a Methodist, who was standing by, ‘I do, and if you look for the witness, you will get it also.’ So he did, and joined the Methodists, and began to itinerate, but persecution awaited him; one day a man in a mob shouted, ‘The d—I split my head open, if I don't do so and so to the Swaddler,’ but he was restrained from doing violence. That man afterwards had his own head literally split open by a French sword on the Continent, the account of which, one of his companions, who heard him make use of the above words, wrote home, and requested in the letter for no one to oppose Mr. Averell, for that he was a man of God.” Thus ends this marvellous story recorded in Dow's journal about sixty years ago, and almost similar to that recorded by Messrs. Stewart and Revington, who wrote Mr. Averell's life.

Montreal City, Lower Canada.

*Montreal, January 30 th, 1869.*—Here I arrived to-day (Saturday), and the reception I met with both from my own relatives (uncle and family, &c.) and several ministers and influential lay members of the Church, constrains me to wonder, and adore the kind Providence which thus opens my way and grants me such a large share in the friendships of the wise, the good, the truly great. I may well adopt and endorse every word of the following lines on genuine friendship—

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul! Sweetener of life, solder of society, I owe thee much, Thou hast deserved of me Far, far beyond what I can ever pay. Oft have I proved the labours of thy love, And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart Anxious to please."

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My uncle came out many years ago, and succeeded amazingly in worldly matters, and is also a pillar in the church of St. James-street for the last forty years. He can truly say that religion is not only worth a world, but that it is worth *two* —for "it has the promise (not only) of the life that now is, but that which is to come." Montreal is the commercial capital of Lower Canada, indeed I may say of all Canada! Quebec is the military, and Ottawa the Legislative Capital of the Dominion. Montreal has greatly risen both in mercantile prosperity and architectural improvements during the past few years. Its name by abbreviation is derived from the great mountain close by, called Mount Royal. I spent ten days in this city, and oh, what a time of hallowed excitement it was, especially in Great St. James's-street Church where I principally laboured, and where we had marvellous displays of divine grace, the glory of the Lord was revealed. But while all this was going on with us, the outside world was all bustle and anxiety and gaiety. Sir John Young's inauguration as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada took place while I was here; how little did the courtiers know of the scenes of far higher importance (than State etiquette or royal charters), which were going on with us, at the same time. If we might use the phraseology, "Many precious and priceless souls were *instated* into the divine family, and made heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord." Sir John had a very busy time of it in visiting colleges and schools of all parties, and in receiving and answering addresses; our time was spent asking and receiving answers from above; our joy was great, our gratitude sincere, and angels rejoiced with, around, and over us!

The Fall of St. Patrick's Hall.

An awful accident occurred during my stay here, by which about 2,000 of the inhabitants of the city and neighbourhood were very nearly hurried into eternity! It was by the falling



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in of the roof of the great hall of the city called "St. Patrick's Hall,"—this occurred on the night of a great ball being held in it in honour of Sir John. The walls oscillated, I suppose, by the dancing, and the weight of snow on the roof; a slight noise was heard, and there were 127 only a few minutes to give the alarm! All fled. And in a moment after, down the tremendous roof came, and yet with the exception of a few slight scars (as if to remind them of the danger and escape), no serious injury was done. "In the midst of (deserved) wrath, God remembered mercy," but I fear they will soon return to their old folly. The great image of the saint was broken in pieces, and lay like Dagon before the ark. It was not right to make the great saint a patron of such folly and madness as that of "ball dancing." Dr. Clarke, who was in early life passionately fond of dancing, but before his conversion, speaks of it afterwards thus—"Dancing was with me a perverting influence, an unmixed moral evil, it weakened moral principle, it drowned the voice of conscience, and was the first cause of impelling me to seek my happiness in this life! I have it justly in abhorrence for the moral injury it did to me, and I can testify I have known it to produce the same evil in others. I consider it therefore as a branch of that worldly education which leads from things spiritual to things sensual, and from God to Satan. I know it to be evil, and that only. They who bring up their children in this way, or send them to those schools where dancing is taught, are consecrating them to the service of Moloch, and cultivating passions so as to cause them to bring forth the weeds of a fallen nature, with an additional rankness, and deep-rooted inveteracy; shame on those *Christian parents* who advocate a cause by which many sons have become profligate, and many daughters ruined." Cicero, a heathen, wrote—"No man in his senses will dance." It is cause of thankfulness to know that the religious interests of this community are keeping pace with the prosperity of the city, at least so far as Methodism is concerned. I was, however, grieved to see one or two Episcopalian places, where ritualistic tendencies prevail. Here (Montreal) I met Mr. John Barry the respected son of the late Rev. John Barry, formerly missionary at Barbadoes and Jamaica, and originally from Cork, Ireland, where I had the pleasure of meeting him in the year 1831, when I passed the district in Cork as a candidate for the ministry, and oh, how he encouraged me on that occasion; he was over to Ireland for the good of his health,



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and soon after returned to his hallowed work! 128 What a prominent part he took in the emancipation of the slave, and how important his testimony before the Home Government; afterwards he was appointed to Montreal where he finished his hallowed course. "He was truly a burning and a shining light." His son is now a partner with my uncle in a highly respectable mercantile establishment; his wife is daughter to the late John Smith, Esq. (formerly of Pettigo, Ireland). He was brother of my esteemed friends, Mr. George and Dr. Smith of Belfast. I met and laboured with many ministers of note, such as the Rev. Messrs. Douglas and Borland, &c. I also called on the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, formerly Wesleyan, now Independent, being requested by a friend in London, who formerly knew him, to do so.

### Thunder Storms.

Dr. Jenkins was in the pulpit in great St. James's Methodist Church in this city twenty years ago, when Dr. Dixon cried out, (after the candles were put out by a thunder-storm) "What shall I do?" It was an awful scene. Dr. Dixon's description of a Canadian thunder-storm is as follows:—"The storm was exceedingly grand, the thunder was loud and terrific, the rain descended in torrents, and the lightning (unlike ours of the forky description) appeared like sheets of fire, whilst the heavens seemed enveloped in one universal blaze." Another describes a Canadian storm thus: "The heavens became suddenly darkened with clouds, large drops of the coming deluge began to thicken; Nature, from a perfect calm, is thrown into a tremendous uproar; tempest rolls on tempest, the storm rages in fury, the clouds in black sheets fly to either pole, waves of fire roll across the sky, peals of thunder succeed each other with fearful rapidity, the earth trembles, the heavens resemble the ocean in a storm, billow rolling on billow, broken here and there into fragments of fire; at the end of an hour the storm is at the crisis—then the raging winds subside, and the electric fires are extinguished by a torrent of rain, and soon all is calm and beautiful again."

Dr. Jobson gives a graphic description of a similar scene which he and Dr. Hannah witnessed in Washington in 1858; it is thus:—"It came on in the dusk of the evening, the 129 clouds gathered black above and very dense, the lightnings flashed incessantly, and

the thunder literally shook the earth with its echoes. At one time the firmament was all a-flame around us, and then it appeared to open and shut in different parts with fire. The wind rose and rushed along furiously, until we could not walk the streets. It bent and split the trees of the avenue, and howled fearfully in the corners, and among the chimneys of the houses. A few large pattering drops of rain fell and spread themselves upon the pavements; and then as if the sky had suddenly burst, the waters poured down in torrents, and ploughed up the ground into deep rugged furrows, until one was ready to imagine that a second deluge was come." I would say, how delightful to be able to sing in the midst of all this "war of elements,"

"This awful God is ours our Father and our Love." 9

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## **Chapter XI. Return to Upper Canada—Revisits to several Places.**

"Christian soldier, watch and pray, Foes surround thee night and day; Wield the sword and wear the shield, Soon thy foes shall quit the field. Your motto is, 'mid scorn and frown, 'Who bears the cross, shall wear the crown.' What are all the gems of earth? hat the pride of royal birth? Thou canst boast an ancestry Higher than earth's pedigree; Thou art heir of joys to last Secure when those of earth are past."

Leaves Montreal—Love Feast at Toronto—Experience of persons of colour—Conversion of a young minister—Preaches before Mr. Punshon—Mr. Hodgins, Dublin—Visits Prison—Dr. Freshman—Out-door preaching—Mr. Ouseley—Accident at Hamilton—Birthday—London (New)—Young ministers' examination—Missionary Ladies—Woman—Dr. Coke—Marriage—Letter—Aurora—Poetry on the Irish Missionaries—Mr. Dewart as a poet—Brantford—Mr. Gemly—Peter Jones—Queen Victoria—Cowper—Peter Jacobs—John Sunday—Judge Jackson—St. Catherine's—Mutability of life—Poetry.

I BADE an affectionate and grateful farewell to my dear friends in Montreal, whom I shall not soon forget, but whom I hope to see once more before I finally leave in the month

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of May. I preached in Brockville, Peterborough, Toronto, Aurora, Hamilton, and London, &c., as will be seen in the following sketch. I assisted at a love feast in Toronto, and I was much interested as well as amused with the plain and familiar manner in which some persons of colour spoke. One man said, "Me was full year and de half seeking religion, and me could na find it; but one day me sweep out store (shop), and all beenonst me, de Lord came right down upon me, and swept me out, right clean away; and me be now happy. Brederen, pray for me." Another said, "Me had hard work to find religion; but me find it harder to keep it. Me taught, me had fought de devil right out; and dat me got rid ov 'm, but him return last week, and him began 131 to fight again: den me say, 'Now here goes, devil, me fight till me die.' Me spose him don't like me, and me be sure me don't like him. Mee'l fight until me gets de victory, and den mee'l shout all de way home troo de blood ov de Lamb." A poor white woman stood up and said, "I went forward the last time you were here to get my husband prayed for; and, thank God, he was converted the next day." During my stay here at this time, I was much pleased with the account which a young minister gave me of his conversion. He was a Roman Catholic up to his seventeenth year; and at that time was induced, at the request of a respectable young man, to go to a revival meeting; he did so, and went a second time, and on the third night he sought and found peace with God. Several of his friends are still Roman Catholics. He promises to be very popular and very useful.

While here (Toronto), I preached in Adelaide Church, where Mr. Punshon and family worship, and where he occasionally preaches. The Lord gave me of liberty while I dwelt on "the sufferings of Christ and the glory which should follow." Before I engaged in this service, I accompanied my friend Mr. Hodgins (at whose hospitable house I am now stopping) to the city jail, where he holds religious services on the Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. I had to preach to about one hundred convicts, who conducted themselves in the most correct manner. Some of the men were very respectable looking; and of women also not a few! I selected Zechariah ix. 12—"Turn to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope," &c. It was a time of deep interest to me, and I was rejoiced to find such an amount of

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sympathy, in the way of instruction, brought to bear on both sexes by Christian ladies and gentlemen.

Toronto—Dr. Freshman, the Converted Jew.

Here, I met Dr. Freshman, at a missionary meeting. He interested us all beyond measure for nearly an hour. He pleaded hard for the poor Jew. He said, "We can pity poor Figi; but who pities the poor Jew, and yet our Lord pitied them, for he was a Jew himself; they are now like sheep without a shepherd and without a fold, and neither food nor feeder have." He told us of several 132 blunders which he made when learning the English language. At one time he published for a great learned doctor to preach, and in wishing to give him the epithet *distinguished*, he said, "the great *extinguished* doctor so and so, will preach," &c. He was quite animated and humorous, and is a very interesting platform speaker. May the Lord save the Jews, and "bring in the fulness of the Gentiles!"

About this time I preached both in the street and suburbs of Toronto. One respectable looking man came forward and promised he would break the Sabbath no more, he was addicted to doing so. I also preached at Devonport, a few miles from the city (Toronto), and met remarkable instances of Ouseley's former labours in Borrisokane (Ireland), now pillars in the Church here. After this, on one night in Queen street, Toronto, no less than thirty-five persons stood up to glorify God for blessings lately received. I took the street after this in Hamilton, and the farmers who were in the city selling firewood, heard gladly the word of exhortation. I believe a "general mission" for open air and street preaching, would be a great blessing to Canada, especially Canada-west; but who will volunteer?

Hamilton.—The Great Railway Accident.—Birthday, etc.

I came to this city again, by special invitation; to preach missionary sermons, and assist at the missionary anniversary. It is called "the ambitious little city," and is rising fast to civic claims, and running hard to overtake its bordering sister, Toronto; but alas! it obtained, some time ago, a tragic notoriety, by reason of the terrific railway accident close by,

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when some seventy immortal beings were hurried into eternity. I passed over the wooden bridge to-day, through which the carriages broke down. Several of the passengers were members of our Society, and truly pious. To hear the harrowing account of the various bereavements was heartrending. In the midst of life we are in death.

*March 28 th.—Sabbath, Hamilton.* —Preached in Dr. Evans's church in this city to-day. It was he who laboured and endured so much in Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, and in other places of the mission field. I preached 133 also to-day in two other chapels, and “the arm of the Lord was made bare.” I might say, in all the congregations, especially in that of Dr. Evans's, we had some rich tokens, as if prelusive of a coming shower.

*March 29 th, 1869, Hamilton.* —This is my birthday. I may surely exclaim with the Psalmist, “Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.”

“Oh, the goodness of God In employing a clod His tribute of glory to raise, His standard to bear, And with triumph declare His unspeakable riches of grace.”

I was invited to take part in the missionary anniversary in King-street church. I was much delighted with Dr. Evans's apostolical labours in British Columbia for many years. He is English, and first laboured under the Parent Missionary Society in London. His communications formerly enriched the *Missionary Notices*. He is highly esteemed in Canada. Of him and his colleagues it may be truly said, they endured hardness amidst wilds, and wastes, and solitary places, natural and moral.

“Where untamed nature held the revels wild, There, on their pious toil their Master smiled; Now Eden blooms, and savage hordes are mild.”

*London ( New. )*—This is a rising city and likely to vie with the other cities of Canada, especially in church interests. In commerce it is likely to do well also; but its agricultural resources all round, are very abundant. The city has all the paraphernalia of the names of London proper, such as Cheapside, Fleet Street, St. Paul's, Thames, Blackfriar's Bridge,

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London Bridge, Westminster Abbey, &c. Its streets are wide, but not all filled up yet. I suppose it may have 40,000 inhabitants. Methodism is a great and felt fact in this part of Canada, and it is likely to go ahead. This is my second visit to this city, and I find that the good work commenced about three weeks ago, when I was detained by a snow-storm, continues with great power. The ministers, the Rev. James Elliott (Irish) and Briggs (English), are workmen indeed. On my arrival I found a number of young preachers waiting in the city to be examined by several senior ministers, in their course of reading and study through the year—preparatory 134 both to the District and Conference, some for continued probation, and others for ordination. I hear they passed through very creditably, although the curriculum of examination was very lengthy and varied. I understand it has been moderated a little. At all events it shows that the Conference will not (if possible) lay hands suddenly on any man. There were about fifty young men in all; and while they were waiting for their papers, the Rev. Mr. Lavell, from Galt, requested me to address them. I did so, and dwelt on three points, Duty, Discouragement, and Reward. I dare not call it a charge, for I had no official authority to do so; but we had an interesting time, and the young men seemed to be greatly encouraged, when I told them of Irish toils and triumphs. One of the young men of the name of Mahon, claimed relationship to me in the way of spiritual parentage. I preached in the evening before all the ministers. It looked like a Conference. The prayer meeting after, was a glorious success. Souls were saved.

In coming to this city (London), I met two missionary ladies; one, who had recently arrived from the Sandwich Islands, was returning to the States, after a visit to Montreal. This lady is the wife of one of the missionaries of the American Board of Missions. She came home to leave her two children at school. Oh, what a cheerful and happy creature! enough to make any one in love with missionary life. She left her husband behind, and she intends to return soon. I said, "I suppose you must feel very lonely, as you have none but natives to mix with. I suppose your friends at home pity you very much." "Pity me," said she, "they may pity themselves; they need not pity me. I pity them. I am never lonely. I am as happy as I can possibly be. I want no company when I have my husband." The other was a

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young person, and just returning from near Constantinople, where she teaches a native school of Nestorian children. She is employed by the Female Board of Foreign Missions. She said, "she was as happy as she wished to be in this world." The Nestorians have the Scriptures preserved in their purity; but are opposed to our form of worship, and to most of our doctrines. She too "put a cheerful courage on," and intended to go back to her loved employment. I said to myself, "What cannot 135 woman do, when her heart is rightly laid on the altar of God!" No wonder the poet would thus pourtray her again—

"Woman may err, and lose her pure estate, But thousands make amends by heavenly pity, By patient kindness, by enduring truth, By love, supremest in adversity. Her's is the task to succour the distress'd, To feed the hungry, to console the sad; To pour the balm upon the wounded breast, And show sweet sympathy ev'n for the bad.'

No wonder Dr. Coke used to write with such ardent love to his *precious* wife, who, it appears, was in every way worthy of the Doctor. His letters would no doubt supply another rich Cardaphonia, especially if we might judge from the original one which now lies before the author; and it is said he wrote to her daily. Her name was Penelope Goulding Smith, and the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune in the county of Wilts (England). His first interview with her occurred thus: he came to Bristol on one of his missionary begging tours, and asked Mr. Pawson, the superintendent minister, to give him some names and addresses. "Why," said Mr. Pawson, "there is a lady now staying at the Hot-wells, who, I should not wonder, would give you something handsome; and if you like, I will show you myself where she is lodging." It was done forthwith, the two ministers walked over to Clifton, and then and there Dr. Coke first saw his future wife. He obtained a large subscription of some hundreds of pounds, and one of the best of wives also, which gave fresh buoyancy to his eagle wing.

The following is an extract from the letter mentioned above, and written to Mrs. Coke shortly after their marriage:—

*Wednesday, Noon.*

Most Dear of all Created Beings,

Farewell for a few hours; I shall long to be with you again; but as I am in the way of pure duty, God will support me and keep my mind composed. I shall fly back to you, as it were, in the evening. It is a great addition to my happiness that I am fully assured we shall love each other to all eternity. Adieu, thou precious love of my heart in Christ Jesus. Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit thee. The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, &c., both now and evermore.

I am most faithfully and eternally thine,

THOMAS COKE.

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Nor was her love less ardent and sincere for him, if we may judge by the form of consecration which she drew up in her private memorandum on the day of their wedding. It is given to us by Dr. Etheridge, in his life of Dr. Coke, and is as follows—

“We have presented ourselves unto God, and under Him to each other, and were solemnly married in the Lord this morning. Unto thee we give up our whole selves, all we have, and all we are. Accept of our surrender and sacrifice in and through the Son of thy love! Bless my most beloved husband and me, in our new relation to each other! May we be Thine altogether, now, henceforth and for evermore! Amen.”

These extracts surely supply a good example for conjugal affection and honour. There are some other expressions in his letter even more uxorious than what I mentioned, but I will not take the liberty of recording them. Enough has been said on both sides to justify what Dr. Johnston says of marriage, “The strictest tie of perpetual friendship.” And I think the old doctor himself would have no objection to be married the second time as well as Dr. Coke,



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because he defends second marriages thus, "The highest compliment a man can pay to the past wife is, by taking a second, for it shows, that the first wife made him so happy as a married man, that he wishes to be so a second time." Nor need we wonder at the above instances of conjugal love and esteem, for they were founded on Christian principle; but to find them as strong as death among Indians is most gratifying. The following instance will put to the blush many so called *Christians* in their married state, whose cruelty to each other we read of in almost every periodical of the day:—"In the year 1835, a party of the Michigan tribe of Indians including the chief, Muk Coonee (the Little Boar) and his squaw, or "The Lady of the Wild," came to London to negotiate for the sale of land. It appears, the chief's squaw (whose name signifies *Diving Mouse* , and who was only 26 years), sickened and died. When she felt the death sickness on her, she refused all medicine, saying—"If the Great Spirit intends that I shall die, He would be angry at any attempt on my part to avert the doom." Loud were the wailings of the chief and his friends round the couch of the dead squaw, and she was buried in the greatest pomp. The funeral took 137 place at St. John's Churchyard in the Waterloo-road. The address of the chief in his own language was most affecting. It was translated thus:—"For three years prior to my visit to this country I rested on the bosom of my wife in love and happiness; she was every thing to me, and such was my fear that illness or accident might part us in England, that I wished her to remain behind in our settlements. This she would not consent to, saying, "You are all the world to me, and in life or death I will remain with you. We came, and I lost her. She who was all my earthly happiness is now under the earth; but the Great Spirit has placed her there, and my bosom is calm. I am not, I never was, a man of tears; but her loss made me shed many." These were red men, says one, but not *Indians*; nor did they profess Christianity. All this affection is justifiable, but stronger still when prompted and sustained by the divine principle mentioned in the following lines—

### ON DIVINE LOVE.

"True love indeed, is light from heaven  
To man alone this gift is given  
To saints on earth and saints above,  
'To Love,' is heaven, and heaven is love.  
It is the sympathetic fire Which

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lifts from earth each low desire; A feeling from the Godhead caught, To wean from self each sordid thought. A ray of Him who formed the whole, A glory circling round the soul; It is the spring of harmony, Which links the soul, O Lord, to Thee”

Mr. Wesley ordained Dr. Coke in England as a bishop to take the oversight or episcopate of the American churches after the war of independence. The form of Mr. Wesley's letter demissory is now before me, and reads thus:—

“To all to whom these presents shall come, I, John Wesley, sendeth greeting.—Know all men that I, John Wesley, think myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. I have this day set apart Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law, by the imposition of my hands, whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work, and a fit person to preside over the flock of Christ. Dated this 2nd day of September, 1784. John Weslet. ”

Dr. (now Bishop) Coke ordained or consecrated in turn Francis Asbury as the first bishop set apart in America, 138 and gave him his letter demissory nearly similar to the one above; it is thus—“Know all men that I, Thomas Coke, presbyter of the Church of England and superintendent of the Methodist Church in America, did set apart Francis Asbury, first as deacon, then as elder, and now as superintendent or bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whereof I have hereunto set my seal, Thomas Coke. ” These letters speak for themselves as to the *dissenting* character of Methodism in those days; nor can any deny the true Scriptural and apostolic episcopacy to those great men whom God himself ordained. Nor did Wesley fail to oversee even the temporal wants of his preachers. In the life of the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, called “the Methodist Demosthenes” just published, there will be found a strong proof of Mr. Wesley's kindness and of Bradburn's genius. Sam was in difficulty, and wrote to Wesley for help. Wesley responds thus—“Dear Sammy—Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Yours affectionately, John Wesley. ” This letter contained several £5 notes, to which Bradburn returned the following characteristic reply:—“Rev. and dear Sir—I have often

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been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such *useful expository notes* upon it before.—I am, rev. and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant, S. Bradburn. ” Bradburn states that Mr. Wesley gave away in charities alone not less than a thousand a year, and in one of those years he gave £1,400. Dr. Clarke says of Bradburn as a preacher, “I have never heard his equal.” The great Richard Watson, who went twenty miles to hear him (even when there were no rails), said, “I am not a very excitable subject, but Mr. Bradburn’s preaching affected my whole frame; I felt the thrill to the very extremity of my fingers, and my hair actually seemed to stand on an end.” Mr. Wesley’s laconic style of letter writing was, at another time, displayed in answering a brother on quite a different theme to that of Bradburn’s. A great revival took place on a Circuit, and the superintendent or helper wrote to Mr. Wesley, and said “that they were all worn out,” and begged him to send them some ministerial help. “My dear Brother,” 139 said Mr. Wesley, “the less of human, the more of Divine power you may expect. Yours truly, J. Wesley. ” Whether our good brother thought that this was as valuable an exposition as Bradburn’s on such texts as “Without me ye can do nothing,” &c., “Not by might,” &c., “The good that is done on the earth,” &c., I cannot say. Dr. Coke was the companion of Asbury for years, at least during his frequent visits to the States. It is said he crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, and was called “the Flying Angel;” he endured great hardship in America. At one time he was very near being drowned in crossing a deep river; he was carried down a great way, and was only rescued by a branch of a tree which overhung, and of which he caught hold when about to sink: but God had greater and wider work for him to do, and faithfully it was done; but at last he fell a martyr to his burning zeal for the conversion of all India,—he died on his way to the East in the year 1814. His body lies in its ocean bed; and it would appear that an ocean grave well became him, as a fit emblem of his world-wide purposes, that every shore might be visited by the blessings of his high commission, and that every wave should be regarded as sounding his requiem, until “the sea shall deliver up its dead.” Never was the sentiment of the poet more truly verified, than of Dr. Coke’s body as one of ocean’s brightest gems—

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"Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

And those dark caves will retain the precious deposits committed to their trust, until the Archangel's trump shall sound.

*Aurora.* —This is a very nice village about 25 miles west of Toronto. Here I spent two days, and found some Irish friends doing well. I met a marvellous case of blindness in a man of 80 years of age; it is said he followed a murderer many years ago to the States, and overtook him, had him brought back, and proved against him. He was hung, but his pursuer lost his sight by the fatigue, although the murdered man was nothing to him but his neighbour. I was interested in his case. It was affecting to see him led forward by his son to be prayed for, which indeed we did earnestly, and I believe, not in vain. The pastor, the Rev. Joseph Shaw, is from Ireland, and his wife also; they are 140 from Ballycanew side, County Wexford. She is one of the Bolton families, who, with many others, were some of the first fruits of the Irish missionaries, Graham, Ouseley, Taylor, Feely, Wilson and Tackaberry, all of whom laboured hard in that country.

Remarkable Poem.

A gentleman, now residing in London (England), on reading "The Apostle of Kerry" was led to write a beautiful poem on the above six ministers; he calls it "Fifty years ago and upwards," and contains about 220 lines. He knew them all well, in the County Wexford. The whole would be worthy a place in any work on the Irish missionary question, and on its genuine evangelization; and I hope it will yet see the light. The following lines are given as a specimen, with a slight alteration and transposition:—

"The *first* was GRAHAM, apostolic, warm, Whose smile would soon malignity disarm; The next, brave OUSELEY, who fell'd and hew'd Falsehood and vice, where'er they dared obtrude; Then TAYLOR, who, 'mid hard and well wrought toil, Succeeded Satan's kingdom to despoil; Nor less young FEELY, blest, with talents fam'd, A workman needing not to be

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ashamed; And then dear WILSON, with panoply complete, But closet duty was his lov'd retreat; Good TACKABERRY last, not least, was lov'd by all, By rich, by poor alike, both great and small. They all are gone, in Jesus fallen asleep; The grave their bed; survivors mourn and weep. Life's battle fought to death they had to yield, But having VICI, graven on their shield! O may their mantle fall on thousands more, Like them to win and wear a crown for evermore!"

I spoke twice in this village (Aurora) in the open air; the snow was deep; some gaped, some laughed and some listened. I heard that I had one of the greatest spendthrifts in the country listening to me.

*Ingersoll.* —This town lies between Hamilton and London, and seems a brisk thriving business place. We had a stir in the church, and many testimonies for Christ. The pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dewart, is greatly beloved; he came from Ireland when a child; he is now a popular minister, and may be called "the Canadian Poet of Methodism." He is publishing a beautiful volume of exquisite poems, called "The Songs of Life." (It has been since published and 141 now lies before me.) I will give the two first stanzas of the introduction, or what he calls, "The Prologue."

"Child of my love, thy silvan lays contain The garner'd thoughts of many a pensive hour; The gush of gladness and the plaint of pain Are vocal here, as they in turn had power To tone the musings of a pilgrim soul, While onward journeying to life's common goal.

To all to whom the lays of life are dear, I now commit these rustic, broken strains; If they should dry a fellow mourner's tear, A moment soothe a burdened sufferer's pains, Wake torpid hearts to thoughts unfelt before, Or guide a soul toward heaven—I ask no more."

*Brantford, April 4<sup>th</sup>, Sabbath.* —I preached twice in the large church of this town to-day, and also addressed a large congregation of young people in the afternoon. I was delighted with the Sabbath services. Good old father Byrne came in some miles to meet me at my

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friend Jackson's; here also I met the widow of the celebrated Peter Jones, the converted Indian chief, who was one of the richest trophies of Missions in Canada.

Edmond Stoney, Peter Jones, Peter Jacobs, and John Sunday.

The Rev. Robert Huston of Dublin writes very touchingly in the two last issues of the *Irish Evangelist* (Sept. and Oct. 1870), of two of the above great men, and his reminiscences of them. Jones's Indian name was *Kakewaquonaby*, which signifies "the rising and the setting sun." He was of the Chippewa tribe, and converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Edmond Stoney, an Irishman, then one of the Canadian ministers, and the spiritual child of the Rev. Wm. Reilly. It appears after this, that Jones was instrumental in Peter Jacob's conversion: his name was Patasegah. Peter Jones came to England and Ireland about 1830, and Peter Jacobs in the year 1843; both were deputed by their tribes to negotiate land transactions with the British Government, and it appears had interviews with her Majesty, Queen Victoria, whom they called their "Great Mother." The following is Peter Jones's own journal record:

*September 14<sup>th</sup>*, 1838.—"Left this morning for Windsor Castle; called at the Mission House and Mr. Alder concluded to accompany me; so we went by the Great Western Railway to Slough; then by an Omnibus to Windsor, where we arrived a little after 11, a.m. At about half-past twelve, we proceeded to the Castle and enquired for Lord Glenelg, to whom we sent in our names. We were then conducted to his Lordship's 142 room, which is in the east wing of the castle. His Lordship appeared glad to see us, and gave us a hearty shake of the hand. The conversation was about the costume in which I should be presented to the Queen. His Lordship thought I had better appear in the English dress, as he did not know what the Indian dress was, and therefore did not know if it would be proper to appear in it; and asked if it was like the Highland Scotch dress? We informed his Lordship that it was not like the Highland dress, but that it was a perfect covering, and that I had appeared in it at large promiscuous assemblies. Lord Glenelg then said he would go and speak to Lord Melbourne on the subject. He was absent a few minutes, and

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on his return said that Lord Melborne thought I had better appear in my English dress. So we left Lord Glenelg with the understanding that I should come up to the Castle in my English dress; but to bring my Indian costume with me to the Castle. Lord Glenelg came to the inn in about half an hour after we had left the Castle, and said that he called in order to request that I would bring with me the whole of my dress to the Castle. At about half-past 2, p.m., we rode in a close fly to the Castle; and on appearing before his Lordship, I showed him the Indian costume, and when he had looked at it, he said I had better begin to put it on. I said if his Lordship thought best to put it on, I should. He replied that it was, and asked how long it would take me to dress? I said about twenty minutes. His Lordship then left us the use of his room to dress in. I then proceeded with the assistance of Mr. A. to undress and to put on the Indian costume as fast as I could, and finished dressing by the time above specified. The Honourable Mr. Murray came in to us and talked on Indian customs, languages, &c. He informed us that he had been in America, and had seen many of the western Indians. I found he understood a few Chippeway words. His Lordship at length came in and said that the Queen was prepared to receive me; and that I should kiss her hand. So away we went, following his Lordship, and in passing through the halls and rooms we saw several persons in attendance. When we had arrived at the anti-chamber, a message was sent from the Queen, that her Majesty wished to see his Lordship. He returned in a few minutes, and then the doors were thrown open, and we saw her Majesty standing about the centre of the drawing-room, with two ladies standing a little behind, and four or five Lords. Lord Glenelg introduced me to her Majesty by my Indian name, as a chief of the Chippeway Indians in Upper Canada. I bowed two or three times as I approached the Queen, which she returned, approaching me at the same time, and holding out her hand as a signal for me to kiss. I went down upon my right knee, and holding out my arm, she put her hand upon the back of my hand, which I pressed to my lips and kissed. I then said that I had great pleasure in laying before her Majesty a petition from the Indians residing at the River Credit in Upper Canada, which that people had sent by me; that I was happy to say Lord Glenelg (pointing to his lordship,) had already granted the prayer of the petition, by requesting the Governor of Upper Canada, to give



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the Indians the title-deeds they asked for. His lordship bowed to her Majesty, and she bowed in token of approbation of his lordship's having granted the thing prayed for by her red children; that I presented the 143 petition to her Majesty, thinking she would like to possess such a document as a curiosity, as the wampum attached to it had a meaning, and their totams marked opposite the names of the Indians who signed it. The Queen then said, "I thank you, sir, I am much obliged to you." I then proceeded to give her the meaning of the wampum; and told her that the white wampum signified the loyal and good feeling which prevails amongst the Indians towards her Majesty and her Government; but that the black wampum was designed to tell her Majesty that their hearts were troubled on account of their having no title-deeds for their lands; and that they had sent their petition and wampum that her Majesty might be pleased to take out all the black wampum, so that the string might all be white. The Queen smiled and then said to me, "You were in this country before?" I said, I was here eight years ago. Her next question was, how long I had been here this time, and when I was going to return. I told her that I had been here about ten months, and that I was going to sail next week. I, moreover, informed her Majesty that I had travelled a good deal in England, and that I had been highly pleased with the kind reception I had met with. When I had finished my talk, she bowed to me in token of the interview being over, so I bowed and retired."

Their visits to our churches proved a great blessing, and incontrovertibly and practically confirmed the truth that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to *every one* that believeth." Jones and Jacobs are now with God. And here I may also mention the name of another great chief, who was likewise converted through the instrumentality of Peter Jones; his Indian name is *Shawandis*, which signifies "thunder and lightning," because, as he said, his mother dreamed of those before he was born. His English name is John Sunday; he still lives, but is, I hear, very old and feeble. I remember him well in Cork and in Dublin in the year 1837. I regret I did not get seeing him in Canada. He interested, beyond measure, a large congregation in the Rotunda, Dublin, in the above year, at our Annual Missionary Meeting, on which occasion Judge Jackson took the chair, who after John had



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spoken, rose and said, "I was never more edified in all my life, and never did I see such a proof of the power of the Gospel as I have to-day, by the statements of him whom I will take the liberty of calling 'my brother'—and on the moment the judge rose from his chair, and went over and took the chief by the hand, which he warmly shook, and welcomed him as a Christian brother, and as a minister of Christ. This produced a thrilling effect. The congregation rose *en masse* 144 to witness the scene, and I had the gratification of witnessing it also. It was one of the grandest days Dublin had witnessed for years.

Many stories are told about his peculiar tact and genius. He jocosely said on one occasion, in speaking about great doctors of divinity, that the reason why they were not so numerous among the Methodists was, that Methodism was not sick enough to require their services. On another occasion he said, "If languages make great doctors I should be a very great doctor, for I learned twenty-six languages in one day," meaning the alphabet. But one of the best things he said, was in reference to the Trinity:—"Many great doctors strive to explain the *Trinity*, and they cannot do it; but I think I see how that three can be one. I look out there and I see, there be *snow*; I look out again, and I see, there be ice; and I look out again (at each time turning round in the pulpit and looking through the window), and I see there be *water*. There be three, and these three are *one*," (in substance). I consider this illustration, although very familiar, is far better than the argument to prove the Trinity attributed to St. Patrick, before the Irish chiefs, which was borrowed from the shamrock or trefoil. This latter would prove Sabellianism, the *emanation* system rather than Trinitarianism. Although Dr. A. Clarke, in his note on Ecclesiastes iii. 14. states, "Even the doctrine of the eternal *Trinity in Unity* may be collected from numberless appearances in *nature*," and then relates the account of Erasmus being fully convinced of the truth of the assertion, "These three are one, and yet distinct." He saw the same *root*, the same *fibres*, the same *pulpy substance*, the same *membraneous covering*, the same *colour*, the same *taste*, the same smell, in *every part*, and yet the *three leaves* distinct, but *each* and all a *continuation* of the *stem*, and proceeding from the same *root*. Such a fact, says the doctor, may at least illustrate the doctrine, and states that when he was a child he

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heard a learned man relate it. I have strong objections to it, nor would the analogy hold good, except with those who deny the Eternal Sonship of the second person of the Trinity. Those three chiefs claimed affinity to Irish preachers, because of Peter Jones's spiritual relationship to Stoney, the Irishman, and his relationship to Mr. Reilly. It is stated that when Peter Jones met 145 Mr. Reilly in Canada, some fifteen years ago, that he used to call him by the familiar term of "grandfather." And Mr. Reilly was the spiritual child of the immortal Gideon Ouseley, and thus the links unite. If apostolical succession can be found anywhere, it is in such a chain as this:—Ouseley, Reilly, Stoney, Jones, Jacobs, Sunday, and how many more, eternity alone will tell. Let us still pray on:

"Jesus, the word bestow, The true immortal seed: Thy gospel then shall greatly grow, And all the land o'erspread. Now then, the ceaseless shower Of gospel blessings send, And let the soul-converting power Thy ministers attend."

Mrs. Jones wrote "The Life" of her husband which, I hear, cost her a great deal of trouble and expense. She made me a present of a copy, from which the long extract above is taken.

Perhaps it was one of those converted Indian chiefs who, so affectingly described his conviction and conversion to God, before a London audience, as follows: "You know we Indians are great deer-hunters; and when we shoot the deer, he runs away as if he was not hurt; but when he gets to the hill, he feels the pain, and he lies down on that side where the pain is most severe. Then he feels the pain on the other side, and turns over; and so he wanders about until he perishes." And then said, "After I learned to pray, the pain in my heart increased more severe, I could not sleep. Like the wounded, deer I turned from side to side, but could not rest. At last, I got up at one or two o'clock at night, and walked about my room. I made another effort in prayer and said, 'O Jesus, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me,' and before the break of day, I found that my heavy heart was taken away, I felt happy: I felt the 'joy that is unspeakable, and full of glory.' I found

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Jesus indeed sweet to my soul.” It was in allusion to the wounded deer, as described above, which led poor Cowper to portray so pathetically, his own conversion, thus:—

“I was a stricken deer, that loft the herd Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed, My panting side was charged, when I withdrew To seek a tranquil death in distant shades, 10  
146 There I was found by One who had himself Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore, And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars. With gentle force soliciting the darts. He drew them forth and healed, and bade me live.”

The pastor of this church, Brantford, the Rev. Mr. Gemley, is a very able man; he was born in Dublin, and, I believe, converted to God in Montreal. (He has been since appointed as the travelling agent and secretary for the Canadian Bible Society). He abounds in anecdote. His church here is in a fine state of spirituality. I spent a very delightful Sabbath here with him. It is said that one of the holiest of old men *in this world* lives here. His name is Scott (Irish). I heard him pray. He was frequently near eternity; but the church prayed for him again and again, and again and again he was restored. He used familiarly to say, “they won't let me go home; and what good am I doing here.” They wanted his prayers, and they believed he obtained whatever he asked from God. A few such Abrahams would save a kingdom.

*St. Catherine's, April 8 th.* —On the 6th I preached here, and on yesterday evening at Merrittan two miles off, where an old friend from Ireland resides. This friend was converted at Mountmellick, twenty years ago, and sought and obtained purity of heart last night. It was a rich season here to-night (St. Catherine's); a large amount of divine power descended. Many testified for Christ, and of his ability to save to the uttermost. This is a beautiful town, and is said to be the summer resort for salubrity and enjoyment, especially by the newly married, and the *elite* from the other side of the border. I met some well-doing people here, who came from Ireland in the famine year of 1848. There is plenty of room still for as many more as wish to come. There are some good factories for tweed and cotton in this neighbourhood, but they cannot compete with the English market. Already

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spring time begins to appear; the grain to peep from the clod, the grass to undulate, the flowers to open to the sun, the forest trees begin to put on their green attire, and the fruit trees to push out their buds,—those hopeful promises of fruit. But the laws of nature may give way,—the grain may wither, the grass may fade, 147 and cease to grow, the flowers may be seared, and both the garden and forest trees, may be blasted by lightning, or

‘Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast Parched by the sun's directer ray.’

How dependent is man on the blessing and bounty of heaven, and oh, what an emblem is the above, of the mutability of all earthly good, so well expressed in the following lines, on

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

*To-day*, man lives in pleasure, wealth and pride *To-morrow* , poor, of life itself denied; *To-day*, lays plans of many years to come, *To-morrow* , sinks into the silent tomb; *To-day*, he floats on honour's lofty wave, *To-morrow* , leaves his titles for a grave; *To-day*, he has delusive dreams of heaven; *To-morrow* , cries “too late,” to be forgiven *To-day*, he lives in hope as light as air. *To-morrow* , dies in anguish and despair.’

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### Chapter XII. Niagara again—Canada or British side.

“But lone Niagara doth speak Of God both night and day, And force from each terrestrial thought, The gazer's soul away.”

Niagara from the Canadian side, various views, and ends with an extract from a beautiful poem—New York and Philadelphia the second time—Description of public places—Labours in the churches—Odd Fellows' day of walking—Franklin—House of Independence—First Methodist Conference in Philadelphia, Brooklyn—Rev. Mr. Estes, son-in-law to the venerable Henry Deery—A backslider's opposition—Rev. W. Beecher—Liberality and severity.

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APRIL 9 *th*, *Niagara*. —I hastened to this place to-day in order to have a few hours between two trains to see this world-wide wonder, of all terrestrial wonders, chief; having viewed the other side before, and described it briefly, it only remains to glance at this Canadian side now. I arrived here by vehicle about twelve o'clock noon, and spent two hours in "gazing, and, in wondering mazes lost." I said there were three "Falls," the middle or smaller, in breadth or width only ninety feet, and 164 feet deep, but the one now before me, which is called "The Horse-shoe Fall," from its likeness to a horse-shoe, is 9,420 feet long and 158 feet deep. The word *Niagara* is Indian, and signifies in that language "the great wonderful water." It was spelled ouyakaria. The River Niagara is thirty-six miles long from where it takes its rise in Lake Erie until it falls into Lake Ontario—the inclination or descent for about thirty-three miles is only thirty-three feet, but it is fifty within three miles of the Fall. "Goat Island" divides the river near the Fall, and can be reached from the American side by a wooden bridge as the stream is narrow on that side. Dr. Dixon says, he entered on it, and that he sat for a long time, not to catch the spirit of the dream, but of the rolling stream. He seems to have been literally absorbed like an eastern Fakier looking volumes, until at length he awoke as from a dream, and 149 exclaimed, "How beautiful! ay yes, that is it, it belongs to the beautiful." "Now," said he, "the scene is transformed into a perfect unity and glory,"—and there, this "living" monument still rolls on, a glorious emblem of the majesty of God, and challenges for its Creator the homage of all hearts for all time. What an emblem of eternity in its ever onward flow. It reminds me of the following lines which I met many years ago, written on "ETERNITY" by the Rev. John Wilson, jun., who travelled the Sligo Circuit, Ireland, in 1823–24, and died on the Bandon Circuit very soon after:—

"The mouldering piles of the aged tower, The solemn deep of the midnight hour; The cataract bold on the mountain side, The ocean grand with its billowy tide; The towering cliff with awful form, The eagle soaring amid the storm; The lightning flashing from cloud to cloud, The thunder roaring long and loud. These have a grandeur the soul to fill, With feelings deep unspeakable. But eternity vast, when I think of thee There's nought beside

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seems grand to me. Nor the heights above, nor the deep profound Will suffice to measure thy ample round. Thine is a period to all unknown, Save to Him who reigns on thy lofty throne. O eternity vast, when I think on thee There's nought in this world seems grand to me."

The Rev. Mr. Punshon speaks of Niagara thus, "It excites in the beholder, by turns, ideas of grandeur, beauty, terror, power, sublimity. I have stood bathed in its light. I have seen it fleecy as the snow flake, deepening into the brightest emerald, dark and leaden as the angriest November sky; but in all its moods there is instruction, solemnity and delight. Stable in perpetual instability; changeless in everlasting change, 'a thing to be pondered in the heart,' with no pride in the brilliant hues which are woven in its eternal loom, with no haste in the majestic roll of its waters; with no weariness in its endless psalm: it remains through the eventful year an embodiment of unconscious power, a lively inspiration of thought and poetry and worship—a magnificent apocalypse (revelation) of God, and surpasses everything to make it common," and I would add in the language of Bishop Simpson—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

The magnificence of the Falls consists principally in the 150 immense volume of water precipitated. I have mentioned the calculations of quantities before; but to think of 2,400 millions of tons per day, equal to 100 millions of tons per hour, or 113 millions of gallons per minute, is overwhelming. The eye may follow the rapidity of the waters as they near the brink and watch the spot from whence they spring, but the rush and roar are so great, as they plunge into the gulf below, that you are literally bewildered by their wild and impetuous confusion. Immediately you behold the spray-waves, roll up in crested curls, infinitely divided, and like gossamer float into mid air; then if the sun's altitude and the spectator's position correspond, a distinct iris or rainbow is seen amidst the revelling columns of mist which hide the broad front of the gigantic flood as they soar from the foaming chasm; the prismatic hues are extremely glowing and vivid, while the

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fragments of a plurality of rainbows are to be seen in various parts of the mystic curtain, and give a peculiar charm to this extraordinary scene. The sound is almost indescribable, being an alternation of clear and muffled sound like the hoarse voice of ocean surges heavily lashing on the shore. It is said to be sometimes heard forty-six miles off, when the atmosphere suits. With all that has been said, it would be a fruitless task to attempt a full or adequate description. The astonishing reality puts to flight the most sublime ideas of anything one can fancy or anticipate. And although the first glance may create feelings of disappointment, yet a short inspection will so fill the soul with such enthusiastic feelings, as those alone can conceive, who have been favoured with the sight, or accustomed to contemplate such scenes.

Niagara by Rev. Mr. Dewart (in part.)

“God of Niagara! Fountain of Light! Father of Mercies! hear my trembling prayer! That while I muse upon thy glorious works, And the tokens of thy presence here, Which, I am all unworthy, to behold; I may behold Thyself, and find in Thee, My strength, my light, my everlasting Friend. But now, While standing on this rocky ledge above, The vast abyss, which yawns beneath my feet, In silent awe and rapture, face to face With this bright vision of unearthly glory, Which dwarfs all human pageantry and power. This spot to me is Nature's holiest temple.

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The sordid cares, the jarring strifes, and vain Delights of earth are stilled. The hopes and joys That gladden selfish hearts seem nothing here. Unique in majesty and radiant might, Earth has no emblems to portray this splendour. Henceforth this beauteous vision shall be mine— Dagueretyped for ever on my heart.”

View from the Lower Table Rock on the Canada or British side

In order to see some of what may be well called the most awfully grand and strange sights in connection with this amazing spot of creation, one must descend several feet (perhaps

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60 or 70) underneath the table rock above, but there is some trouble and fatigue in doing so; still it will fully repay exertion. My time did not, however, admit of the adventurous pleasure. A visitor who enjoyed it to the highest degree, speaks of it thus:—"At the edge of the lower platform, is the splendid rainbow to be seen to the greatest perfection. At once a new world appears, although hearing, sight, and even feeling are absorbed; and nothing remains but a bare undefined consciousness of existence. The rocks vibrate; the milk white boiling mountain surges, advances, swells, subsides, recoils, lashes, and mingles with the thick vapour, causing a dull terrific sound which shakes and rends the air, and makes one's own words inaudible, however loud. The uproar in this conflict of wind and water for the mastery, is literally awful and bewildering. The idea which struck me, when I recovered from this stupor of astonishment, was, that of being utterly swept away by the foaming mountains, bubbling and seething at the large caldron at my feet. This, with the loss of hearing, and a feeling of instant annihilation, by the overhanging black and beet. ling rock, of 200 feet high, falling on me, was the penalty I paid for my temerity in venturing to pry so near, into those unutterable mysteries of nature; this place is called 'The Imminent Deadly Breach.' In looking at the dizzy scene, one becomes confounded and giddy." This place is seldom visited now, on account of the great danger attending the risk. The steps and the table rock are very slippery, but still, (I hear) the sights through what is called "the split or rainbow rock" fully reward. "This Rock," is formed by pieces of rock falling from the table rock of the fall above, and caught at 152 the lip of the caldron below, and has risen twenty feet high, above the mountain surge; but how it became so transfixed, baffles all conjecture. It is behind and through this rock that the grandest rainbow views are beheld. It obtains its name, because the extremity of the rainbow arch rests upon it. It is also called "Iris's Throne." But there is another penalty one has to pay, even in addition to being well saturated by the clouds of sleet and spray, and that is, to behold strange appearances both of the living and the dead. Some large black toads, and loathsome lizards, and equivocal looking eels, and water serpents are seen here and there creeping around; others of these are dead. It is truly amazing to think of the dangers and the difficulties which some men, and even women, will venture, in order to



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gratify the prying curiosity of their nature. Persons have actually gone down to *sketch* the scene: have stretched themselves at full length on the edge of the boiling caldron, with their heads over, and have actually looked down into the dreadful abyss, whereas one false step or movement would be inevitable and instant destruction. But what makes one's wonder rise most is, that there are those who will scan and sketch and strive to scale the earth, the sea, the sky, and yet attribute all to blind chance, or at best to some mysterious influence called "Nature," a folly which even a child could reprove. It is said, that an infidel was striving to explain to a child, how that chance brought the sun into existence. The little child, as if inspired, said, "And why did not *chance* make two suns?" Aye, that's the rub. "But the wish is father to the thought." Infidels "don't like to retain God in their knowledge." Of such it may be well said

"All seems infected with the infected spy, And all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye."

Truly might Young say, (and to none would it apply with more propriety than to those infidels after viewing the "Falls of Niagara,")

"An undevout philosopher is mad.

It is said that Blondin crossed over the river on a rope two or three years ago, and held a chair in his right hand, and over his head.

I wonder if he made his will, that is, if he had any thing to will. I fear, at all events, he made his own *will* more desperate 153 than before. Alas, to think, what some men will risk for a little worldly fame, is appalling. In fact, their all, for time, and for eternity. One is reminded of Prior's description of the old procrastinating madman—

"The hoary fool, who many days Has struggled with continued sorrow, Renews his hope and fondly lays, The desperate bet upon to-morrow. To-morrow comes, 'tis noon, 'tis night, This day, like all the former flies, Yet on he goes to seek delight To morrow, till to-night he dies."

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Another writer describes the lower Table Rock, thus, "The Cave of Winds," where fable states that Æolus sits and regulates the winds, is reached by a long winding staircase. It is simply an excavation underneath the sheet of water; and if one wishes to obtain the most correct idea of the vast body of water and of rich rainbow hues, he must go down here and look upwards. Feelings of tranquillity and beauty and awe seize the mind; the clouds of spray are ever and anon decorated with a splendid rainbow when the sun shines, or a beautiful lunar one at night. The imagination alone must tell the lovely harmony of foam and form and prismatic rays behind those waters. But the sight will feast the beholder as long as life shall last; the roar is heard many miles off when the wind favours, but not more than six, otherwise. The silvery cloud of fine spray or vapour is seen at the distance of three miles rising slowly into the skies; one calls it very properly,

"The everlasting incense of the waters."

We are led to ask ourselves, will these waters never exhaust themselves? We answer, Yes, when Lake Erie shall be dried up with all its tributary streams, then, and not till then, will the eagle build her nest, where once this mighty river rushes to its gigantic leap. The following is an extract from a beautiful poem written on the splendour of the Falls, by J. S. Buckingham, Esq., who indeed makes them sing

"The hand that made us is divine."

Remarkable Poem on Niagara.

"Hail Sovereign of the world of floods, whose majesty and might First dazzles, then enraptures, then o'erawes the aching sight, The pomp of kings and emperors, in every clime and zone, Grows dim beneath the splendours of thy glorious watery throne. 154 Thy reign is of the ancient days—thy sceptre from on high, Thy birth was when the morning stars together sung with joy. The sun, the moon, and all the orbs, that shine upon thee now Saw the first wreath of glory which twined thy infant brow, If Niagara's rolling flood

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seems great to us who lowly bow, O Great Creator of the whole, how passing great art thou? And from creation's grateful voice thy hymn ascends above, While heaven re-echoes back the chorus—"God is Love." Accept then. O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God! From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod— The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay, To Thee, whose shield has guarded me, through all my wandering way.

But after all, we may ask, what is all this earthly splendour when compared to the immortal grandeur of the soul of man?

"The sun is (but) a spark of fire, A meteor in the sky, The soul immortal, as its Sire, shall never die."

Whatever our conceptions of the glories of the visible creation may be, one human soul with all its vast capacities of thought, of affection and of activity, immeasurably exceeds them all. It alone can throw its light beyond the rays of the most distant luminary. It shall waive its sceptre over the ruins of suns and stars and systems. In its presence earthly beauty fades, riches perish, and the universe of matter disappears. It bears treasures which impoverish the heavens, and before which the splendours of earth pale their fires; this gem of priceless worth, is the inheritance of the poorest peasant equally, as of the highest prince or the noblest peer. In a word

"Heaven itself came down to bleed, To gain a mortal's love."

Revival in Lock Port, State of New York.

*Lock Port , 9 th April ( Evening ).*—Having enjoyed to the full—if not the feast of reason, surely "the flow of soul,"—where I stood to-day in adoring wonder and profound admiration at that wonderful specimen of God's creative power and skill, I was constrained to reiterate the language of Milton—

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"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good, Almighty, thine this universal frame, Thus wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then."

Here (Lockport), I spent a few days with my brother (whom I found in a very happy frame of mind) and family and among the churches, preaching outside and inside both on the market day and on the Sabbath, which were indeed days of the Son of Man. There is quite a revival here now, and I 155 believe my brother was the first fruit; indeed, all appear to be on the mount—ministers and office bearers, young and old. It was far different when I was here before. I find a glorious work going on also in the Presbyterian Church. I went there and spoke, and directed the earnest penitents to come to Christ for a present salvation. "The Praying Band" from Buffalo is here, and a fine body of men they are. One would almost suppose they had resolved on taking the city by storm, but "their weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." The Band consists of twelve of the most devoted men in the Methodist Church in Buffalo. Such bands are regarded as safety valves to the churches in America. Why not found elsewhere?

*New York, April 13<sup>th</sup>*, 1869.—Started from Lockport yesterday morning, and arrived here late last night. I met some curious characters as I came along. One rather respectable, and in his own way pretty intelligent, who told me his whole object through life was to make money, and that he scarcely ever read or prayed; but by way of contrast to this, I met a Mr. Evans, who with his lady and child were going to New York. I found him both highly intelligent and pious; he was formerly Governor of one of the territories before it was fully formed into a State; he is now engaged in the Pacific Railway Line; he and family are Methodists; he knows Dr. Scott very well, and spoke highly of him. It was thus cheering to meet religion and intelligence so happily blended, where one was previously dunned by the eternal talk of dollars and how to make them. Now I am in my native element again, in New York among the churches, which I find had good times during the Fall, and since I left. We had now no small stir both in 27<sup>th</sup> and 37<sup>th</sup> Street Churches. I found out some old Irish friends and a few distant relatives, to whom I endeavoured to be useful, and

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brought them to the meetings. I spoke to a blind man to-day, who sat at one of the corners in Broadway; he listened with the deepest interest, and manifested all anxiety on the subject of his salvation. A crowd gathered round immediately, and through him I had an opportunity of preaching to them; they also seemed anxious to listen and learn; and when I had done we made a collection for the blind man, and very soon he found he lost nothing by the delay. I was greatly struck with the liberality manifested, and fully confirmed what I said about the generosity of the New Yorkers.

*April 20 th, Philadelphia.* —I came here according to promise and invitation by Messrs. Lang and Devine (here again I must pause to think of the uncertainty of human life; the latter gentleman, then strong and vigorous, has lately passed off the stage of life; he fell like others, by sickness in a day.) I was met on my arrival by our old Irish friend Mr. Dardis, who cheered me by saying, "I have laid aside 500 dollars for the Irish General Mission." This was gratifying, inasmuch as I was not making any special applications, although I would gladly assist the Committee in New York to carry out their kind purposes. I shared the hospitalities of my dear friend Mr. Devine, who showed me all manner of kindness in bringing me to the churches where I preached, and introducing me to the ministers and to see important parts of the city; he brought me to to see "the old Senate House" or "Independence Hall," where there are rare varieties and valuable collections of antiquated memorials of the history of the nation's independence; there is a fine collection of portraits of all the great actors in that great event; also the old large bell which is said to have been cracked by the tremendous strokes on the day when the independence was proclaimed! A very significant Scripture inscription surrounds the rim, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the people thereof." "One must feel that he is standing on classic ground," as Dr. Jobson expresses it, "when visiting a spot like this hall, which is so intimately associated with the memories of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock, Adams and other remarkable men, all whose portraits are hung up, and are in a high state of preservation; that of Franklin is peculiarly attractive;" he rose from being a journeyman printer to sit among kings and princes; he was a thorough water drinker, or what we would

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now call “a right-away teetotaller” or Total Absterainer from all alcoholic drinks. His burial monument is a plain slab, laid flat in Christ Church burying ground, at the corner of Arch-street, and on it is merely inscribed his own and wife's name thus—

Benjamin And Deborah Franklin, 1790.

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“Pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.” I saw many other objects of interest in the State Hall. A part of Washington's pew in which he and Lafayette and Franklin worshipped; also, a portion of the stone from which the Independence was proclaimed, and the chandelier used in Congress on the night previous to the passing of the Declaration. But the most remarkable of all, the chair which was made in 1828, by order of the Board of Commissioners. It is composed of a portion of the mahogany beam taken from the house built near St. Domingo in 1496, for the use of Columbus, and which was the first ever built in America by European hands; the chair, also, has inserted in it the following relics:—“A fragment of the ‘Tealy Elm Tree’ which stood opposite the hall; also, a portion of Penn's Cottage in Letitia Court; also, a portion of the timber of the frigate, called ‘Constitution,’ and another of the ship, called ‘Pensylvania,’ all of noted ancient date; also part of the Walnut Tree opposite; also, a portion of the ‘Canebottom’ of one of Penn's chairs; also, a lock of the hair of Justice Marshall,” &c. All curiously set and beautifully wrought into this singular article of furniture; I had the honor of sitting in it. Franklin was a great admirer of Whitfield, whom he often heard, and he states, “that on one occasion when preaching a charity sermon (I suppose for his Orphan House at Savannah) he actually took every particle of money I had about me at the time, of gold, silver and brass. First of all, says he, when he began, I thought I would only give him the copper, for I did not fully approve of his scheme; as he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give him the silver, but he concluded so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.” The following lines may well describe Franklin when an old man—

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“Though old, he still retained His manly sense and energy of mind; Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe, His easy presence checked no decent joy. He remembered that he once was young, A graceful looseness, when he pleased put on. And laughing could instruct.”

On the day I visited the State House, the city was all a stir, there was a remarkable display of the Society of “Odd Fellows.” It was their anniversary, and perhaps there could not be less than twenty thousand, all very well dressed, and 158 not a drunkard among the whole lot, as far as I could see. I hear that it is a kind of relief society in case of affliction, or death or want of employment. Mr. Devine and myself looked out for a quiet spot to proclaim “the sinner's Friend and Saviour of mankind,” but could not find it. I had, however, very happy and hallowed seasons in the churches, and this visit will not soon be forgotten by me. I assisted Bishop Simpson at a “Ladies Pastoral Aid Society Meeting,” lately formed and I augur much good from it. It divides the city into districts, and it is amazing the number of visits paid; the number of the children brought to the Sunday School, and adults to the house of God; besides, the cases of want relieved, and the number of tracts distributed, surprised us. I should have said that it was in Philadelphia the first Conference of Methodism was held in America on the 4th July, 1773, and five years after its rise in New York it consisted of ten preachers, who reported 1160 members of society in the States. This was three years before the war. The Presbyterians and Baptists,” says Dr. Jobson, “are now next to the Methodism for numbers.” The Quakers are divided into two sections, called “Orthodox,” after William Penn, and “Hicksites,” after a person of the name of Hick, but who are Unitarians. The Germans and Roman Catholics are formidable bodies. Churches, libraries and all other educational and all benevolent institutions flourish and are a praise in this city. May they multiply more and more.

On the 27th I left Philadelphia, and thankful that I ever saw it; there are there some of the excellent of the earth. I called to see Dr. and Mrs. Butler, at Long Branch, on my return to New York. I found the Doctor holding a prayer meeting. It reminded me of former days,

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when he laboured hard and successfully in the Master's service in Ireland. He is now appointed as Secretary to an important Missionary Society. On the 28th I preached in Brooklyn, in the church of which I met the son-in-law of the late, and truly to be revered Henry Deery of Ireland. It was quite a treat to me to meet him and his excellent wife. I preached on the witness of the Spirit, and an old backsliding Methodist (now a Millerite) stood up and opposed the doctrine. This was new to me, and I am sure it would be so to St. John, who wrote as to the privilege of the weakest of God's children thus, "I write unto you little children, 159 because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." Mr. Estes, the pastor, immediately took up the subject, but the backslider took good care to avoid the controversy, by sliding off, and left us alone in our glory; and indeed a glorious time it was; we thanked God for this old Scriptural doctrine of Methodism. Such persons take advantage of the freedom of the country, and give great annoyance. I met another instance of it in Canada, where the individual would not escape so well as the New York spouter, only that I interfered; (and for which he gave me no thanks). He would have been expelled very summarily, because he annoyed us again and again, and at a time when the power of God was evidently on the meeting; and yet souls were saved that day.

The Rev. B. W. Beecher of Brooklyn.

This able, and it is said, sometimes eccentric minister lives here, and has charge of a very large church. He is occasionally severe, but frequently very genial. "When I was in America," he wrote, "the pulpits of the City of New York allowed all kinds of corruption to grow within its borders Ministers grow fat in the service of the devil by keeping silent when they should lift up their voices and expose the wickedness of men in high places. The very word 'Judge' stinks. Gambling, fraud, lewdness, are tolerated, and prevail. The people must rise up; for until the Church and her ministers show their abhorrence of such things, we will be at the mercy of swindlers and thieves." This is surely New York in shadow. On a late public occasion, in speaking of the various denominations, he said:—"I have walked and worked side by side with my Methodist brethren, I love their zeal and love themselves, and can trust them, and believe that God has no better servants on the earth." Again he



says, "I labour with the sound of the other world in my ears, time is short. Men are dying, what is to be done must be done quickly. The Judge is at the door. If in this work I please men I am very glad, if I displease I cannot help it, if in my impetuous zeal I am uncharitable to other men's convictions they are not more sorry than I am; everything that I am or hope to be is wrapped up in that Name which fires every pulsation of my soul. And to fill the earth with its praise and its adoration, is the one great underlying impulse and principle of my life;"

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### **Chapter XIII. Final Visit to Canada.**

"Be grateful when blessings arise, And confide when thy troubles confound thee In thy Father, who ruleth the skies, And his angels shall hover around thee. Be thine, then a foretaste of love, For a season delightful and vernal, With hereafter a summer above, Unchanging, and bright, and eternal."

Montreal.

Second visit to Montreal—Invasion of Canada—Continental war—Newly invented weapons—Floods—Death of a young minister from Montreal—Visits to the Royal Mountain and Roman Catholic Cathedral—Awful blasphemy in a drinking saloon—Miseries of Intemperance—Prescot—Rapids—Sir John Young—Barbara Heck's grave—Visits to several places—Indian Mission—Parting with eldest brother and family—Canada Conference—Farewell to Canada and New York.

MAY , 3rd, 1869.—I left New York last Friday evening; stopped in Spring Field that night, and had some pleasing interviews, and, I trust, lastingly profitable both in the train, and at the hotel with several individuals. On Saturday I came to St. Alban's, where I passed a most agreeable Sabbath. Our people there had very little idea that so much trouble awaited them twelve months from that time, by their town becoming the centre of the invading party on Canada. I am glad it passed off with such little loss of blood. War is

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sad under any circumstance, and however justifiable it may be to those who have to stand on the defence, the responsibility must be great indeed which lies at the door of those who originate hostilities. [Here I must digress, and ask, who can realize the untold horrors and terrific calamities which are now transpiring on our own Continental soil—the enormous sorrow, the fields of slaughter, the seas of blood, the measureless woe, by means of the deadly clash of arms, by the rumble of artillery, by the strength of armies, and by the new inventions for cruelty and bloodshed, and all this at such a period of the Christian era, whose motto is “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men.” How strange now that the world is so scientifically linked together by wires, as if reserved for such a time, and as if to allow partizans to gather round the two greatest military nations in Europe—each to watch the death struggle, so as to gloat over the other's destruction, because each regards the other in the light of an enemy. It is supposed that the conflict will not terminate without the loss of at least half a million of blood-bought immortal beings. When this is over, then this great warfare will, in some measure, be awfully realized. We may truly say “An enemy hath done this;” but what means the following, “It must needs be that offences will come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh.” The widow's cry and orphan's groan have already ascended to heaven, and how fearful will be the account, when the Lord maketh inquisition for blood.

“The air is full of farewells to the dying, And murmurings for the dead, The heart of Rachael (for her children crying, will not be comforted.”

Oh for that consummation so devoutly to be desired, “when the sword shall be turned into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning hook”—“when the bow (and arrow) shall be broken—the spear (of conflict) cut, the (war) chariot burned, and those that are given to war scattered,” and when “the inventors of evil things” for the destruction of human life, such as “infernal machines,” chassépots, “mitraileuses,” and “needle guns” shall all be among the things that were, and which never should have been. Oh sin, what horror, and what havocst thou made! but surely it does not require the implements of warfare, the rage of pestilence or the horrors of famine to mow down the human family.

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The great scythe of Time will ultimately do the deed, though apparently slow, yet steady to its purpose, until the work is done; as the poet very properly represents the dread decree, —“We must needs die,” in the following lines:—

“Some men with swords may reap the field And plant fresh laurels where they kill. But their strong nerves at last must yield; They tame but one another still Early or late They stoop to fate, And must give up their murmuring breath When they, pale captives, creep to death.”

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Montreal (continued.)

I find that the *freshets* (floods by melted snow) did great damage here (Montreal) and in other parts of Canada. I also found that one of our young ministers here had passed away since I left last February. The last sermon which he was preparing to preach was on the recognition of friends in heaven, but in a few days after, he took flight to realize his cherished theme. Among some of his last words were, “I feel Him precious to my soul.” During my stay here I had some precious seasons of intercourse with our worthy friend and brother in Christ, James A. Mathewson, Esq. Some of his friends also have lately passed away, “but they all died in faith.” I ascended the Royal Mount close by, with Mr. M —, at early morn, and from the top of which one would be reminded of Moses on Mount Pisgah, viewing the landscape o'er. Indeed everything around us seemed calculated to elicit serious reflections. Yonder was that immensely extensive cemetery, stretching off before us on the west side, and largely sprinkled with mementos of the dead, and of the last outward tokens of relationship and friendship. One calls them

“The dreary regions of the dead Where all things are forgot.”

But thank God, “Life and immortality are brought to light.” I also visited the great French Roman Catholic Cathedral in *Notre Dame* -street; these two French words signify “our Madam or Mother.” I was amazed at its extent. It is reputed to hold ten thousand, but Dr.

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Jobson thinks it would not hold more than six thousand. It is of the Gothic style, the one which the Doctor formerly admired so much, but I question if he would not now prefer the Greek to the Gothic. It is well pewed, unlike the European ones, which are always bare, and generally left in an unfinished state. The city is rapidly rising in merchandise, and the mansions of splendour which nestle around the base of the mountain are multiplying weekly. At one of our meetings a woman stated that her drunken husband, for whose conversion she solicited prayer, had been converted since our former services, and is now a sober and a consistent member of the church.

Awful Blasphemy.

The following advertisement, appeared in a drinking saloon in Montreal, some time ago, but was strongly reprobated by 163 the *Witness* newspaper—"Choice wines, liquors and cigars." Then follows the most blasphemous parody ever invented on the Ten Commandments—"1. Thou shalt not drink at any other bar but ours, lest thou be called a *bar* barian. 2. Thou shalt not make unto thyself any bitters, wines, liquors or anything that is spiritual. We will practice no iniquity on those who keep our commandments. 3. Thou shalt not take the name of our saloon in vain. 4. Six times a day shalt thou drink. 5. Thou shalt not ask for credit. 6. Thou shalt not kill time outside our saloon. 7. Honour the *Rainbow* saloon, that drink may be long in the land. 8. Thou shalt not steal off, and drink at other saloons. 9. Thou shalt not commit adulteration. 10. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy friends, but smile upon them and pay for all the drinks." Now for shameless outrage and singular impiety, I never heard or read of the like of this, and I defy comparison! No wonder the following would be recorded as the drunkard's character: "It umnans the man, it gives him the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine, the head of an ass; it is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity, the murderer of conscience, hurtful to the body, kills more than cannon, causes dropsies, cataarhs, apoplexies, fills the eye with fire, the legs with water, and turns the body into an hospital; it makes its subjects reckless, miserable, repulsive, blasphemous, inveigles promising youth, makes renegades from the churches, and makes rogues of

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many, causes murder, and hangs the murderer; it covers with rags, makes beggars and gamblers, and degradation follows in the fearful train in a thousand forms." In one city alone, eighty die annually out of every thousand. I had to bid beloved friends here, a final adieu, perhaps until the resurrection morn, when I trust I shall meet those endeared ones again, now by double ties, both of the flesh and of the spirit, then as the angels of God.

"Wait but awhile and we shall soar To that celestial crowd With songs in our Redeemer's praise, And hallelujah's loud. And meet where sorrows never pain, With Christ and with his saints to reign."

After I left Montreal I passed on to Prescott and Ottawa, and had old friendships revived, renewed and strengthened. I also passed on from Brookville to Kingston by steamboat 164 in order to see the thousand islands, but Dr. Jobson in his travels says there are at least 1,600 islands, and Dr. Dixon states that the term "thousand," is a definite number put for an indefinite. The whole scene, for some thirty or forty miles is enrapturing. The day was beautiful, and the St. Laurence was as smooth as glass. All was picturesque and lovely. The islands are of various sizes, some containing fifteen acres, and others only just visible, and of every form. It would repay a voyage across the Atlantic to gaze upon this magnificent street of water. It is more like Killarney than anything I have seen, but "distance (here) lends (greater) enchantment to the view." The shooting of the rapids is an adventurous experiment, and sometimes disastrous, as it was, the week after I came up. The very same vessel I came up in, on its return, was upset at the rapids, and nearly swamped. Much property was destroyed.

Rapids again.

Dr. Jobson regrets not having the chance of "a shoot," but I do not. Dr. Dixon was more fortunate than either of us; he shot them with rapturous awe. He writes: "In the course of the day we passed down the Rapids, rendered classical by Tom Moore's celebrated Canadian Boat Song," or rather hymn. One stanza is as follows:—

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"Faintly as tolls the evening chime, Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time; Soon as the woods on shore look dim, We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn. Why should we yet our sail unfurl? There is not a breath, the blue wave to curl But when the wind blows off the shore, Oh! sweetly we'll rest on our weary oar. Utawa's tide! this trembling moon Shall see us float over the surges soon.

Chorus:

Blow breezes, blow, the stream runs fast, The rapids are near, and daylight's past."

"They are perfectly frightful, says the Doctor, the descent is considerable, the river narrow, the current impetuous, the rocks turning the stream into foaming and dashing fury like the waters of the sea on a shallow shore; a perfect knowledge of the channel is necessary for the pilot, a keen eye, a strict and vigilant watchfulness; if the ship from any cause should refuse to obey the helm in the smallest degree, destruction would be inevitable. In one place the bed of the river is so abrupt and the angle so acute that one would suppose the vessel must go headlong against the shore. Such however was the skill of our pilot, that at this point we suddenly wheeled round with the current, and passed safely the whole course of the Rapids." Well done, Doctor; anything, even life itself, for romance. But of how many may it be said:

Fast downward they're dashing, Each fearless eye flashing, Though danger awaits them on every side; Yon rock—see it frowning. They strike—they are drowning! And downward they sweep with the merciless tide.

Visit to Sir John Young.—Barbara Beck's Grave.

At Ottawa I had an interesting interview and conversation with the Governor General of Canada, Sir John Young, and also his lady. He is now Lord Lisgar, lately promoted to the peerage. If I could raise him any higher I would do so. He has been an unwavering friend of mine since I first knew him in 1835, at Bailieborough, County Cavan. The Methodist

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parson at Ottawa understands the Italian language, and would go to Italy as a Missionary if required; and likely, it may yet be so. Visited dear friends in Brockville, Kingston, Prescott, and from this last mentioned place I went to Blue Stone, four miles distant, to see the burial ground of Paul and Barbara Heck. It is a nice spot, and the stones are in a fine state of preservation. Here I met their grandson, George Heck, Esq., J.P. Passed through Belleville, Peterborough, Brighton, Port Hope, (here, it is said, one of the best women in Canada resides, she left the Church of Rome about two years since,) Toronto, Guelph, Galt, Paris, London. I met the Rev. George M'Namara in Peterborough. He was formerly a Roman Catholic Priest in the West of Ireland; he is now nineteen years in our ministry in Canada, and sustains his position with much credit. He told me that Mr. Ouseley was the first Protestant minister whom he ever met. He was invited to dine with him at the house of a Protestant gentleman, and the observations which Mr. Ouseley made on that occasion, made a deep impression on his mind. It was on a Friday, and the conversation on fasting resulted in conviction, and the seed thus sown bore fruit many years afterwards in Canada! How many such cases will only be unfolded in the light of eternity? And thus has God, again and again, put honour 166 on the Irish General Mission. In Galt I met Dr. Freshman again, and his son and other members of the family. I was very much pleased with them. I spoke in the open air in most of the places mentioned; also in Florence on the Queen's birthday. Here I found my dear cousin, Charles Graham, and grandnephew "to the Apostle of Kerry." I also visited the Indian Station, about twenty miles from London. It is called the Muncey Mission; I posted it all through, as I had not seen one before. I found a large house, like one of the old Charter School houses in Ireland, very roomy, built partly by the Government and partly by subscription. There is a minister in charge; his name is Tupper; reminding me of his namesake, who wrote the beautiful work called "Proverbial Philosophy." The following would stimulate any missionary in his work—

Labour is good for man, bracing up his energies to conquest: And without it, life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless For wearily the body groaneth like a door on rusty hinges, And the grasp of the mind is weakened as the talons of a caged vulture. *M. F. Tupper.*

I found about forty—including squaws and young lads—as scholars, and several of them are learning trades. I preached without an interpreter as they understood English a little. I was, in this case, better off than Mr. Punshon, when preaching lately at an Indian Camp Meeting in Canada. I would pity the poor fellow who had to interpret for *him*. I bade a final adieu to my friends in London, in St. Mary's, in Clinton and in Goderich; here all my relatives met me. It was an amazing time, both on the Sabbath and following day. Mr. Poole, the pastor, did everything in his power to make my farewell visit agreeable to me and my friends. We had an open air service, and had many of the ministers who were on their way to Conference. I found it hard to part with my eldest brother, now a double brother, in the spirit as well as in the flesh. I trust God will keep him and his to the end. I returned to Toronto to attend the Conference, and came through Stradford, where I took the street again, and on to Dundas, a beautiful town, where I spent a precious night with dear friends, allied both by spiritual and kindred ties.

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Canada Conference.

*June 2<sup>nd</sup>*, 1869.—Conference Chapel, 12 o'clock, Public Prayer Meeting.—The moment I entered I was recognised by the President, Mr. Punshon, who had me to join in the devotional exercises of the public Conference prayer meeting. The feeling was very hallowed. I had just received a letter a little before from Ireland, informing me of the death of our dear Irish friend, the Rev. Henry Price. It produced a very solemn feeling on my mind; to think of conversing with him a short time before I left Ireland, and of being so warmly commended to God by him in prayer, and now to see his friendly face no more. I was called to a seat on the platform with the President and the other official senior brethren. I attended the Conference for four days; on the fourth day I was introduced to the Conference, to take my final leave of the good brethren, to whom I felt as much attached as if I had been for years among them. I was received every where in the most cordial manner, and our mutual regret was that I could not continue longer in each place.



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After I spoke, several brethren referred to my visit and labours among them, for the few months I was in Canada; and then a resolution was moved by Dr. Jeffers, and seconded by Dr. Ryerson, expressive of the thanks of the Conference for having prolonged my visit, &c., whereas, it was I that was laid under the deepest tribute of gratitude for their kind forbearance and love. I then took my formal farewell, the brethren standing, They afterwards presented me with a token of brotherly love; and they do love as brethren.

On the Sabbath I assisted the president and senior brethren in the ordination of fourteen young men to the work of the ministry; and it was truly a happy and hallowed occasion, especially while the president delivered his charge. Under it I was greatly affected, and so were all the brethren, young and old, as indeed the whole congregation. But when he uttered the following very touching sentences, in which he graphically compared the gospel minister to the wounded military flag bearer, and represented him as reeling and falling, the effect was thrilling. "But ere his fingers stiffen," said he, "he has tossed the torn flag to his comrades, who bear it proudly away from the field, still watching its safety, a light spreads 168 over the blanched face of the dying hero, and fires his glazing eye, you may catch the last whisper from the conqueror's lips, ere they are still for ever, 'I am dying,' says he, "but I have kept the colours"! Faithful unto death. Brethren, God has given you a banner that it may be displayed, because of the truth, through evil report and through good report, in the breach, in the battle field; however allured, however frightened, however outnumbered; hurt by the archers, bleeding from many wounds, exhausted with the toil of conflict, you are still to grasp the banner, nor dare to let it go, until by your latest effort you transfer it to other hands; torn it may be, but not dishonoured; then cry apostlewise, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day," and what a crown! Behold I and the children whom thou hast given me; "these will be the crown of your rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus." No wonder that he was almost exhausted; he had to take rest for several days.

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And here I must pause; sincerely and mournfully, I could bedew this page, and the mourning card enclosed to me, with tears of sympathy in my dear friend's present bereavement and sad affliction; his dear partner is gone, but safely gone to be for ever with her Lord. She was indeed, a help-mate, and meet for him, and for the church of God also. With what diligence did I see her pursue her hallowed toil of Sabbath School instruction in Adelaide Church, on the Sabbath I preached there. I did thank God for her as a rich gift, second only to himself, to the church in Canada; but "she is not (here), for God hath taken her." I bade her farewell on this Sabbath.

I preached that afternoon, (Sabbath 6th June,) in Queen's Park, to about 1,500 people, and later in the evening, about four miles off, at Devonport; thus ended my last Sabbath and my last day in Canada.

*Monday, June 7<sup>th</sup>.* —Prepared at early morn for New York. Bade all friends a hearty farewell; and before I left I called at the book-room and found the following beautiful description of Mr. Punshon's charge yesterday, in print, thus:—The printer's art can convey to the reader no adequate idea of the matchless eloquence of this charge. It was not the glitter and tinsel sometimes called oratory, which dazzles by its fitful glare; but that higher power of genius kindled at the heavenly altar, which, while it illuminates the intellect goes down into the heart, until it touches the spring of tears. The grandeur of the thoughts, clothed in exquisitely beautiful imagery, delighted, engaged, and inspired the breathless attention of the audience. But when the preacher neared some thrilling climax, the electric tide-wave of hallowed feeling, by expressed emotion, rolled over the congregation as the wind sweeps over a field of golden grain. He closed by a peroration, amid sounds of subdued weeping, broken here and there by bursting sobs, that could not be repressed, and constraining all to feel, and almost to exclaim, 'Master, it is good for us to be here.'" In taking my farewell to-day of Canada, I must say, that the great desire of my heart in coming, was the conversion of my two brothers: this has been fully met, thank God. I strove in some humble measure to "delight myself in the Lord, and he gave

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me thus the desire of my heart," for which I do again offer him afresh all my ransomed powers; which I trust my future life willfully justify. I found out many of my relatives, but there are many more I could not make out for want of time. I trust God will find them all out, and bring every one of them into his fold. Canada is likely to become a great country; the materials are great, her towns are becoming more solidly built than before, and even more so, than in the States. The country is fertile; its water power is amazing, and in great variety, such as its wells, its fountains, its gurgling streams, its majestic rivers, and its ocean-like lakes. Its forests are almost interminable. It abounds also in mineral wealth; its agricultural productions are immense; and notwithstanding the severity of the winter months, the climate is capable of ripening and maturing most of the cereals quicker than any where else, and some of them are brought to greater perfection than even beyond the border. I wish it all manner of good speed, *fiscally, socially, agriculturally, politically, morally* , and above all *religiously*; and I heartily pray that it may be blessed a thousand fold more than what it is. Amen.

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Arrival in, and Departure from New York.

*New York, June 8 th.* —Left Toronto yesterday morning for this city, en route for home, sweet home! I travelled all night I had two hours delay at the city of Hamilton, in Canada, during which I called to see a few relatives and some of my Christian friends; I bade my cousin and Miss Feely farewell, &c. I had, also, a short interval at Lockport, where my brother and son awaited my arrival, as did also the pastor of the church. I regretted greatly my inability to remain a few days with them, but the Irish Conference approaching, forbade my delay; I trust, and have a strong hope, to meet him and his, beyond the flood of time, where we shall greet each other in the promised land. I had a very agreeable travelling companion from Toronto, in the rail car, last night, all through. He is a member of the Presbyterian body, and seems to appreciate Methodism very much. He told me that he was frequently subject to a liver complaint, and got no remedy as effectual as dandelion, either the extract from the root, or a pill, occasionally about the size of a pea; it is sold in

small pots—this may serve some poor sufferer. I arrived here, (New York) at 11 o'clock, a.m., and preached a farewell sermon in the evening, and had many of my old friends to bid me a last farewell. We had a very precious season; and oh, how did the worthy pastor, Mr. M'Allister, commend me to Him

“Who rides upon the stormy sky, And calms the roaring seas.”

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#### Chapter XIV. Homeward Voyage.

“Life's charities like light Spread smilingly afar, But stars approached become more bright, And home is life's own star. The world hath its delights, And its delusions too; But home to calmer bliss invites, More tranquil and more true, Still there's another home; For which we all should sigh, A home, a loving Father's home, A home beyond the sky.”

Genuine Friendship—“Homeward Bound”—Bids farewell—A Jew for berth companion—Conversations with passengers—Sabbath services—Merry andrews—Extract from *Evangelist*—Nears the shore—Crookhaven seen—American missionary and wife on their way to Constantinople—Curious notions of religion—Queenstown, Cork—Conference reception—Reflections on the visit.

IT is not true of genuine friendship that “Absence makes the heart grow fonder.” Whatever poetry there may be in the sentiment, I think there is more of imagination than reality about it. There may be more *anxiety*, by reason of distance and time, to enjoy the sweets of solid friendship again, but I believe also that fellowship and friendship are always strongest and best by reason of proximity; this union constitutes the bliss of heaven as well as of earth. Our Lord said, “I go to prepare a place for you,” and then adds, that “where I am there ye may be also,” and again, “Where I am there also shall my servants be; therefore let not your heart be troubled.” “For ever with the Lord,” and for ever with one another also, where all in amity join, and love with a passion like his.

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"With the prospect of meeting for ever With the bright gates of heaven in view, From the dearest on earth we may sever, And smile the delightful adieu"

But this prospect does not lessen or destroy the joys of earthly ties, and kindred relationship; religion both strengthens and sanctifies them. And when we can answer the question put 172 to Peter, as he did, All is well. "Lovest thou me more than these?" "Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love *thee*." With those thoughts I panted for home again!

*June 9 th*, 1869.—Now on the watery world once more, and "homeward bound." I am in the Cunard steamship called "the Java." Having spent part of yesterday, and a few hours of this morning in bidding farewell to as many of my relatives and Christian friends as I possibly could, I was accompanied to the shore by the friend who lives in Forthamilton, J. A. Crawford, Esq., and to whom I made reference in a former part of this work; his attention was of the greatest service to me, as he knew every place so well; he does not forget his aunt's (Mrs. C's) care of him when his parents went to America, nor does his brother William in Covington, near Cincinnati. I pray that both themselves and their families and all my other friends, may obtain "mercy of the Lord in that day and be found of Him in peace." The mails are now on board I the steam up, the anchor lifted, the command given, and in a moment off we start to Erin's shore again. I said, Farewell, Columbia! land of light and land of liberty. I said again, Farewell! May thy springs, upper and nether, never fail I When I went down to regulate my cabin berth, I found I had a Jew for my companion, a nice young man of the name of "Solomon." He had surely one of the characteristics of that name—"peaceful," but I fear he wanted the other, and far more important, that of "perfect." He told me he was saved from a wreck some time before, in which 360 persons were drowned; he listens attentively to my views of Christianity, and in a far different spirit than the German Jew, with whom I conversed on my voyage out; he also reads my Bible, which I leave in his way. The weather is charming. The summer heat began just as I left New York; and I so far escaped the very hot weather, both in coming and now

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returning. I gazed again, as I was leaving this beautiful harbour, on the rich and splendid scenery which stretches along on every side. If such be the splendour of those outskirts of God's creation in this sinful world of ours, Oh, what must be the glory of the celestial palace, the Imperial city, the metropolis of the universe—the residence of Him, who with equal ease

“Gives lustre to an insect's wing, And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds,” 173 I find a good many passengers on board. No steerage, some are returning to the land of their nativity to look for the restoration of health, lost in the acquisition of earthly riches, others as tourists to the old country, and some as merchant princes to renew their stock in trade, others diversified by age and clime, and of varied religious opinions, and some to whom a serious thought would seem to be a stranger. Laying my lines of observation, and guaging my dimensions of character, that I might fall on the most hopeful cases, I believe I was at least, in many particulars, happily directed. But some stood aloof altogether.

*Thursday, 10 th.* —Now, hard away to ocean's boundless deep; sea, and sky, and steam, seem to vie, and combine, to speed our rapid course. Looking up, around, beneath, by night, by day, in sunshine, moonlight, starlight, or in shade, all, all call for grateful adoration, and prompt the exclamation with glad heart and free—

“How beautiful thy breast of blue, When mirrowing the azure hue; Of the unclouded sky; And when, in the still noon of night, Reflecting all the points of light, That stud heaven's canopy.”

Conversed to-day with an afflicted young lady (Philadelphia). Her mother and sister accompany her; they expect to be away for some three years. A pretty good while I guess, for the husband and father to give up all; but what will not kind and Christian parents do, to save their children from a premature grave, and the more so if they should be unprepared to die!

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### Sabbath—Two Services.

“Another holy day of rest returns, Dear day of rest, and meditation sweet; Ne'er may'st thou find my heart so treacherous, As to prefer the worldling's day to thine. But may each weekly visit find my soul More raised above earth's gilded vanities, Till the last Sabbath of thy waiting saints— The endless rest, which Christ has promised come, That glorious rest above, O may I bid thee welcome.”

*Sabbath, 13 th.* —About half way already, such is our speed in four days; we had service on board to-day in the saloon. It began at 10½ a.m. The opening hymn was “Awake my soul and with the sun,” &c. The doctor, a well disposed young man, read the prayers, I responded, and read the lessons, and then preached from Mal. iii. 16, 17.— 174 “Then they that feared the Lord spake one to another,” &c. The character, the privileges, and the reward of the people of God, constituted the burden of the address. After the service I heard of an Irish lady being unwell, and at the instance of her son, who is a Roman Catholic, I visited and prayed with her, which she never forgot all the way; we conversed freely, and I trust in the Lord impressions were made, which time will not obliterate. Her son, also, a kind of a free-thinker, took the pledge to abstain from alcoholic drinks, which, to say the least, mitigated his bill of fare to what it would otherwise be. Of him and of one of his companions I might adopt the following lines, as truly descriptive of their habits, at least since they came on board—

“We drank the richest draughts, And ate whate'er was good; Fish and flesh, and fowl and fruit, Supply our hungry mood; But never think of the wretched poor, Who starve for want of food.”

But now I have some hope of this Merry Andrew, for such he really was, and in some respects, is so still. The words *merry* and *Andrew* were applied to Andrew Borde, a facetious jester and speech-maker, in the time of Henry the VIII. One would really imagine that the old fashion of King's jesters had come again. And when Dr. John Doran writes

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a new edition of his *History of Court Fools*, published in 1858, I think if he applied to the captains of some of the American Line Steamers, they could now and again supply him with a few additional joculars, clowns, jesters, and buffoons, that is, if those whom I witnessed be a specimen. One would almost think that "Will Somers," "John Heywood," and "Archie Armstrong," the great old jesters, had risen from the dead. Some say that "Wallet," the jester was paid by Queen Victoria; but I doubt it. It is truly painful to witness humanity twisted, and turned, and tortured into so many curious shapes and forms; but it is said, in justification, by some, "that it was only to enjoy the utility of laughter, which is so promotive of digestion," that led kings and great men to employ such singular characters. Whatever kings may have required in this way, I cannot say, but certainly our company seemed at no loss for such stimulants to enhance the appetite. At the conclusion of the voyage, however, I must say that I had the satisfaction 175 of witnessing a great change for the better, and more seriousness than I expected. How true is Young's description of such triflers—

"Man sleeps and man alone; and man, whose fate, Fate irreversible, entire, extreme, Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph; A moment trembles; drops! and man, for whom All else is an alarm; man, the sole cause Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps, As the storm rock'd to rest.— O for yesterdays to come!"

*Sabbath evening* , 13 *th*. —I conversed freely to-day with a man who is returning for his health after being out fourteen years, and realized some property, but neglected the one thing needful! I pressed on his attention the principle which, if obtained, secures both worlds—namely, the godliness which has promise of the life that now is, &c. I was requested to hold another service this evening, although such is not usual on ship board! We sung "Rock of Ages," &c., and I preached from Rom. viii. 32, "He that spared not his own Son," &c., *The Giver* , the *Gift* , the *Encouragement* , and then sung "O for a thousand tongues to sing," &c. I trust some hallowed results may follow I The lady from Philadelphia and her two daughters are particularly attentive, and one of them is very serious. The



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mother knows President Grant and many of the *notabilities* of the day, and also Bishop Simpson, and often heard him preach.

*Monday, 14<sup>th</sup>, Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup>, and Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup>* were mostly spent in writing. I wrote a long letter for the *Evangelist* which appeared in the July number of 1869. Here is an extract: "I am now only about 500 miles from land, and I found it good to give myself to fasting and prayer (the former perhaps too much neglected by us all). My brethren are just now assembling in Cork, June 16<sup>th</sup>. I pray that the Most High may crown this remarkable Conference (rendered doubly so by the death of Brother Henry Price) with the most signal tokens of His presence and power and blessing." [I may digress to say that the Conference thus alluded to in Cork, under the Presidency of the Rev. R. Hall, was one of the most singular for revival power which I witnessed for some years in Ireland. His companion, the Rev. Thomas Vasey, was also made a great blessing, and the year which followed resulted in great ingathering, and of soul saving power.] 176 Another extract is found in the November number, 1869. It also refers to the above dates—"We had a large class of respectable passengers. I conversed with many of them. One Methodist backslider promised to return to his church. A swearer promised to swear no more. A drunkard took the pledge and ceased to drink. I preached three times, and many sought counsel."

"Jesus, I fain would find, Thy zeal for God in me, Thy yearning pity for mankind, Thy burning charity."

*Thursday, 17<sup>th</sup>.* —Within a day's sail of shore. I am striving now to make the most of my time. I lent books. and am receiving them back. Those who wish to do good on ship board would do well to bring a nice selection of good books for lending—many will read there, who would not think of doing so on shore, and will be grateful also. We have an American missionary and his wife on board, and on his way to Constantinople; he is to take charge of a native seminary as its professor; he appears a worthy man; he prayed at the Sabbath evening service.

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*Friday, 18 th.* —Early this morning, land ahead. I suppose Crookhaven. Old Ireland again. All a stir, some preparing for Queenstown Harbour, and beautiful for situation it is, though not yet the joy of the whole earth, still to me it is now one of the spots on earth most dearly anticipated, as the connecting link of *home!* And of Ireland I will still say, although by some despised, and by others pitied as the soil of contention, of cruelty, and of blood, thank God for beloved Ireland, “great, glorious, and (I trust we shall soon be able to add, in the best sense of the word), free!”

“Island of beauty, dimming not with years, Isle rich In blessings, strewn by heaven's own hand, My native isle, o'er thee I shed fond tears. Again I hail thee Erin, sweet fatherland.”

I met an old gentleman who said he preferred *quiescent* faith, and that it would resolve itself into assurance, like a principle of development, that he neither liked subjective nor objective faith. In vain I told him of the direct benefits flowing from justification, adoption, and sanctification in this 177 life!—“Assurance of God's love, peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost.” I also met a lady who told me that she read and believed “Renan's Life of Christ,” but that a short time ago, when she thought she was dying, she threw it away altogether, for downright fear I It would not stand the test, reminding one of the poet's truism—

“Conscience makes cowards of us all,”

or, Scripturally speaking, “When I afflicted them, then they sought me.”

Another lady said, “I can turn whenever I like.” Thus, the diversity of ideas which are spread abroad, is amazing. At sea, people are led to think that they have a license to speak out their minds more freely than they would do on *terra firma* , or at home. We had a thanksgiving service before we reached the shore, for a most favourable and almost unparalleled quick passage. I was thankful indeed to see the willingness with which this was hailed. I spoke from Ps. cxvi. 12, “What shall I render unto the Lord for all

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his benefits? I will take the cup of salvation, and call on the name of the Lord," &c. We landed at Queenstown, 18th June, at 8½ a.m., making only eight and a half days from the time we started from New York, one of the shortest trips known for years, and one of the smoothest, and no accident from beginning to the end. In an hour or two after I landed, I was in the Conference in Cork, and was hailed with all the warmth of a genuine Hibernian *cead mille faltha* greeting. I could only thank my brethren by the starting tear of gratitude. I hope I may prove faithful to God and to his Church. Heard from home; all's well, thank God.

*Cork, Saturday, 19 th.* —How soon may life's sweetest joys be bittered, and sunshine clouded. I have just heard of the death of a dear niece who died in Blackrock, Dublin, almost the very hour I landed, at least a very short time after she heard of my safe arrival. She came from the country to have the best medical skill, and to be with her aunt; she wished greatly to live to see me, but she had the richest spiritual sympathies, and her end was triumphantly glorious. 12

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Reflections on my Visit to America.

"O that with John's affection, I could my Master trace, Unmoved by man's inspection  
By man's reproach or praise, Or if my deed I mention In true simplicity, Rejoice that my  
intention Is only known to Thee."

I left home, conscious that my motive was pure, and the Lord opened my way at the very best time, to accomplish every purpose. In the heat of summer the inconvenience of travel would be most unpleasant, besides I could have had no such access to the churches as I had. In general, nearly all who can leave for some country retreat, do so; and as to my own friends, the visit was all I could wish for in this world, and just in the right time, in "the Fall," when the churches look out for special visitations of divine influence from on high. From beginning to end, I could say I had not one hour's sickness or an unhappy mistake,

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except the loss of a moneyless pocket-book, which contained some papers of reference. I may therefore magnify the Lord and speak good of his name; and if I have referred to personalities too often, it was not from any feeling of egotism, but that of gratitude. My heartfelt language is—

“I nothing have, I nothing am, My all is in the bleeding Lamb, Both now and evermore.”

Meeting so many on ship board, to whom I may have been in some humble way a messenger of good, afforded me the satisfaction of recognizing the *special* providence of God. I may say that the young Jew, who was in the same berth cabin, promised to read the Bible, and especially the New Testament, and I do trust he may have since been led to him “of whom Moses and the prophets wrote.” I have also to adore the same benevolent providence in granting my own little family at home, all the surroundings of his care, by which they were kept day and night from danger and unnecessary fear. I could have mentioned many names more prominently than I did, for acts of kindness and hospitality, but I knew that they would not wish any allusion to be made to them, feeling, as they kindly said, that they were but too glad to show any attention to me, not only on my own account, but on account of their love 179 for Ireland and Irish Methodism. If I have said anything which may have appeared unduly strong, I regret it. I could have heightened the painful picture of parts of New York a hundred-fold by a reference to the Rev. H. W. Beecher's awful unfoldings of judicial corruption, and of other writers in regard to the fearfully demoralized condition of so many of the young of both sexes, and of the plans for deception; but I feared to tabulate the numerical records lest I should sully, rather than serve, the mind of the reader. At all events I think enough was said to secure my object, namely, to call forth all the energies of the Church of God in that great and growing city, and also all the prayerful and earnest anxiety possible, on the part of Christian visitors, in order to contribute, as far as they can, by counsel and by deed, to lessen the woes, to redress the grievances and to mitigate the sorrows of our sin-stricken brotherhood and sisterhood in those worst parts of the city, and everywhere else. There is a voice in God's dealings with former cities and nations, when the cup of their guilt fills up. Witness

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Paris just now, and who can tell when God may apply the measuring rod to ourselves, and to other cities and nations also, even those who will not serve the Lord! I will quote the following trite and truly apposite observations embodied in a speech delivered by the Rev. Joseph W. M'Kay, of Dublin, at the late Leeds Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary. Speaking of Continental changes, he says: "All these things have been brought about by God in his own method, so as to put to the test the faith, love, patience and resolution of the Christian Church; that the Church was now on its trial. These wonderful political events did not convert sinners to God (being more *punitive* than salvable), but they were the means by which God opened up the way for the work of conversion, and it remained for the Church to take up the work thus thrust into its hand." I trust I will never forget to pray for America, and especially for America, religiously and Methodistically; when I think of her bishops, it is with the profoundest veneration, and now with the deepest emotion and heartfelt sorrow, seeing that their grand episcopal circle was so narrowed lately by death. They treated my humble visit with very great kindness. And to them, and to the ministerial brethren whom I met, and 180 to the many families in New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, &c., in the States: and to those in Goderich, Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Brockville, Prescott and Montreal, &c., in Canada, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, I here offer my heartfelt thanks. The many friendships I formed, will, I trust, be renewed on the blissful shore of eternity. I had their prayers, and I have them still, and they have mine; but, alas, I have had already to perform the mournful duty of writing letters of condolence to several of them;—but such is life. "I went as a stranger to a strange land," as William Arthur said, "and they took me in." America will ever be dear to me for the obligations it has laid me under; and with Mr. Arthur again I can say, "Its very soil is dear to me, for in that soil lie many of those that were very dear to me on earth," but it matters not in what point of the compass or part of the earth, the dead in Christ shall lie, or from what part they shall rise, if we can say with Job—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth," &c. It is also written: "Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," &c. And again, "Those that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him." Till then, I say again, friends in Christ, farewell.

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“Grave, the guardian of our dust. Grave the treasury of the skies, Every atom of thy trust  
Shall again with Christ arise. Hark, the judgment trumpet calls, Skul rebuild thy house of  
clay. Immortality thy wall. Eternity thy day.”

### APPENDICES.

#### APPENDIX A. INSTRUCTIONS FOR AMERICAN EMIGRANTS.

##### I. CANADA.

“Though to Britain is due, love, loyal and true— Where the bones of our fathers rest; Yet,  
this forest land, with its rivers grand, Is the land that we love the best. Here our sons in  
pride grow side by side, The joy of our peaceful hours; And our daughters fair, as the wild  
flowers rare, That bloom in our forest bowers. We are freemen good; not a slave ever  
stood, On our loved *Canadian* soil; No tyrant's power can withhold for an hour The fruits of  
our honest toil.”— *Dewart*.

Emigrants to Canada—Inducements to emigrants by a great lover of the country; also  
the opinion of an old settler—Extent of the country—Laws, &c.—Prosperity and peace—  
Passage out—Ports—Price of Homesteads—Lands—Wages—Provisions—Climate—  
Seasons—Geniality of Spring—Minerals—Productions—Flowers and fruit—Emigration to  
the States—Voyage and landing of steerage emigrants—Rate of wages—Resources of  
the States—Political rights—Enterprize—Bankruptcy and book-keeping.

##### INDUCEMENTS.

A lover of Canada writes this year, 1870, from that country, as follows: “Hundreds of  
immigrants continue to find their way to our shores; let them come and welcome, we have  
plenty of room for them; and if they are willing to work and share some of our hardships,  
they will find Canada to be the best country in the world for a poor, industrious man,  
but the worst country in the world for a lazy spendthrift, or one who is not willing to turn

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his hand to whatever may come in his way.” It is very likely such would soon meet the following lazy man's reception—from *John Ploughman Talk* —

“A good for nothing lazy lout, Wicked within, and ragged without, Who can bear to have him about? Turn him out, turn him out.”

An old settler states, “I have visited many foreign countries and I have seen many more picturesque and abundant in wealth, but I have not seen one spot to make me regret that I made Canada my home.” Another said, “Those who would determine to settle in Canada may be sure of finding in the towns and settlements all the comforts of the old cities of Europe; and in the newly opened parts of the country, there is a field of industry, and a sure return for labour, and more so if they would bring a moderate capital.” Still there are hardships to be encountered, and temporary privations to be endured, especially by the moneyless emigrant on his first arrival; but these are mere stimulants to success, and as a rule, those who have now acquired wealth and distinction in Canada, are those who came here hungry and pennyless; and I have known it frequently, 184 that those who returned to England or Ireland to spend the remainder of their days in luxury, were not long back, until they sighed for Canada again.

### EXTENT OF COUNTRY, LAWS, &c.

The following is from the same authority, who writes thus, “People in the old world have no correct idea of the extent of British North America. The whole population, including Ontario or the Upper Province, Quebec, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, amounts to about four and a-half millions. In those places there are about 3,685 post-offices in ‘the Dominion.’” And we have all manner of Irish names for the towns and townships—we have Antrim, Athlone, Aughrim, Auburn, Avoca, Ballinafad, Ballymote, Bandon, Belfast, Birr, &c., &c., alphabetically, down to Wicklow. These generally show from what part of Ireland the first settlers came, as they gave those places the names with which they were most familiar in Ireland. What a race of Celtic blood must have paved the

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way into those Canadian forests; they acted as enterprising pioneers, and brought with them their associations and ideas of clanships, battles, fields and floods, justifying the following couplet—

“We will leave our memory on mounts and floods, And the daring of our pathway on boundless woods.”

To the youthful emigrant I would say, come to Canada, but if you are well off at home, I would also say, stay at home. Here, by complying with specified terms, you will obtain a free grant of land; and under the “Homestead laws,” you cannot alienate it from your family, and no child has a *prior* claim, but you may dispose of it with their consent. The country is almost boundless, the soil is fertile, the climate healthy, the scenery beautiful, and in some places, majestic; but better still, the productions are plentiful and varied. As to locality it is a matter of choice. Protestants generally take the upper, and Catholics the lower province. The lines of peace and abundance, stretch from one end of the dominion to the other. No wars, no epidemics, no heavy taxation, no famine, no disaster, no tyranny, no foreign foe. Crops plentiful, commerce flourishing, civil and religious freedom enjoyed, and prosperity within our walls. If ever a people had cause for thankfulness, Canadians have.”

### EDUCATION IN CANADA.

In a former part of this work, I said, the denominational principle was not recognised, but I find from the Statute laws, that in Townships ratepayers may tax themselves for the maintenance of any separate schools they like; and I find also that there were 162 Roman Catholic Schools of this class, in the year 1868. But the common school system is Governmental, and is in a most flourishing condition. In the above year there were 4,480 schools in the Ontario department, of which Dr. Ryerson is the head, but not a political officer. Those schools have 419,899 scholars, and of the above schools 3,986 are free. That is, the Township Boards pay all. The remaining 494 schools pay 25 cents per quarter,



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or about one shilling British. 3,035 of the schools open and close with prayer, and the Bible and Testament are read also; and yet these readings are purely voluntary for trustees and teachers to sanction, and no child can be compelled to be present, if its parents or guardians object. Boards are appointed to levy and raise the funds. Some of the distinguishing points of this school system are: 1st. The system provides for religious instruction; 2nd. Taxation for its support is voluntary on the part of the Municipality; 3rd. No foreign books in the English branches of instruction are permitted; 4th. All the school apparatus is to be supplied at half price; 5th. And one of the best of all provisions, as teachers are concerned is, that of providing a pension for the superannuated and worn out teachers in the service. Salaries vary in the towns, villages, counties, and cities. The highest in the Dominion is about £260 of our money. This salary can only be obtained in a city, but all the schools are well sustained as to inspection, teachers, salaries, &c.

### PASSAGE MONEY, PORTS, PRICE OF HOUSES AND LANDS, WAGES, &c.

Another confidential authority states the following: "I think it much to be regretted, that the advantages of Canada, as a field of labour for emigrants, are not known. The time for sailing out, must depend on the season of the year, for in winter the ports are closed in Quebec, &c., by the ice; but vessels can land at Portland, from whence quick modes of travel are available, to either Quebec, Montreal, or Toronto. And for those who wish to settle in the Upper Province, I would say, by all means make way to Toronto; and be always sure to take no instruction from strangers, as to mode of travel, until you get the proper route on paper from the Government officers. Liverpool and Londonderry are the best ports for Canada. A steerage passage for a working man, from either ports in a sailing vessel would be about £4, but in a steamer it would be about £6 6s. and to be found in every thing As to the price of houses, all will depend on the size and the material. A temporary timber hut can be raised for £12, and a temporary barn for the same, but solid ones will cost on an average what they do in England or Ireland. And as to what are called Crown Lands, these can be had and a title also, by application to the proper emigration

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agents, either in this country or in Canada, without any charge whatever, this means, of course, uncleared land. The agents are—

### **IN EUROPE.**

Mr. William Dixon, 11, Adare Street, Adelphi, London, England.

Mr. J. G. Moylan, Dublin, Ireland.

Mr. Charles Fay, Belfast, do.

Mr. David Shaw, Glasgow, Scotland

Mr. E. Limays, Antwerp.

### **IN CANADA.**

Mr. John A. Donaldson. Toronto, Ontario.

Mr. R. H. Rae, Hamilton, do.

Mr. W. J. Wills, Ottawa, do.

Mr. J. M'Pherson, Kingston, do.

Mr. L. Stafford, Quebec, Quebec.

Mr. J. J. Daly, Montreal, do.

Mr. E. Clay, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Robert Shives St. John, New Brunswick

Mr. J. J. G. Layton, Miramichi

Still, I would recommend to parties having some capital, to purchase or to hire partially cleared land, or cleared altogether, the uncleared is called brush or bush land. Farms of cleared land can be had and purchased out, from £2 to £6 of our British money per acre, or hired for about 10s. an acre; all according to the quantity cleared, and the character of the locality, and the nature of the soil.

**PRICE OF LABOUR AND TRADE IN CANADA.**

A labouring man in summer can earn 1¼ dollars per day, or 5s. British.

Bricklayers, 7s. of British money per day

Carpenters, 7s. do. do.

Tin smiths 6s. 6d. do. do.

Painters and plumbers 7s. do. do.

Tailors and shoemakers 7s. do. do.

Female servants £1 per month

A single man as farm servant, from £2 to £2 10s. per month.

Farm servant with his wife, £3 10s. per month

Groceries are nearly on a par with the old country

Flour per barrel of 200lbs. costs 22s.

Meat per 100lbs. weight, will be about £1 4s., or only about 3d. per lb.

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Cottages can be rented in towns for about £12, and dwelling houses of larger dimensions in proportion. In fact, clothing, food, and habitation, are as cheap as in the old country, and fuel cheaper.

### CHANGE OF WEATHER AND SEASONS.

The alternations of weather both in Canada and in the States are very sudden and uncertain—Now it may be sunshine, and in an hour it may be a raging storm, very often like the *ups* and *downs* of life; or as one expresses it, “What would the best picture be, which bright eyed, and ready-handed genius ever flung on canvass, without its shadows.” The poet would express it thus—

“But when the raging storm subsides, And all is calm, for which we sighed, And pleasing joys succeed. We then enjoy the pleasure more, From what our minds had felt before, And then we're bless'd indeed.”

Another emigrant writes as follows: “No where on earth do the seasons move in lovelier procession. In spring, we have quick awakening life, when nature puts on her best attire, as promptly as a bride on her wedding morn. The summer is short but gorgeous with splendour, and be-decked with flowers unsurpassed; oppressive heat at times and occasional drought, but summer showers soon refresh the face of everything, and all is green and beautiful again. In autumn the waving fields of tasselled corn, invite the sickle, and repay sweet expectation; the orchards display apples of gold, in baskets of silvery verdure, and bending grapes in clustres are reckoned among the fruits. The forests present a richly tinted and many coloured foliage. The Indian summer is a splendid valedictory to the season of growth and harvest, and a bright and beautiful hectic flush sits upon the face of universal nature as we glide imperceptibly into winter, and this, though severe, is exhilarating. But soon the winter is forgotten in the sudden return of spring, which 187 once more appears to cheer, and the rural scene becomes a library. The sky, the clouds, the hills, the valleys, the trees, the buds, the insects, the flowers, the leaves,

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the running brooks, the blades of grass, and even the very stones, become books of prose and poetry, volumes of “elegant extracts,” and of practical information, by which we may improve in natural history, botany, science and philosophy, and where we may read essays on simplicity, lectures on economy, and profitable sermons on “the goodness of God,” of which the poet so beautifully writes in the following lines—

“It warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees; Lives through all life, extends thro' all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, As full as perfect in a hair, as heart, As full, us perfect in vile man that mourns, As in the rapt seraph, that adores and burns To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small, He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.”

### MINERALS AND PRODUCTIONS OF CANADA.

The mineral wealth of the country is not surpassed by any other in variety and richness. There is abundance of iron between the Georgian Bay and Ottawa; and also in the same region copper, lead, magnesia, marble, plaster of paris, and building stone, &c., and all near the surface; and also symptoms of gold and silver mines. The copper and mica on the north shore of Lake Huron have paid well. Petroleum in inexhaustible quantities is had in the westerly parts of Ontario. In one year four millions of gallons were obtained. 120 wells are now at work. Salt is obtained at Goderich in the shape of brine and then reduced; beds of peat are also found, &c., &c. In addition to the mineral resources of the country we have almost every production of cereals, such as Indian corn, wheat, peas, beans, yams and all kinds of the potatoe species, turnips, mangel, beet root, and all garden vegetables, and some which we have not in the old country, besides the great variety and abundance of fruit. It also abounds with all manner of trees, both useful and ornamental, especially the maple tree, from the juice of which molasses and sugar are secured. And as to the floral productions of Canada, they are almost endless and exquisite, especially “the lily,” either in its native or cultivated form; we will mention one called “the wild orange lily,” to which perhaps our Lord alludes, as it grows in great

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luxuriance in Palestine; the word lily is celtic, and signifies *whiteness* , perhaps from its ivory colour and the marble polish of its petals. It is always associated with ideas of grace and beauty, and was more gorgeous in our Lord's estimation, than the royal garments of Solomon; they may have just caught the eye of our Lord at the moment, and from their beauty, illustrated the subject on which he was then speaking. Dr. James Hamilton considers them an emblem of "holiness," and as they are found in every clime, so may holiness flourish in the snow-clad region of the north pole, and on the burning plains of India; within the cold influence of the frigid zone, as well as beneath the blazing suns of the equator. In Africa as in Asia; in Europe as in America, he also thinks there is a healing quality in the leaves when applied to sores, an emblem of Him 188 who is "the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley;" and of Him who is "the Tree of Life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations;" and also that its roots have been used, especially in Muscovy, as an article of food, another emblem of Him who is a "root out of a dry ground," and who gave his life as bread for a famished world; so that there may have been more ideas in our Lord's mind than the mere admonition to confidence or "trust" in the providence of God. *Consider* the lilies of the field, *how* they grow, and we might add, for what *useful purpose* do they grow?—

"That after they have shown their pride Like us awhile, they glide Into their grave."

But the flowers and trees of the heavenly paradise neither wither nor die—

"They flourish in perpetual bloom, Fruit every month they give; And to the healing leaves who come, Eternal life shall have."

I might also mention "the apple tree," which is such a great blessing to Canada, especially in the summer season, and of which there are twenty-four kinds. Solomon refers to it in Canticles ii. 3.—"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." Many consider the word "apple," could be rendered citron, as this tree belongs to the orange tribe, and is so remarkable for its beauty, its fragrance, its flower,

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and its fruit; and some say that it was the fruit which tempted our first parents. It is also remarkable for its shady and wide-spreading branches, to which the expression refers, "I sat under his shadow with great delight." A practical application may here be mentioned, "A pious old man is said to have been visited sometime ago in his cheerless habitation, he was without almost the very necessities of life; he was sitting at the spot where once the fire was wont to burn; and when the pious visitor entered, he found him with the Bible open on his knee; he accosted him saying, 'How is it with you to-day, brother,' he meekly replied, 'Sitting under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet unto my taste.'" This was majesty, it was heroic triumph.

"O what were earth, with all its wild domains, Its waving forests, and its fertile plains; Its lordly mountains, and its boundless seas, Its homes of splendour, luxury and ease, Its scenes of beauty, formed to bless and please With golden worlds o'er-canopied above? Joyless were all, without the light of love, The loving tendrils of the heart forgiven, Take hold of God, and lift us nearer heaven"

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### EMIGRATION TO THE STATES.

"Our country! 'tis a glorious land, With broad arms stretched from shore to shore, The proud Pacific chafes her strand; She hears the dark Atlantic roar. Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold! Like sun-lit oceans, roll afar; Broad lakes her azure heavens behold, Reflecting clear each trembling star. Great God! we thank thee for this home— This bounteous birth-land of the free, Where wanderers from afar may come And breathe the air of liberty."— *W. J. Peabody, Esq.*

### VOYAGE, FARE, AND LANDING AT NEW YORK.

The best ports for the States are Liverpool and Quenstown—the former suit English people, the latter the Irish. The fares for the steerage are all well known; just the same as to Canada. In sailing vessels £4, and in a steamer £6 6s.—including everything. The

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steerage passengers by the emigrant vessels who arrive in New York, are conveyed at once in “a tender” to Castlegarden, as I mentioned before at the end of the first Chapter of this volume. They may support themselves there if they are able, or labour for their support until they get proper and remunerative employment; persons from the city generally call and inquire for “helpers,” or parties may write to their friends from the country to do so. British money will be exchanged here for currency, and railway tickets can be had to all parts of the Union, and to Canada at reduced fares; and the emigrant can send a telegram to any part of the world; here also there is full protection from fraud being practised on the “greenhorns,” as the emigrants are generally called. Let the emigrant have his agreement for employment recorded by the Commissioners, and he is safe from any imposition! There is a “Refuge” also for the destitute, where there are hospitals and all other institutions for the sick, and the disabled, and where the unemployed may remain and work for their support until “something turns up,”—their spiritual wants will also be attended to. The German and Dutch are generally the poorer class of emigrants. The Irish are better off, and would sooner support themselves, while they have means, than go to any of these places of employment.

### RATE OF WAGES IN THE STATES.

We may remark that since the war, the American (States) dollar is only worth about 3s. of British money, and we will use this standard in marking the rate of payment for various employments, and also on the *average*, for things are subject to fluctuation there as well as in Europe according to qualification. The following scale may be regarded as the general standard—

British—£ s. d.

Labourers, per day, from 1½ to 2 dollars—Average 0 5 3

Tradesmen, per day, from 3 to 5 dollars—Average 0 12 0



A good servant girl from 16 to 30 dollars per month—Average 3 9 0

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The character of the trade will make a great difference, and also the trade *most* in demand. In mills and manufacturing departments, the wages are far above the English or Irish figure, such as cotton mills, hardware works, gas works, ship building, woollen mills, leather manufactories, sugar refiners, silk hat and paper mills, &c. The same may be said of Canada. I would suppose on an average wages may be regarded in general, as 40 per cent. over British wages, in the States, or for every £5 in Europe, one would realize £7 in America, but on the other hand it must be remembered that articles of “living” in most places in the States are proportionately high! Clothing especially is very dear, so that looking at receipts and expenditure, the comparison in the end is not very great. The great difference is that industrious and well-disposed people are seldom out of employment. New York may be regarded as the criterion for all parts of the Union.

#### RESOURCES OF THE STATES.

An intelligent writer and one well acquainted with the country writes (this year 1870), “There is here an almost unlimited country awaiting the emigrant—a country of untold resources, whether regarded in an agricultural or mineral point of view; the richness of the land and the general developments for acquiring property invite and encourage men of energy, and there is very little to thwart them. The mineral resources may be imagined from the circumstances of one whole mountain being iron alone. It is called the ‘knot.’ In the State of Illinois it is said there is as much coal as in all England, and the land, in some places, which has been worked for 35 years, shows no symptom of exhaustion; and once the emigrant gets a footing, he becomes the master of his patch of land. It is his own, he has only to pay taxes for education and fiscal purposes; but these are generally very light. The general value of partially cleared land in the States is about a pound an acre, and there is every disposition among settlers to assist emigrants in the commencement

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of their farming. It is better for farmers and labourers not to remain in the large cities, but at *once* to proceed; the tendency is nearly all west. There is rarely a long stagnation of work, and wages are sufficiently high to meet bad seasons when they occur; and indeed the field of employment is more favourable to the foreigner than to a native workman. The love of change is so great with the American tradesmen (as to locality and profession) that it opens up extensive employment for the European emigrant, who generally knows no trade but his own, and is indifferent to everything else. Nearly all who are employed in woollen factories are Europeans, and the majority of the 30,000 who are employed in the coal mines of Pennsylvania are English, Irish and Scotch.

### POLITICAL RIGHTS.

The working classes generally control the Government. In no land does the working man—using the term in its limited sense—hold his head so high as in the territory of Uncle Sam! The idea obtains, “that one man is as good as another, and a deal better too,” and *theoretically* at least, every workman may be said to carry a four year's lease of “The White House” (the President's residence in Washington) in his “tool basket,” because the prizes of political conflict are at the disposal of 191 men who may have had the humblest origin, and worked at the very lowest employments; and power once obtained is not fickle, as in many other places, but lasting; and no mercantile pursuit—no profession or calling will be a bar or a barrier to either political or social elevation. The tailor or the bookbinder of to-day may be raised to Presidential honours to-morrow; and the son of the President sustains no social prejudice by his taking “a farm,” or “a dry goods store.”

### SPECULATION, BANKRUPTCY, AND BOOKKEEPING.

I would also warn new comers, who may have some capital, to commence at once either agricultural or mercantile business, but not to begin to speculate on stock jobbing, or to give out their money on promissory exorbitant interest, or even to give much credit in doing business; bankruptcy is very frequent, and once this is the case, the conscience

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generally gets hardened and benumbed as to repayment, and they often feel justified because others deceive them; but there are many honourable exceptions, who will repay to the last penny, even when the law might exonerate them. There was a very unpleasant controversy in some religious papers on this subject when the writer was in America; some contended that a man's moral obligations were fully met when the law indemnified the debtor, while others maintained the contrary. I believe the latter had the better of the argument, and I would merely say, without entering into the arguments on either side—First, that the command, “Owe no man anything but to love one another,” is absolute; and secondly, the excuse of the poor 500 penny debtor shows that the *obligation* was recognised by our Lord, “Have patience with me and I will pay thee *all*. ” By keeping correct books, a great deal of confusion and sorrow may be avoided. The following poetic *waif* may be of service, and may be called the secret of mercantile success. At all events it can lay claim to common sense, if not to poetry—

“Attentive be, and I'll impart, What constitutes the accountant's art, This rule is clear, what I receive; I debtor make, to what I give; I debit stock with all my debts, And credit it for my effects. The goods I buy I debtor make; To him from whom those goods I take. Unless in ready cash I pay, Then credit what I paid away; To what I loose, or make, 'tis plain, I debit less and credit gain. The debtor's place is my left hand, Creditor on my right must stand. If to these actions you'll attend, *Bookkeeping* you will comprehend, And double entry you will find, Elucidated to your mind.”

### **APPENDIX B. ON DOMESTIC LIFE AND HABITS, CHIEFLY IN THE STATES.**

‘For me kind nature wakes her genial power, Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower; Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew, The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew. For me the mine, a thousand treasures brings, For me health gushes from a thousand springs; Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise, My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

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Domestic habits, principally in the States—Daughters—Servants—Irish girls—Breakfast—Dinner—Thanksgiving or feasting day—Socialities—Pleasure—Worldly conformity among professors—The Christian.

### DOMESTIC HABITS.

One who was several years in the States, writes on their domestic habits as follows: "The home life of a people is the best index of its character; and one has to reside for some time in places before he can know or describe the real inner home of those among whom he lives. Transitory tourists are generally bad judges, for they mostly take their views from hotel living, and imagine the people in America are fond of 'boarding house life,' but this is a profound mistake. They are just as fond of home as their cousins of the mother country. Hotels are for the most part the asylums of bachelors and maiden ladies who have no home of their own, and young people who are passing through to the delights of home." Few families, as such, live there from choice; fast livers are there, opera singers, negro minstrels and adventurous gentlemen, are there; and sometimes widows with their children, or perhaps with their daughters whose incomes are limited are there, but as a rule, one of the first considerations in beginning married life is "to set up at once for housekeeping." The young ladies of the upper and middle classes are usually trained to domestic duties, so that they are well prepared to perform them, when they enter on domestic and married life. If a servant is required, the young married lady knows right well how to direct her. Native girls don't like to become servants—this honour generally falls to the lot of the poor "wild Irish girl," who is always called Biddy, Poor "Biddy" is very awkward for sometime, but is borne with, and instructed, with, of course, a little "watch and ward;" her overdoings and underdoings are rather looked upon as a subject for merriment rather than for blame; but by and by, Biddy is a first-rate girl, and preferred to all others.

### MATERIALS FOR BREAKFASTING IN THE STATES.

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In a general way coffee is the common beverage. Tea and cocoa sometimes; and as a rule hot bread is preferred—"hot rolls," or "they are called biscuits; but what we call biscuits, they call crackers. Steak or chop or ham and eggs, or veal cutlets with fried potatoes, are among 193 indispensables; ice is largely used in summer to keep everything cool, you will see a large lump laid at each door in the morning by engagement; it is then kept in what is called a "refrigerator." In summer the breakfast table is also supplied with melons, peaches, radishes, and water cresses. The melons are eaten either with pepper or salt or sugar; and tomatoes sometimes roasted and sometimes are eaten even raw; these are regarded as a luxury, but which require a little apprenticeship for one to overcome; foreigners cannot well manage them. Buck wheat cakes, made of flour raised over night with yeast, fried and steaming hot, are used with sugar cane syrup, or molasses, and are regarded as luxuries. On Sabbath morning in New England pork and beans and hot brown bread are used; the bread or bun is made small in the form of a silk hat without a rim, and is only used in those States. The pork is cut thin and baked with the beans. It is said that Paris has lately introduced the custom; [but I fear her foreign luxuries and importations are very rare at present, and likely to be so while the siege lasts. Her food now is of another type.]

### DINNER.

"Two dishes consisting of fish and flesh are considered sufficient, and the whole dinner is set down at once, except the sweets and dessert; more vegetables and less meat are used than by us. The beef and mutton are not so tasty as in our country, even when roasted; some account for this on the ground that the land wants more of the salt element. Irish potatoes, and sweet potatoes, called yams, vegetable marrow, called squash, turnips, green corn or maize, eaten from the stalk with pepper and butter, &c., are all used. Neither wines, spirits or beer are introduced, and soup is very seldom made use of, but very frequently a dish of boiled oysters in new milk supplies its place. Puddings, pies or tarts, either mince, pumpkin or apple are always adjuncts, and nuts and raisins

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and other kinds of fruit end the bill of fare. Late suppers are scarcely thought of; but at tea, cold meat, sliced and buttered bread, and preserves of all kinds are used. Every family in general make their own bread! The principal day of feasting in the year is "Thanksgiving Day," and that all over the Union! It is regarded now as a day for returning thanks to God for the blessings of the year. It is proclaimed with great parade, and is held about the 24th or last Thursday in November. [The transcriber of this paper alluded to the one celebrated in New York during his first visit to that city.] The evening is spent in feasting and in entertaining party friends—just like Christmas Day with us. The houses are kept very comfortable in America, both in summer and winter. The light is greatly dreaded, perhaps on account of injuring the carpets and the furniture, and perhaps the sight also; and it may be that the light invites the muskatoes in summer. In winter, large stoves are used; sometimes in the cellar or in the hall, and their pipes convey the heat through the rooms; gas is also used plentifully; baths are also in frequent use. The supply of water in the cities is abundant, and is equally good for drinking. Washing is always done at home; and the flat roofed houses are fine drying places. The streets in general are kept clean; there are some exceptions. Water carts are employed as in London and Dublin. Frame or wooden houses are still in use in most places; they are cool in summer, and are not inconveniently so in winter; they have large windows in front, not so much in the double style as in Canada; but when the cold is extreme, they are a great advantage; two regular glazed sashes close to each other, the outside one is put on in winter, and taken off in summer.

### SOCIAL HABITS.

The social principle is very easy and unrestrained. One may call at any time, and is always welcome; but no refreshment is ever offered to neighbours visiting. The lodging house system does not obtain in the States—no such thing as taking rooms and providing for yourself—all are expected to board in "the boarding houses." The young people are very fond of games and play, and knots of people will assemble round the doors, and warmly debate politics, &c. No criers of articles of food are ever heard in the streets, as in London,

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&c. The lady goes to market and does everything in that way—such as butchers' meat, groceries, vegetables, &c. The butter is sold in casks, and is kept on until the spring. Milk goes round as with us. Parlour *charades* are much in vogue. Music is universally loved; daughters are well instructed on the piano, if the parents are at all able to afford it; and on the Sabbath among the religious folk, hymn tunes are played freely, but among the thoughtless, pastimes, sociables, and surprise parties are very frequent, and it is to be feared that too many professors of religion fall in with what are regarded as innocent amusements. The surprise parties are rather humorous affairs. A friend or a neighbour by some manœuvre with a member of the family, will provide a splendid repast, and have laid out in a room belonging to the family, who are to be invited, and when all is ready, an invitation is sent upstairs to the intended guests, and when they come down they find to their apparent astonishment a splendid feast laid out in their own apartments. The following wants *supplied*, would settle everything for life and godliness:—

“I *want* to imitate my Saviour's life, Avoiding lightness, gloom and sinful strife. I *want* to bring poor sinners to his throne; I *want* to love and honour Christ alone, I *want* to feel the Spirit's inward power, And stand prepared for death's eventful hour. I *want* a meek, a gentle, quiet frame, A heart that glows with love to Jesus' name; I *want* a living sacrifice to be, To Him who died a sacrifice for me. I *want* to do whatever God requires, I *want* my heart to burn with pure desires; I *want* to be what Christ my Lord commands, And leave myself, my all, in his blest hands,”

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### **APPENDIX C. SPECIAL RELIGIOUS USAGES IN THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.**

#### **LECTURES, REVIVALS, CAMP MEETINGS.**

“Thought exalts and lightens labour, Thought forbids the soul to sink! Self respect and love for neighbour: Mark the men who work and think! Think, for thought's a wand of power— Power to make oppression shrink; Grasp ye, then, the precious dower, Poise it, wield it

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—work and think! Power to compass this, is given— Power that forms the strongest link,  
'Twixt an upright man and heaven, His noblest power—the power to think!

Lectures—Rev. W. M. Punshon—Welcome to Canada—Church Revivals—Rev. Mr. Finney—“Praying Band”—Rivival in Canada—Do. in Damascus in the States—Camp Meeting in Canada—Do. national in Massachusetts—Holiness—Dr. Foster of Madeson College—Work on Christian purity—Extract—Farewell.

### I. LECTURES.

The above three-fold means for spreading knowledge, truth, and piety are very popular both in Canada and in the States. As to lectures they are as extensively made use of as they are among ourselves, not only for spreading knowledge upon some important subject, but also in general, to secure some financial advantage for benevolent designs; they are also promotive of union among Christian brethren of various denominations; and they have a tendency to bring up some truth more vividly before the mind, which stimulates research, and results in edification. The Rev. W. M. Punshon is regarded in Canada, as he was in England, the Prince of Lecturers. His coming to Canada was hailed with great delight, and was well expressed in the following lines by the Rev. Mr. Dewart, the Canadian poet of Methodism, or the Joshua Marsden of Canada—

(An Extract.)

“Welcome o'er the billowy deep, Canada with joy doth greet thee; Tho' behind thee friends may weep, Here with loving hearts we meet thee. Albion's gifted son, to thee Give we love and honour due— To this land, where all are free, Welcome, we are Britons too. Each Canadian gives a welcome Free from faithless flattery's arts— Welcome to our wide Dominion, Welcome to our homes and hearts.”

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### II.—CHURCH REVIVALS.



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“Go labour on! thy hands are weak, Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down; Yet falter not—the prize is near, The throne. the kingdom and the crown! Toil on, toil on; thou soon shalt find, For labour rest, for exile home; Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, “Behold I come.”

To promote genuine revivals of God's work in the conversion of sinners and the building up of the people of God, *special* efforts have been regarded for many years as perfectly legitimate and adopted by nearly all religious denominations, and the divine sanction has been given. Finney, the great American Revivalist, did a great deal by his work on this subject, at least, to meet objections and to promote their design; and although we do not go with him in every particular, yet we would only say, let those who can do better, tell us how. It is easier to find fault, than suggest a remedy. To carry out the revival element, more systematic plans are adopted by our American brethren than by the European churches. Why not take a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book. The season for the adoption of those means is “the Fall,” alluding to the fall of the leaf, or the beginning of our winter. This is the Methodist harvest in both countries, and whatever may be adduced in the way of accounting for it, we will not stop to state, but the fact cannot be denied; the mode, may be different:—very frequently ministers from other places, who are deeply imbued with the revival element, are invited for a fortnight or three weeks to hold special services, and when all heartily fall in, very hallowed results generally follow, and large ingatherings into the church take place. The church officers always meet financial considerations, in order to supply the minister's place, although no stipulation is made, and he is also personally remunerated for his time. In addition to this method, I found in many places that there are “Praying Bands” formed, consisting of twelve of the best laymen of the church, and the most gifted; these are chosen by ballot and prayer, and the number is kept up. This band is often sent for, by other churches to spend a Sabbath, and then every other service is suspended during that day, and the “band” has the complete control of the services. The members are all first-rate singers, and powerful in prayer. There is one in New York, and the Irish element is neither last nor least.

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### A REVIVAL IN CANADA.

The *Christian Guardian* of Toronto, contains the following, of date 5th October, 1870: "A very gracious work is in progress in the Wesleyan Methodist Church Bellville, Canada West, and upwards of one hundred individuals have presented themselves as seekers of salvation, the most of whom have experienced pardon. The work shows no sign of abatement, and is full of promise. Sixty have already joined the Church."

### THE GREAT DAMASCUS REVIVAL.—STATE OF OHIO.

Recorded April 30th, 1870.

This revival began without any foreign agency. It commenced at a 197 meeting of "the Sunday School Institute," in which the teachers met and proposed and discussed the question, "What was the great want of the Sabbath School at present?" Many answers were given, but unanimity marked all; namely, that "Officers and Teachers should be fully baptized with the Holy Ghost." A delightful influence descended on the occasion, as if prelusive of, and a preparation for, the coming shower. At the next public meeting many were present, and the question proposed and discussed was, "What can be done for the more rapid development of Christianity in our midst?" Many of the most respectable people of the neighbourhood attended, both Methodists and "Friends." While discussing the subject, a marvellous power descended, and thirty persons gave evident signs of great mental distress, and at once bowed for special prayer, one of the number was a member of the State Legislature. The meetings continued on and the result so far has been, that about eight hundred of the most respectable of the community for eight miles round have been awakened, and nearly all profess to have found peace with God; among them there is a large sprinkling of the "Friends" and their families. Surely we may well rejoice with those thus engaged in this hallowed work of God, and with them exclaim—"O Lord, revive thy work."

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Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal? Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds! Amazing pomp; redouble this amaze, Ten thousand add, add twice ten thousand more; Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all, And calls the astonishing magnificence Of unintelligent creation, poor.”— *Young*.

### III.—CAMP MEETINGS. CAMP MEETING IN CANADA.

“We are living, we are dwelling In a grand and awful time; In an age, on ages telling, To be living in sublime.”

“Oh, let all the soul within you, For tho truth's sake go abroad; Strike, let every nerve and sinew, Tell on ages, tell for God.”

The above camp meeting held this autumn, 1870, in Parry Sound, Canada West, and at an Indian station, it was attended and described by the Rev. W. M. Punshon, thus:—“It was composed of whites and Indians. The little settlement is an *oasis* in the desert. Armies of stumps of trees tell of recent clearing. The camp ground is a romantic spot about a mile from the village: a glade in the forest. The scene was picturesque in the extreme. There were about three hundred people present, two hundred of these were Indians. After sermons, these held a prayer meeting for themselves, and with deep devotion and intense fervour of spirit, some were in deep distress and wailed plaintively for mercy; others swooned away, three or four were prostrated at one time. The whites were in another spot and when they sang the song of Zion, the red men took up the refrain in “strange hossanahs.” Their swarthy faces lit up with radiance and thrown into relief by the blazing pine-knots which crackled in the evening air, was a sight to charm a poet into rapture, and to constrain from a Christian heart a burst of thanksgiving to God, while

“The sounding aisles of the dim woods rang The anthems of the free.”

The Sabbath was a high day; before the morning service six Indian children and the child of one white settler were baptized, the former by a native minister in their own language,

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the latter by Mr. P. "I then preached," says he, "in this cathedral of God's own architecture," "All the words of this life," this was translated into the Indian language by the native minister. In the evening again, the same process was gone through, but, says Mr. P. at the conclusion of the whole of this scene, "I believe more firmly than ever that there needs but the one Gospel for the 'one blood' of all nations of men."

THE GREAT NATIONAL CAMP MEETING OF THE UNION, Held in June, 1870, at Asbury Grove, State of Massachusetts.

This great national camp meeting for the Union has been described at great length in "The Methodist Home Journal," published weekly in Philadelphia, by the Rev. A. Wallace, a native of Ireland, and much beloved. The Editor states:—"A sale of lots took place on the ground last Wednesday. Prominent individuals from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and other places were present to select their lots. The cost came to 1,500 dollars. The improvements are going on rapidly. A new turnpike from Long Branch is being constructed and a beautiful avenue from the turnpike through the ground to the sea is already open, and Steamers will ply from New York to Boston, and from thence rail-road tickets will be arranged with the companies, and a line of stages from the rail-road depot will be secured to the ground. The seats are to have backs, and every thing is to be on first-rate style. All the friends of "Holiness" should plead earnestly that God may rouse all New England to the importance of the subject. The signs of promise are glorious, and it is hoped there will be a series of wonderful outpourings of the Spirit." And now that all is over, according to faith and prayer and expectation it was done unto them. The services lasted ten days without the slightest abatement, and the interest was kept up to the last. The services were held at stated times in the central spot, which must have been an imposing sight, when thousands upon thousands assembled together. Six denominations were represented, that is, there was both unity and uniformity, co-operation and incorporation, for the time being, and all speaking the same language of the spiritual Canaan. There were special meetings here and there at intervals for experience, and other special prayer meetings for "holiness." At one, the wives of ministers alone met for experience and to seek for

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more holiness. At another time one hundred ministers presented themselves at the altar, and it is said, "were all baptized afresh with the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven;" it is also said, that thousands of others were blest. As the great theme at those camp meetings was holiness of heart and purity of life, I will here introduce 199 a short extract from Dr. Foster's late work on "Christian Purity." Speaking of Scriptural holiness, he says:—"Nothing on earth is so dear to us as our hope in Christ. But are we entirely sanctified? Let us drop the plural, and bring the question to each soul: Are you holy? has the work of entire sanctification by grace been wrought in your heart? are you now living in the enjoyment of this divine state? You will not trifle with these questions, you cannot, you may not treat, with even the levity of seeming indifference to yourself, a subject of such sacred moment. Are you a *Minister*? Ponder as in the presence of God this question, are you yourself holy, called of God, as you are, to the most holy work of preaching holiness to men. Realize the fact, that God the great, the adorable, is now present looking upon you, waiting your answer. We are hurrying on to the judgment, passing like an arrow through the air. A step and the grave will contain us, an instant and we shall stand before the throne of Him who has commanded us to be holy, the throne of Him who died for our sanctification, of Him who is ready, willing, waiting and able to sanctify us. Are you ready? Fresh appeals cannot fail to be of lasting good." "The author fully subscribes to the above views and sentiments on the doctrine of "holiness," and the enjoyment of the higher stages of Christian purity by believers, and the more so, since he heard the Rev. Dr. Jobson of London, (and President last year of the Irish Conference) preach to the Conference in Dublin on the subject. He took for his text Eph. iii. 17, 18, 19. The whole Conference was greatly moved, and resolved to seek this hallowed privilege; it was a memorable time, and the writer, also, trusts to bless God through eternity, for the results of that remarkable discourse. Our privilege is thus expressed—

"I will sprinkle you with water, I will cleanse you from all sin; I will sanctify and cleanse you, I will dwell and rule within.

"While we keep this hallowed witness, All is clear and calm within; God the Holy Ghost will tell us, That our hearts are cleansed from sin."

It is very gratifying to know that God appears to be thus preparing his servants for greater usefulness both in America and in Ireland, and not less so in England as was witnessed at the late Conference at Burslem, for while Bishop Simpson preached to the Conference on "These things move me not," &c., the power of God descended and the whole Conference was moved to tears, and no doubt to vows of greater zeal and ministerial fidelity than ever; but as it is only by the special operation of the Holy Ghost that personal holiness can be enjoyed, or retained, or exhibited, how ought we to plead, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's, I will not rest until the righteousness thereof goes forth as brightness and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." In comparison of this we ask in conclusion, what is money, jewellery, plate, pictures, houses, lands, rank, honour—all are perishable! but the soul is immortal, a denizen of eternity! Let a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, a Howard, a Buxton, a Nelson, a Wellington, and a Washington have the honour of saying, I have given laws to my country. I 200 have founded an empire, I have conquered a nation, or even let William, King of Prussia, now say, "I have shed lustre on the name, augmented the power, and extended the empire of fatherland," and yet, after all, and what are all in comparison of winning one soul for Christ; for when the granite, the marble and the brass fail to perpetuate the achievements of the one, the other will be had in everlasting remembrance; and of him who is thus honoured of God we may truly say, even should he be removed in early life—

"O think that while you're weeping here, His hand a golden harp is stringing; And with a voice serene and clear, His ransomed soul without a tear, His Saviour's praise is singing. And think that all his pains are fled, His toils and sorrows closed for ever, While He, whose blood for man was shed, Has placed upon his servant's head, A crown which fadeth never."

## APPENDIX D. MISCELLANEOUS.

### I. GEORGE WASHINGTON.

“What constitutes the true nobility? Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp nor power. Fools have them all, and vicious men may be The idols and the pageants of an hour. But 'tis to have a good and honest heart, Above all meanness, and above all crime; To act the right and honourable part, In every circumstance of place and time. He who is *thus*, from God his patent takes, His Maker formed him the true nobleman: Whate'er is low and vicious he foresakes, And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan; Things change around him, changes touch not him The star that guides his path, fails not, nor waxes dim.”

The author regrets exceedingly his inability to visit the city of Washington, but in lieu of a description of that capital of the Union he will give a brief account of the man after whom the city is called. He considers that any work written on America would be imperfect without some reference to the time honoured individual who was at once the patriot, the pride and the father of his country. The name of George Washington is associated with our earliest school boy days as the lover of truth. His name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest and one of the best men of his or any other age, for whether we consider him as a general or commander-in-chief in the army, as President of the Union or a citizen in private life, his career was that of the most brilliant character. Lord Brougham, who was one of the most distinguished of English statesmen, said of Washington, “He was the greatest man of our own or any age. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, for until time shall be no more, veneration shall be paid to the immortal name of Washington.” An American great statesman (John Adams) said of him, “His example is complete, and it will teach wisdom and virtue to magistrates, citizens and men, not only in the present age but in future generations. Great generals have sometimes risen in times of violence and convulsion by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm; but like meteors they glare on the black clouds with a splendour that while it

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dazzles and terrifies makes nothing visible but the darkness. But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His Presidency will form an epoch and be distinguished as the age of Washington! Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey through the telescope of history the 202 space where so many virtues blend their rays and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues.” The concluding eulogium was delivered by the celebrated orator, Fisher Ames, “The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life, we have now, alas! all of Washington before us. He was the patriot without reproach, he loved his country and when it needed sacrifices that no other man could or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not hesitate. He once stood, like Leonidas, at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France. It is as difficult to draw his character as to draw the portrait of virtue. And Washington's example is the happiest, to show us what that portrait is. Magnanimous in youth, Glorious through life, Great in death, his highest ambition the happiness of mankind, and his highest victory the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his name and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the ornament of the eighteenth century and died regretted by a mourning world.” Thus we see the sentiment does not always hold good, that

“From low beginnings, greatness always flows.”

Washington and Wellington, Wilberforce and Wesley are noble exceptions—but still the above has been the rule. Moses was the son of a poor Levite, David a shepherd boy. The apostles were counted “ignorant and unlearned;” Zuingle was born in a shepherd's hut, Melancthon was a journeyman armourer; Martin Luther sang from door to door for a morsel of bread. Dr. Carey was a shoemaker, Dr. Morrison was a last maker at Newcastle; Dr. Milne was a herd boy in Aberdeenshire; John Bunyan was a tinker; John Foster was a weaver; Andrew Fuller was a farm servant, and so was John Hunt of immortal memory, the apostolic missionary to the South Seas; and of many illustrious women also the same might be said. The following stanzas are from a poem called “The Tomb of Washington,”



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and inserted in an American periodical called *The Lowell Offering*. It was composed by one of the girls of the factory, as indeed the periodical itself is carried on by themselves alone. It is said there are 7,000 girls in the factory and 3,000 lads. Lowell lies at the confluence of the rivers Merimac and Concord in the State of Massachusetts; here the above sentiment also holds good, for from this most unpromising beginning, Lowell has grown to such a magnitude as to become the largest manufacturing city in America. The lines referred to are only a mere extract, thus—

“Here lies in pomp—his burial place  
Than sculptured stone is richer far:  
For in the heart's deep love we trace  
His name, a golden star. True deathless fame  
entwines that name,  
Which evermore beneath all skies,  
Like vestal flame shall live the same,  
For virtue never dies. There let him rest—  
'tis a sweet spot, Simplicity becomes the great—  
And Vernon's son is not forgot  
Though sleeping not in State. There let him rest,  
the noblest, best; The labours of his life are done—  
There let him rest—the spot is blessed—  
The grave of Washington.”

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### II. “SIGNS OF THE TIMES.”

“Every fresh alarming token  
More confirms the faithful word;  
Nature (for its Lord hath spoken)  
Must be suddenly restored;  
From this national confusion,  
From this ruined earth and skies,  
See the times of restitution,  
See the new creation rise!”— *Wesley*.

Our Lord charged the Jews with not knowing the signs of the times in which he lived, and very likely if he lived in our day he would bring the same charge against us. In comparing the 24th Chapter of Saint Mathew with the 21st of St. Luke, it is amazing the numerous signs recorded of eventful periods. Some of them, no doubt, referred to the destruction of the Jewish nation and polity, which occurred about forty years after those fearful predictions and denunciations; but whatever may be the period of delay, the present signs, both in the heavens and in the earth, as well as in the moral world, are

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most marvellous, and in some instances very cheering. We read in the above chapters of "wars and commotions," "nation against nation," "kingdom against kingdom," "great earthquakes," "famines," "pestilences;" "fearful sights and great signs," "great distress in the land," "wrath upon the people," "signs in the sun and in the moon and in the stars." [A total eclipse of the sun is expected in December (this month), 21st or 22nd, 1870, and it is said in *Harper's Magazine*, New York, that in all parts of the world preparations are being made by astronomers for observing it. The Congress of the United States have already appropriated 29,000 dollars, about £4,300 of our money, to the coast survey, for the purpose. It will be centrally and totally eclipsed a little to the North East of Gibraltar. There will be also changes in the shadow of the moon in several places.] These things occurring just now, together with the late earthquakes in America, and the other strange phenomena in the heavens and "upon the earth," may mean that great kingdoms shall be shaken with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring, men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth," &c. But one of the most remarkable and striking signs of the times in the days of our Lord, and immediately after, was this, "For many shall come in my name and say, Lo here is Christ or lo there; for there shall be false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, and shall deceive many; insomuch, that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect; and because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Now who that pays the slightest attention to the passing events of the present and past few years but must discover nearly every one of the above mournful roll. But yet I would say in the language of our Lord, "The end is not by and by," or "Is not yet." How short or how long that "by and by" or "yet" may be, who can tell, perhaps not even the angels. But what is the duty of Christians at present is the grand question? I would just use the language of our Lord, "When these things begin (and they have begun) to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." Our Lord told his disciples that the above events were 204 the signs of "his coming then in judgment, and also of the end of the world." How then are we to look up? I would say, by watchfulness and prayerfulness, by faith and expectation; and what for? for richer displays of our redemption from all sin. The

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command is “Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.” And how are we to manifest this readiness for flight, and this preparedness for usefulness? Just by complying with our Lord's admonition again, “Go and work in my vineyard to-day” or the same, “work while it is called today.” But oh, how much is implied in the term *work*? not waiting but working, willing to do or willing to suffer the Master's will. Like the emblem or device used by a Missionary Society in America, a plough on one side and an altar on the other, with an ox in the middle, and with the following motto underneath —

“Ready for either.”

Either to suffer or to serve. When this is the case, all will be right for time and eternity. The Gospel must be preached to all nations before the end comes; and it is, thank God, being preached. It is hard on its way, like the sun in the heavens, to accomplish its annual millennial course, and “it is appearing to all men.” It is speeding its way to the very ends of the earth with untold rapidity. Fifty years ago, the Bible Society sent forth only two thousand copies per week, now it sends forth thirteen thousand per day; four hundred years ago it took a year to transcribe a copy of the Scriptures and a fortune to purchase it; now a whole Bible is printed in a minute by cylinder steam presses, and is sold for a few pence! In the last fifty years thirty-five million of copies were sent forth by that noble Society in 170 different languages. Daniel's prediction spoken 2,400 years ago is being fulfilled, “Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.” Never were the messengers more numerous than they are just now, and rapidly increasing also; besides, nearly the whole world is becoming more accessible than ever—even the colonial empire of Great Britain is now the wonder of the world; a little island, once the habitation of barbarians, is raised to a height of unparalleled pre-eminence. An empire on which the sun never sets, she belts the Coasts of Africa, and stretches along the breadth of North America; she has her islands in Central and even in South America,—she has an empire on the Continent of Asia and another at the Antipodes. These are strange signs of the times, and oh, what a responsibility. And might we not say nearly the same of the United

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States, a world in itself; and if not in her political greatness as extensive as Great Britain, yet in her missionary career she runs close by, and in many instances outstrips the old country. Another sign of the times, but a pleasing one, is the unprecedented intercourse of nations by land and submarine telegraphic despatch, by railroad velocity and by steam ship power! These have revolutionized the globe, almost surpassing fable! A message of 2,000 miles can now be had in less than half an hour, and vessels are launched now, which have no comparison but Noah's ark; and lines are being laid along the Red Sea or the Valley of the Euphrates, and close to the site of the ancient Babylon, from whence the ancient Seer wrote, who had the days in which we live clearly photographed 205 or daguerretyped on his mind—"Many shall run," &c. In fact the whole circumference of the globe shall soon be grasped, and then in five or ten minutes a message from the farthest East to California will be transmissible. Are we not reminded of our Lord's words, "This Gospel shall be preached as a witness among all nations, and then shall the end come." Signs of revival power are reaching us from all quarters. Africa has been stretching out her sable hands unto the Lord, lately more than ever. A writer in a religious periodical has just stated that about 8,000, between Kaffirs, Fingoes and Hottentots have been recently converted, principally through the instrumentality of the Rev. W. Taylor, an American evangelist, and about 1,000 in India. Thus we have the prayer often offered up being answered—

"Let the Indian and the negro And the rude barbarian see That divine and glorious conquest Once obtained on Calvary."

The last news from Nova Scotia is, that her churches are crowded, and that the responses are like the sound of many waters. Other parts of America are daily resounding with the sound of abundance of rain. Rome is open, the outposts of Italy are beginning to flourish, Spain is free, Egypt is promised a Saviour and a great one, the Crescent is bowing to the cross, and China's confucianism has just had one of its last throes, like the Hindoo

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massacre and mutiny. Ireland is on the move, although slowly. Tidings reach from several parts of the North to justify the cheering evidence—

“Lo the promise of a shower, Drops already from above.”

And we trust and pray for the consummation.—

“And the Lord will shortly pour All the fulness of his love.”

It is also cheering to know that some parts of England, at least those which have been *panting* as a thirsty land for showers, have been lately graciously visited by an abundance of rain. How cheering is the following from Kent, just recorded in the November number of “The Methodist Family,”—“No eye capable of appreciating the beautiful, can fail to be charmed by the aspect of nature after a summer shower. Somewhat analogous, but immeasurably superior, are the effects produced by “showers of blessing” upon the church of God. Such events have lately been manifested in the town and circuit of Faversham, (Kent.) The chapels were crowded, the shout of a King was heard in the camp, and heaven and earth rejoiced over sinners repenting of their sins. For eighteen months not a week passed without conversions. Some of these were once notorious for wickedness. A marked feature of the revival is the conversion of whole families, husbands and wives, parents and children, have been seen seeking and finding forgiveness, in company (with each 206 other).” The statement concludes in the language of David's grateful heart, “Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things for ever; and blessed be his glorious name; and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.”

These are some of the signs of the times; the following is still more cheering. A revival has been going on in Swansea in the Episcopalian Church, and described by the Rev. Thornley Smith, Wesleyan Minister, in the “Methodist Recorder,” November 11th, 1870. The following is an extract:—“I am constrained to give an account of the work of God in this town. The Rev, Mr. Aitkin (Episcopalian) and the clergy preached for ten successive

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nights, and held prayer-meetings after. I heard them on several occasions, and clearer, fuller or more faithful exhibition of the Gospel, I have seldom heard any where. I was asked to take part in some of the services, and I gladly did. Many were seen in different parts of the house in deep penitence for sin, and even some entered into the liberty of the children of God, and exchanged the sorrows of repentance for the joys of pardon. Four or five hundred attended each night of all ranks, to confess their sins, and to plead with God for themselves and others. To witness such meetings, says Mr. Smith, in connection with the Established Church, was to me most cheering, and no real Christian could do otherwise than rejoice in the gracious results which followed." Mr. Smith then gives us an account of a remarkable revival in the Methodist Church, which resulted in the conversion of very many, and concludes saying, "O for such a flame in all our churches; they would then rise and shine with increasing lustre." It will be increasing lustre." It will be remembered that the Rev. Mr. Aitken was formerly united to a seceding branch of the Methodists, but returned to the church which he left, because it was said his revival tendencies were interfered with. We are rejoiced to find him indoctrinating the clergy on this hallowed revival theme again. In the same Recorder is a most thrilling account of the American Board of Missions in the Sandwicke Islands. The Rev. Mr. Conn, with his wife just returned after thirty-five years labour, spoke most affectingly and effectively; at a late meeting he said, "I baptized 1,700 natives in one day, and the tears shed on that occasion were as plentiful as the waters used in the baptism; I admitted into the church nearly 12,000 members, and they remain. Civilization, in its highest sense, has followed in the wake of Missionary Christianity. The Islands are christianized, and are self-supporting, and can do with a native ministry." The chairman said, "There were no such results following the preaching of the Gospel since the days of the Apostles—a nation was born." It is said, the scene at this meeting was overwhelming; old and young were alike melted into tears. It appeared as if Apostolic times had come again. Mr. Conn took his leave again amid tears and prayers, with others, to go far hence unto the Gentiles. These are signs of coming glory. From east and west and north and south. "Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." The spirit of grace viii will be soon poured out now on the house of David (the

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Jews), because the fulness of the Gentiles is being brought in. "The glory of the Lord shall rise upon Zion and the Gentiles shall come to his light and Kings to the brightness of his rising;" and again, "the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the 207 waters cover the sea." "Seeing we look for such things, what manner of persons ought we to be," &c.

"Clothed with the spirit of holiness. May all thy people prove; The plentitude of Gospel grace, The joy of perfect love. Jesus, let all thy lovers shine Illustrious as the sun, And bright with borrowed rays divine, Their glorious circuit run."

### III. AN AMERICAN LITERARY CURIOSITY ON LIFE.

Whatever the writer may have done "In trying each art, and in reproving each dull delay" to cater for poetic extracts, as strewed throughout the present volume, he freely tenders the palm to the talented Amen. American lady who spent twelve months in culling the following lines from thirty-eight authors whose names are appended, and bringing them into verse:

—

"Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?" Young.

"Life's a short summer—man a flower." Dr. Johnston.

"By turns we catch the vital breath and die." Pope.

"The cradle and the tomb, alas! too nigh." Prior.

"To be is better far than not to be." Sewell.

"Though all man's life may seem a tragedy." Spencer.

"But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb." Daniel.

"The bottom is but shallow whence they come." Sir W. Raleigh.

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"Your fate is but the common fate of all." Longfellow.

"Unmingled joys here to no man befall." Southwell.

"Nature to each allots his proper sphere." Concreve.

"Fortune makes folly her peculiar care." Churchill.

"Custom does often reason overrule." Rochester.

"And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool." Armstrong.

"Live well how long or short—permit to Heaven." Milton.

"They who forgive most shall be most forgiven." Bailey.

"Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face." French.

"Vile intercourse where virtue has not place." Somerville.

"Then keen each passion down, however dear." Thompson.

"Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear." Byron.

"Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay." Smollet.

"With craft and skill—to ruin and betray." Crabbe.

"Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise." Messenger.

"We masters grow of all that we despise." Cowley.

"O then remove that impious self-esteem." Beattle.



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"Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream." Cowper.

"Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave." Davenant.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Gray.

"What is ambition? 'tis a glorious cheat." Willis.

"Only destructive to the brave and great." Addison.

"What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown." Deyden.

"The way to bliss lies not on beds of down," J. Quarles.

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"How long we live not years but actions tell." Watkins.

"That man lives twice who lives the first life well." Merrick.

"Make then while yet ye may your God your friend." W. Mason.

"Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend." Hill.

"The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just." Dana.

"For, live we how we can, yet die we must." Shakespeare.

In fine, dear reader, let me say that the prayer of the author of this humble volume is, that the perusal of it may prove a blessing to you as it has to him while writing it: and he trusts that the same kind and gracious Providence which conducted him to and from that vast Continent, and over the perils of that "great and wide sea," may guide us both along the perilous voyage of life, and at last, under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem, may we enter that celestial port of immortal delight where "all the ship's company meet who sailed

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with their Saviour beneath," and where each in rapturous joy shall for ever and for ever sing—

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing first in night's diadem For ever and for evermore. The Star, the Star of Bethlehem. It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark forebodings cease, And through the storm and danger's thrall, It led me to the Port of Peace."

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